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THE CAREER OF A CAPITALIST.

THIS story is not a warning. It outlines the life of a man belonging to a class against whom there has been much clamor in this country during the last few years. He is a capitalist. According to the teaching of the reformers he is a non-producer, a man who lives by the labor of others, and therefore an oppressor of those whose toil has given him his wealth. It is indeed true that he has never worked with his own hands since the time when, in his early boyhood, he engaged in catching fish for the markets of his native town. Pursuing this industry for a few weeks, he found himself possessed of an accumulation of small silver coins amounting to about twenty-five dollars. The money was for some reason put aside, and is still preserved by his children. "This," he once said to me, "is the first and last money that I ever earned by my own manual labor." His home is on one of the great peninsulas of our Atlantic coast, at the head of navigation on a small river which permits the passage of vessels of a thousand tons burden. He is fifty-six years old, and still lives on the spot where he was born. His early education was inconsiderable in extent, and so unsystematic that it did not even give him an idea of the methods by which knowledge might be acquired. When he was married he could read but very imperfectly; but his

young wife insisted upon his taking a daily newspaper, and then with affectionate firmness required him to read it through each evening. At first there was much that he did not understand, but he learned the art of wise and stimulating inquiry, and so drew from those about him whatever knowledge they possessed. This habit still gives his conversation a remarkable interest and vitality. He appears to have been able to carry unanswered questions in his mind for any length of time, until some new source of information was revealed.

He was left an orphan when about seventeen years of age, and the next year entered upon the life of a man of business. His father had been the proprietor of a country store with a trade of about forty thousand dollars a year. After his death two of his brothers, who settled the affairs of his estate, decided to continue the business, admitting their nephew, our young friend, to a partnership with them. He received from the estate of his father about fifteen hundred dollars. The affairs of a country store at that time embraced the sale of everything the people of the region needed for use, and the purchase of everything they wished to sell. There was not yet any separation of the different lines or departments of trade, such as dry goods, groceries, hardware, clothing,

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millinery, etc., but articles belonging to all these classes, and many others, were sold at the same place, which also afforded a market for whatever was produced or manufactured in the surrounding country. The store was the great vital centre for the life of the region, for the reception and distribution of everything. There the farmers bought their plows, harness, shovels, hoes and scythes, hats and shoes (most of their clothing was manufactured at home in those days), and there they sold their wheat and corn, bacon, hay, and other productions of their farms. Thither their wives and daughters carried young fowls, eggs and butter, and home-made cloth, and took away in return calicoes, muslin de laines, bonnets, ribbons, combs, and needles. Here the wood-cutters bought their axes; the handles were generally made by somebody possessing uncommon dexterity in this particular manufacture, and brought to the store for sale. (There are very few men who can make a good axe-handle; not so many, probably, as write poetry for the magazines.) The plans for new undertakings and enterprises were generally discussed and arranged at the store, and it had important relations to the social life of the people. There were opportunities for a genuine and useful education in such a place, and our young friend entered with hearty interest upon his new course of life.

He soon came to have a large share in the organization, direction, and management of the business, and in a few years became its real head. He was always a close observer of men, and of the effect upon them of their circumstances and occupation. He early became convinced that the interests of a community or country are advanced by increasing the number of employers, — of men who direct and pay for the labor of others. He observed that many men lack capacity for the wise direction and organization of their own labor, while they are highly useful and successful when working for a competent employer. Others possess qualities of mind and character which fit them to be leaders or

masters of the industry of others. When our friend saw these qualities in the men around him, he felt a strong desire that they should have means and opportunities for their development and practical application in some suitable sphere of action. As his business increased and brought him facilities for extending it in new directions, he began to confer with some of the young men of the neighborhood in regard to their employment and wages. Most of them worked by the day, at cutting and hauling wood, burning charcoal, and similar occupations, but there was not yet in the region any systematic industry which afforded regular or profitable occupation to the people. Men were often idle for weeks together. The country needed men to employ and lead the labor of their neighbors.

So our friend said one day to a young married man who lived near him, "You are making shoes, I believe?"

"Yes, when anybody wants them, and I can get money to buy stock."

"Why don't you open a shop, and hire two or three hands? There is young so-and-so, who is doing nothing. He can whittle out anything with a jack-knife, and he ought to have something to whittle that will be of use. He would soon learn; and you could find one or two more."

"Why, do you think I could get work enough?"

"Well, there are a good many people about here that wear shoes. How much are you making now?"

"Oh, perhaps a dollar and a half a day, when I have work."

"Well, there is that little house of mine on the corner. You can have that free of rent, and I will let you have money to buy stock. I will insure you your dollar and a half a day; you shall pay me interest at the legal rate for the money you have from me, and we will divide the profits equally."

The shoe shop was opened, and was successful. It was enlarged in a year or two, and for many years gave steady and profitable employment to a considerable number of men.

By arrangements essentially similar

our friend formed partnerships, during the first twenty-five years of his business life, with harness-makers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, tinsmiths, lumbermen, lime-burners, oystermen, farmers, and manufacturers. He has had scores of such partnerships with wood-cutters and charcoal burners. In the same way he has supplied means for building and operating numerous flouring and saw mills, using both steam and water power. He has owned farms and timber lands in South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, with stores in each region to supply his farmers and the laborers at his mills. Thousands of men have been employed in connection with these enterprises, and hundreds of them enabled to become in their turn employers and organizers of labor. In many instances men have worked for our friend, and with him, during a term longer than that of an average life-time. Almost always the relations of employer and laborer, and of business partnership, have passed into those of personal friendship; and when, as has often occurred, men have wished to leave him to go into business for themselves, he has felt a genuine interest in their undertakings, and done what he could to promote their success. Those who have worked for him longest say that he never employs a man merely for what he can get out of him.

Many years ago he took a young carpenter into partnership, and engaged in ship-building. The oyster fisheries along the coast near him are of great excellence, and furnish employment for thousands of men with their vessels. Of many of these boats, constructed in his ship-yard, our friend retains a share in the ownership, and this relation with the fishermen has promoted steadiness, industry, and sobriety among them in a marked degree. The larger vessels, of from eight hundred to a thousand tons burden, built under his supervision, are known in every sea for the superiority of all the materials used in their construction, and the careful honesty of the work. Many of these he owns in part.

The first carts that were ever taken

across the mountains from Acapulco to Oaxaca were made in our friend's shops, and sent out to an acquaintance who had a building contract in the latter city. They were objects of great interest to the native workmen, who were eager to be permitted to use them in transporting the stone and other building materials which they had been carrying. A dozen mules were harnessed, and with some difficulty fastened to the "new carriages." When the first cart, drawn by a rather diminutive mule, was brought to the place where it was to be loaded, the laborers swarmed around it, and piled so much stone into the rear of the vehicle that it tipped over backward and lifted the astonished mule into the air, where it hung and struggled until the removal of the stone restored it to its normal position on the ground.

Some fifteen years ago our friend became desirous of finding some means for preserving and utilizing the enormous quantities of fruit produced in the region in which he lives. He erected a large building and put in the necessary machinery for canning fruit, and this has ever since, during the season for the business, afforded employment to about one hundred women and more than half as many men. The principal products canned are peaches and tomatoes, and of these many millions of pounds have been used, and the goods are known in all the markets of the world. This is an industry which produces and stimulates many others.

The little straggling hamlet in which the young man began his business life has become a handsome and important town, with seven or eight thousand inhabitants, most of them operatives employed in manufacturing industries, — in the production of glass, iron, cotton and woolen goods, shoes, buttons, chemicals, etc. There is probably not one of these industries which was not in some way aided by our friend in the earlier stages of its growth. For many years there were but few men engaged in business of any kind in the town who had not been employed by him, or associated with him in such relations as I have described.

The original character of the site of the town made the construction of suitable streets a matter of some difficulty and of a great deal of labor, and to this object our friend has devoted much time and effort. For such work he has never accepted any compensation, regarding all measures for the improvement of the place as matters of enlightened self-interest for business men rather than of duty.

The circumstances of most of the population, their employments and general environment, have been such as favored the development of habits of intemperance. Some of the largest manufactories are closed for two months in summer, and during this time the men and boys are idle. They have good wages during the remainder of the year, and it is not wonderful that drinking and gambling should seem to them only natural amusements and diversions during this long holiday. These industrial and social conditions have given the friends of order, sobriety, and good morals cause for much anxiety, and for constant effort in endeavoring to counteract these unfavorable tendencies. The influence of the various churches of the place, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic, has been highly effective amongst the operatives as a means of moral restraint and guidance. The public schools of the town have more than average excellence, and the place has one of the best Kindergartens in the country. (It is a real Kindergarten, and not a travesty of Fröbel's principles.) There is a valuable public library with several reading-rooms. Temperance societies of various kinds have rendered important assistance in the mental and moral education of the workingmen. For several years past there has been but little intoxicating liquor sold in the place. All these agencies for the promotion of the most important ends for which society exists have received assistance, encouragement, and sympathy from our friend, and people know beforehand that he may be counted amongst the supporters of any measure likely to advance the interests of the community.

He is the most quiet and unobtrusive of men; he never makes speeches or addresses public meetings, and in arranging matters of business never rambles away from the subject in hand to irrelevant topics. I think he does not belong to any church, but he understands the value of the church in the community, and has a genuine fraternal esteem for all who are laboring to overcome evil and promote good-will among men. He is eminently conscientious, gentle, and forbearing, simply and silently religious. In society his manner is marked by a quiet, cordial dignity. He is eminently social, and little children, strangers, and diffident people are at ease with him at once. He likes to entertain his friends by giving them the freedom of his house, the use of horses and carriages, and other means of diversion, while he joins them from time to time with apparently equal interest in whatever his guests prefer as the pursuit of the hour. If a new game is introduced for the children, or young people, he learns it with them, and engages in it with a zest as great as theirs. I think no visitor at his house ever left it without wishing to return.

He has a cultivated and interesting family. His own experience of the disadvantages resulting from the want of culture in early life has led him to give his children an unusually judicious and practical education. His principal recreation consists in hearing his wife or daughters read, commonly some of the works of American authors of our own time. (His old friend, the daily newspaper with which he began his education, is still faithfully read, as it has been for all the years from the first.) He enjoys the writings of our principal American poets, likes biography and travels, and has an especial fondness for books that describe clearly the character, resources, and productions of different countries, with the habits and industries of the people, and the particular conditions under which society exists in various parts of the world. His house is frequented by intelligent and cultivated men and women from different parts of the country, and is one of the chief in-

tellectual and social centres of the region where he lives. A score or so of his neighbors have for some years assembled there once a fortnight for the purpose of reading Shakespeare's plays. No one participates with heartier interest than our friend in the work of this little club. He always wishes to know the meaning of what is read, and is not satisfied till he has learned whatever is attainable about the historical personages or occurrences mentioned in the play.

He likes to see the best actors occasionally. He unites, in as great degree as any man I have ever known, the wondering, receptive spirit of a child with the critical analysis and judgment of a mature and cultivated intellect. He has a genuine enjoyment of good pictures, and prefers small, quiet landscapes. He is always greatly interested in machinery, and readily understands its construction and movements. I have met few persons who saw and comprehended so much as he of the exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. He has great delight in the microscope and its revelations. He is very fond of flowers, and has always been a close observer of the forms and habits of plants. When some friends were setting out from his house, a few years ago, upon a botanical excursion, he joined them, and on hearing various flowers and plants described was able to tell where they grew twenty-five or thirty years before, though he did not know their names.

He appears to have no eccentricities. He never uses profane language or ardent spirits. When he was young, rum was sold at every country store, but his father had refused to keep it for several years before his death, and our friend never sold a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind. He was an earnest anti-slavery man, and ever since the end of the war he has been deeply interested in the development and prosperity of the Southern States of the Union. He is cordially patriotic, and feels much interest in politics, but is not a partisan, and seems able to recognize true worth and excellence in all parties and classes. He has always been solicitous for the

diffusion of sound and practical ideas among the laboring people, having comprehended at an early period the truth that the conditions of life and business in this country, especially those connected with universal suffrage, involve some difficult problems, and some serious disadvantages for those who work for wages.

I have here presented as many of the principal facts of this man's life and work as I am able to embody in a paper of no greater length. A master of fiction could portray an ideal character, and supply more dramatic incidents. This account is merely true. It describes the life of a quiet, humane gentleman, — one who has been most useful to his fellows, who has aided in the development of whole regions of our country, and who, I am sure, never knowingly harmed any human being. And yet this man, according to the teaching of those who pretend to be the best friends of the laboring man, is an enemy to society, an oppressor of the poor and of all who toil. He has a beautiful home, with pictures, flowers, books, scientific collections and instruments. But it is urged that my friend has no right to these possessions, that they are the evidences and proceeds of injustice, because he is a capitalist, because he does not labor with his hands. Yet he has provided and directed remunerative labor for an army of men who had not ability or opportunity to provide it for themselves. He has trained hundreds of these men till they were able in their turn to provide work for others. As I have heard the abuse and execration which unreasoning partisans have heaped upon all capitalists, I have wished to tell the story of some lives that I have known. I am well assured that wise teaching — the truth — respecting the relations between capital and labor, or rather those between capitalists and laborers, is still as important and necessary as before the recent political defeat of some of the disorganizing elements and tendencies in our society. We shall be exposed to similar dangers and difficulties while so large a proportion of the

whole people retain the qualities of mind and thought which are the real source of our perils. We cannot expect speedily to suppress or root out these evils; we can only hope to maintain our ground against them, and gradually to expel them by wise vigilance and by unhesitating acceptance of the responsibility of propagating knowledge and true culture.

My friend has always clearly understood the necessity of honestly paying the debts of the nation which were incurred during the war, and he thinks that if our people could have been wise enough to be strictly honest in matters of national finance and currency, we might have escaped something of the paralysis of business and industry from which we have recently suffered. He laments the madness of the workingmen in demanding irredeemable paper money, but thinks that the cultivated people and business men of the nation should understand that, if there is great disturbance and depression of industry in the country, and particularly if many people are for some time out of employment, some such popular madness is almost certain to arise. He believes there may still be danger and difficulty before us in matters of national finance, on account of the clumsy and unnecessary silver legislation, and fears that the fluctuating value of silver may be an embarrassing element in the problem of resumption of specie payments. I find that most of the business men of my acquaintance distrust the effect of a double standard of value, and believe the present experiment of a bi-metallic currency can end only in disaster; but they fancy it is inevitable that we shall try many foolish experiments, and that we may as well try this one now. My friend thinks the American people will be obliged to learn that the yard-stick has been made for some time, and its length established, and that for all honest men it is thirty-six inches long; that there are one hun-

dred cents in a real dollar; and that the hope even of pecuniary gain from schemes of readjustment, repudiation, and debasing the currency is an illusion. All endeavors to obtain something for nothing he regards as stupid and foolish; fairness and integrity being in his estimation a kind of capital without which success in business is impossible. This gentleman never engages in electioneering, and does not purposely influence those who are in his employ; but the facts of his life, such as I have here described, have profoundly impressed many of the working people about him, and the intellectual conditions of the region where he lives are in consequence comparatively unfavorable for the development of hostility to capitalists, although the workingmen constitute so large a proportion of the population.

It might be instructive to compare this life with the course of any one of the politicians who denounce capitalists with such vehement bitterness. I asked my friend not long ago if he had not lost much money by trusting dishonest or incompetent men. He replied that he had had such losses, adding, "But every kind of business has its risks, and I should probably have had greater losses if I had invested in stocks or mortgages in the usual way." He said that such a course would have given him far less labor, care, and anxiety than the one he has followed. In times of great depression he has felt burdened and anxious on account of the difficulty of providing labor for his people; and has often kept them employed for a long time when nothing could be sold for as much as it cost. He holds that when laborers are idle, capital always declines in value. He thinks the first step toward improvement in times of great depression is for workmen to live on as little as possible, and for capitalists to employ as much labor as they can. Let the laborers live savingly, and the capitalists be content with small profits.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I.

As the spring comes on in Rome, and the world without grows green, and the trees put on their leaves, it is impossible not to accept the invitation that the mountains hold forth. Artists begin to pack their portmanteaus and portfolios, to store their portable boxes with colors and canvases, and thus armed and equipped to set off on a mountain tour to hunt nature in her wild fastnesses, and to seek man and woman in their savage beauty amongst the Apennines. The long, laborious winter has used up their sketches, and they are off to "fresh woods and pastures new." Most of the *forestieri* also begin to make excursions as far as Albano and Nemi, or give a couple of days to Tivoli, taking Hadrian's Villa on the way. There you may see them lunching in the Sibyl's Temple, or leaning over the balcony of the Villa d'Este to look back towards Rome, lulled by the plash of the fountains that sing under the giant cypresses in the garden below, where Leonora may once have walked. Few, however, venture further than Tivoli; though, stimulated by artist friends, some there are who extend their excursions to Subiaco, and then wonder that all the world does not follow their example. Yet it can truly be said that no one knows how beautiful Roman Italy is who has not traveled in the mountains which girdle the Campagna; and no one can form a just estimate of the people who has not set his foot off the dusty highway of common travel, and sought them where they are uncontaminated in their primitive country life. In the cities the Italian is bastardized by foreign habits and customs; in the mountains he retains the old hereditary qualities of his ancestors, and wears the ancient costume of his people. There he may be studied in his natural state, little differing from what he was in the times of the great Colonna, and

still showing in his character and customs vestiges of the ancient days. Rome has become the watering-place of Europe, and the stream of foreigners that pours annually into its hotels and overflows its houses has washed away much of its original characteristics. Its old customs and its picturesque costumes are wearing away daily; the civilization of the courier and *valet de place* — worse than the malaria — has infected it with foreign vices; the occupation by French soldiery did not improve its morals; the Gallic bonnet and hat have invaded its streets; and the Rome of fifty years ago scarcely survives even in the Trastevere quarter. Day by day the sharp Roman traits are wearing out, and within the past ten years much that was picturesque and peculiar has been obliterated. The Rome of to-day is no more like mediæval Rome than Pasquin, with his rubbed-out features, is like Lorenzo de' Medici. Much of the life which Pinnelli etched exists only in his admirable sketches. But in the mountains there is little change; the same habits and customs and dresses which charmed the traveler hundreds of years ago survive to delight the artist and form subjects for his canvas. If mankind were not for the most part pecorine in its propensities, one following another in a stupid routine, these pictures would not be solely for the painter's portfolio, and no one would dream that he had seen Rome when he had followed the dusty track of the main highway from Florence to Naples, and known the mountains only as distant acquaintances.

I know no better way of presenting them to you than to give you a few notes of a little excursion which, in the spring of 1857, I made with four friends as far as St. Germano, and I offer these simply as a card of introduction. They will be much more like a passport, perhaps, and I fear will give you no more definite an idea of the beauty of these charming

mountain towns than the personal description in the document they resemble would give an exact portrait of the individual who bears it. However, I will honestly set down what we saw, and you can verify or contradict my statements by going over the same ground.

It was early in the morning of the 26th of April, before the sun had dried the dew from the Campagna grass, that two horsemen—I beg pardon! a large cabriolet, drawn by two stout horses with bells on their necks and cockades on their crests, “might have been seen” passing through the Porta San Giovanni. This was the carriage which our party, consisting of five persons, had hired, for fourteen scudi, to take us as far as Frosinone, where we were to pass the night. The day was charming, with a warm sun and a cool air. Cloud shades printed themselves over the fresh Campagna, now painted with the various hues of spring, and wandered along the distant mountains, on whose summits rose-colored snow still lingered. Larks were trilling in the high air; flowers peeped from the hedges to greet us; *contadini* stopped plowing with their great, gray oxen to lift their hats to us, and we interchanged “Buon giorno” with them and with nature. The drive was delightful, and after an hour and a half we pulled up at a little *osteria* under Colonna to breathe our horses. The old, dilapidated town above us, which was ruined five hundred years ago by Rienzi, offers nothing of interest to attract the stranger save its historical association, dating as far back as the days of Coriolanus, by whom it was captured and sacked, and its magnificent view over the Campagna. We contented ourselves, therefore, with surveying its ruined houses from a distance, and seating ourselves on the wall beside an enormous basin of flowing water, where the cattle came to drink, listened to the nightingales that were bubbling and singing by hundreds in the little grove hard by. Here we read up Murray, and had all the appropriate historical associations. And for myself, I sent a warm wish and a sigh over to a dear friend

across the water, who once lingered with me beside the fountain and listened to the same nightingales in the days of long ago.

Meantime the horses breathed and drank, and then we set forward again, on foot, over the old Via Labicana, plucking the wild flowers by the way, and indulging the echoes with songs in a strange tongue. Here we left the road which leads to Palestrina, and saluting the old, gray town which crops out of the mountain’s side turned our horses’ heads towards Frosinone. The hills now began to close around us, and the Campagna was lost to sight. We soon passed the wretched, tumble-down village of Lughiana, which, I doubt not, was once the scene of some wonderful event, but of which I only find recorded in my notes that it seemed utterly deserted. The sole signs of life I saw were an old crow hovering over the town, and a black priest wriggling along among the houses. So I set it down as a fact that wherever there is a Roman town there is a priest, and wherever there is a priest there is a crow.

At Val Montone we lunched, or rather we pretended to lunch, for the *osteria* proved to be an exception to the common run of Roman *osterias*. It was so filthy, the wine so sour, and the food so bad that we soon had enough without getting a feast, thus disproving the old proverb. While this repast was preparing, we strolled around the town. It is pleasantly situated on a hill, and, as usual, guarded by a huge baronial palace, which like a giant parasite seemed to have sucked all the blood out of it. But let those who enter its precincts hold their olfactory organs, for it is pre-eminent for filth. Everything is in decay, and it would seem as if no scavenger for centuries had swept its streets, which are chiefly tenanted by pigs, that trot about with nicely curled tails and grunt welcome to the traveler. On the slope of the hill, however, is a picturesque portico where the inhabitants wash, and a terraced slope of grass, surmounted by ruins, on which they spread their clothes to dry. Here were congre-

gated some fifty or sixty girls and women, laughing and screaming in *altissimo*, while they slashed the clothes in the fountain, and carried them, piled in baskets and mounted on their heads, up and down a broad flight of steps into the valley below. Here was picture enough for any one who had an eye for color and character, and the younger traveler, Cignale, improved the opportunity, and transferred some of the figures to his sketch-book; while the elder and his companions leaned over the wall near by and looked into the lovely valley, and visited the little chapel near the portico, and interchanged chaff with the washer-women.

On returning to the osteria, lunch being not ready, in consequence of its having been served to the diligence passengers during our absence, we sat on the stone bench outside the place and discussed the weather and the crops with the *conducteur*, and assisted at the faint efforts of an old woman and her son to remove some of the offal from before the door, — assisted, *bien entendu*, in the French sense. A boy, of about ten or twelve years of age, prematurely developed by necessity, was digging it up and throwing it into the panniers of a melancholy, drop-eared ass, while the woman poured out a stream of very high-toned invectives upon his obstinate little head, by way of encouraging him in his exertions. At last the boy, after listening for some five minutes to her diatribe in sullen silence, looked up, and with an air of magnificent contempt uttered, with a sneer, the single yet expressive word, "*Chiacchierone!*" which being interpreted signifies "stupid old babbler," and continued phlegmatically his occupation.

Lunch over, we continued our route through the loveliest of valleys, watered by the winding Sacco, and skirted by noble mountains, around whose breasts low chains of snowy clouds hung like necklaces, or drifted from their peaks like smoke from a volcano. The afternoon lights and shadows striking athwart their rugged sides were delicate and pearly; and as the sun descended they put on

those rainbow hues of rose and purple which no brush has yet been subtle enough to catch. We were rather jubilant in our delight, and even Orso declared that, considering we were in Italy, the scenery was not so bad. Nor were we alone jubilant; for, just after passing Ferentino, where we did not stop, and a description of which I will spare you for the present, we passed a troop of pilgrims from the Abruzzo, numbering some twenty persons, men, women, and children, who had been on a pilgrimage to Rome for the holy week, and were now returning to their mountain homes, splendid in their rich costumes, the men bearing the staff and cockle-shell, the women carrying on their heads their bundles of clothes, and all singing together a chorus of Psalms as they went. Handsome young fellows there were among them, and reverend old men with white beards, and black-eyed maidens that looked up and smiled, as we passed, under their even brows. This roused even the enthusiasm of Orso and Carlo, who cried out, "That is what poets and painters and romantic travelers, who never can be trusted, led us to imagine we should see everywhere in Rome!" "Well, be thankful that you see it anywhere," Cignale replied; "and be thankful that you live now and not a half century hence, when all this picturesqueness will have disappeared."

One or two of the clouds whose shadows we had tracked over the mountains and valley came sweeping down upon us now, and dropped over us an illuminated veil of rain; but in a few minutes it passed away down the valley, and left us in sunshine again. One of the party, — I will not mention names, — but one of the party who had always opposed the expedition on account of the earliness of the season, and had prophesied rain, at this juncture, being sorely tempted by the evil spirit, exclaimed, "I told you so!" But he was immediately suppressed, and it was at once agreed that if he dared to use that phrase again he should be summarily ejected from the carriage. Thereupon he repented, and promised to be more decent for the future.

Toward night-fall Frosinone appeared, looking down upon us from the summit of a somewhat steep hill; and under the orders of Campo, who as guide, philosopher, and friend undertook the marshaling of our party, we drew up at a rude, barrack-like house, which he declared to be the Locanda di Matteis. After beating at the door and loudly screaming, we finally roused a man, who, to our inquiry as to whether this was the locanda in question, nodded in the affirmative. "And can we have beds and a supper here?" we cried. To this the man responded by shutting tight his eyes, opening his mouth, and having, as it were, a little private fit of his own, in the course of which certain dislocated words were jerked out at us, which we vainly endeavored to understand. "How?" we again inquired, rather taken aback. He looked round, had another little fit of stuttering, spitting at us unintentionally, and then gave it up. "Verol dire," said a friend who now came to the rescue, "ma non può, capisce, che lette c'è sono, e farà quel che può per remediare la cena." This remedying a supper did not promise much, but we all agreed to run the risk; and the stuttering landlord having promised to send to the town for "*una biftecca di vitello o majale*" ("a beefsteak of veal or pork"), we established our luggage in our rooms, and then set forth to climb the hill leading up to the town. Up and down this steep declivity women were coming and going, with great copper jars poised on their heads, which they had come to fill at a fountain halfway down. Groups of peasants returning from their day's work on the Campagna now and then came by, and in one of them was a woman bearing on her head a large wicker basket, in which her little child lay peacefully sleeping. As is very common in this country, the poor woman, not having any one to leave it with at home, had carried it with her to the fields, and was now bringing it back, covered with her colored apron.

The landlord, good as his word, gave us a bad dinner and a clean bed, where, having nothing to disturb us, we slept

peaceably all night, in rooms as empty of any furniture as barns.

By five o'clock the next morning (Sunday) we were up, and in a few minutes had engaged a *caretta*, with a little rat of a horse, to take us over to Alatri. Into this, as soon as we had breakfasted, we all crowded, our stuttering landlord sitting on the shafts, and vainly struggling to answer our questions as to the road and country; and in this way we rolled along. Our road led through a flat table-land extending to the mountains, covered with elms which, Laocoön-like, were clasped in the embraces of huge twisted vines that clambered to their summits, and dropped in summer from one to another in picturesque festoons, or stretched forth their sprays, in search of further support. Over the road, through the vineyards, and under the trees and *pergola* upon either side the figures of contadini in festal dresses might everywhere be seen, moving along to mass in groups and processions, or strolling to pay visits to their neighbors. Long, snowy, starched *panni*, doubled and pinned flatly on the top of the head, projected like stiff eaves over the forehead, and fell almost to the waist behind, ending in double rows of fringes. As they moved along among the green vines nothing could be more picturesque than these figures, with their *busti* of scarlet purple and Chinese vermilion; their blue aprons with orange stripes and rich borders; their scarlet or linen sleeves; green, blue, and purple skirts; broad woolen cinctures worked in various patterns and colors; and above all the snowy masses of their *panni* that flashed in the sun. Rows of old olives, with their faint smoke-like foliage, contrasted with the fresh yellow green of the young elm leaves that lined the road. Here and there were cabins thatched and covered with mosses, or brown farmhouses with porticoes and *loggie*, under which groups of contadini lounged. Heaps of brush-wood were everywhere stuck up in the trees to dry, and over all was an exquisite Italian sky, and the pure, dewy air of morning. After a drive of nearly eight miles, we began to

ascend the hill-side to Alatri, which is celebrated for its remarkable Pelasgian remains, and for the beauty of its women. Campo was more interested in the former peculiarity, and I in the latter. Neither of us were disappointed. The day being a *festa*, the world of Alatri was out and dressed in its best, and we all agreed that we never had seen so handsome a people. Something of this effect may perhaps be attributed to the costume, which is eminently picturesque, but independent of this the type of the Alatri faces is very remarkable. The noses are invariably long, thin, and finely cut; the eyes large and almond-shaped; and the head of a noble and refined character. The men are as handsome as the women; two heroic-looking fellows, who with great good-nature and stately politeness had offered to conduct us up the rugged streets to the citadel, were as noble specimens of physical humanity as could anywhere be found. As they marched rather than walked before us, with a large, easy stride, their legs bound about by the *ciocce* bands, and a deep scarlet cloak folded over their shoulders, they seemed like worthy descendants of the "gens togata," — Romans, Pelasgians, or Saturnians. A peculiar dignity of figure was observable in most of these people; even the old women looked like Fates, — though their faces were like a baked apple in color, and covered with seams and wrinkles.

The Cyclopean walls that surround the citadel are still in a remarkable state of preservation, and the massive gate-way, with its huge, uncemented blocks of stone, is fresh and solid as if it had been built yesterday. There is probably no more perfect specimen of Pelasgic construction to be found in Italy. The gate-way is a square passage, of great depth, roofed by three enormous stones fitted together with nicety. Here they have stood for thousands of years, and here they will probably stand for as many thousand more, for so massive are they that they may defy the assaults of time. "They were built by the gods," said our guide, and so in truth they looked. The walls, too, are very remark-

able. They are fifty feet in height, and composed of only fifteen courses of stone. We passed in at the gate-way, and ascended to the summit of the citadel, which is now a broad terrace surmounted by the church of San Sisto. Here we found collected a considerable number of people, who were lounging about, and going in and out to mass. We, too, gave a glance into the church. Rows of contadine were kneeling there, with their great white panni on their heads, picturesque and strangely Egyptian; and for contrast two bonnets were seen above them, looking exquisitely vulgar among these imposing head-dresses.

We had flattered ourselves that here in the mountains we were out of reach of that detestable fiend Fashion, whose sole object it seems to be, not to seek the beautiful and cling to it, but to sacrifice everything to novelty. But it had made its inroads even here. This foolish fetish, to whose peremptory and senseless whims all Europe bows, is essentially of modern origin, a miserable *parvenue*, a vulgar sham, a Parisian lorette, whom we ought to be ashamed to entertain. In the East she is still unknown, or if known despised. The ancients scorned her: they worshipped Beauty, the divine goddess. We worship Fashion, her base counterfeit. Their dress for centuries remained unchanged. It was graceful, characteristic, noble. Why should they change it? Ours varies with every season, and if temporarily graceful at any time is so purely by chance.

The view from the terrace is magnificent. All around is an amphitheatre of mountains, rolling up like huge surf-waves, and overhanging the valley. The hill-sides and plains are carefully cultivated, and little gray towns crop out here and there like natural formations of rock. On one of the lower slopes is a church and convent, forming a picturesque group of buildings, and backed by lofty gray mountains whose crests were covered with snow. Here I would willingly have passed the day, but it was otherwise ordered. Before we left the citadel, however, we did our duty as travelers; and surrounded by a group of

wondering men and boys we read, for the advantage of all, in a loud voice, the pages of Murray in which the place is described. It seemed greatly to gratify and surprise the audience, and they appeared to prefer it to the mass that was going on in the church.

In this valley has been recently unearthed the remains of an antique aqueduct, which brought underground to Alatri the fresh springs of the mountains beyond; thus satisfactorily proving that the ancients thoroughly understood the fact that water would find its own level. The colossal aqueducts which span the Campagna were not built in ignorance, as many have supposed, but rather for ornament, and in a spirit of magnificence. To them, with their immense treasury, their armies of slaves, and their imperial power, the cost was comparatively nothing. They strove to combine utility with grandeur of effect, and to delight the eye with their mighty architecture. When a private person could build an amphitheatre to divert the populace for a week, the government could well afford to make Rome splendid and imposing with such permanent and noble works. That they should have done this through ignorance of so simple a fact that water will find its level is impossible; every fountain that played in their gardens and piazzas would have taught them this. Besides, there is still another reason for building these aqueducts above ground: though the original cost was greater, it was easier to repair them, and easier to detect the leakage and breaks.

Escorted by a crowd of women and boys, in whose breasts we had awakened curiosity and perhaps vain expectations, we now descended through the streets of the town, and at its outskirts found a wagon, which we immediately hired, for eight pauls, to take us on to Veroli. In this we seated ourselves, and, surrounded by our audience, made them a long harangue in their native tongue, explaining carefully all our intentions, our object in coming to Alatri, the satisfaction we had received from our visit, the design we now had of going to Ve-

roli; and after thanking them for their kindness in escorting us about, begged them to take a last long, lingering look at us, and allow us to depart in peace. Such, however, was their attachment to our persons that several boys accompanied us for more than a mile, executing various antics on either side of our wagon, and keeping up a continuous chorus, probably Pelasgic, of which the refrain was, "*Damni cha-cos.*" After a mile all fell off but one panting friend, who gave us a Cyclopean adieu by throwing a stone after us when he was at last worn out, and accompanying it by sundry invocations. It is doubtless an old Pelasgic custom similar to the English one of throwing a shoe after a friend for luck.

The drive was very pleasant, through exquisite scenery, — great gray peaks hanging over us, sparsely scattered over with black shrubbery; long ranges of noble mountains bounding everywhere our horizon; and cultivated valleys spreading on every side. At last, after an hour or so, we ascended the long hill that led us to Veroli, which is beautifully situated and commands a magnificent view. Here, after threading the narrow streets under the escort of a native, we found a dark little inn, where we proposed to lunch. "*Ho, Maria Fli!*" screamed our guide; and the landlady appeared, and *favoreisca'd* us into a room up-stairs. While our lunch was preparing we made a survey of the apartment, all the doors of which stood invitingly open; and after passing through a couple of rooms we finally arrived at a bed-chamber, in which were two large, piled-up Italian beds. On the coverlets of these, which were by no means immaculate in their freshness, great sheets of *pasta* were laid, ready to be cut up into strips for soup; and over them were parading some cocks and hens with the utmost freedom. It was our turn at this to cry out lustily for "*Maria Fli,*" and she at once, alarmed by the outcry, ran in. "*Che cosa, signori, — cosa commanda?*" We pointed out the pasta and the hens, but she only smiled and shrugged her shoulders, and with some apparent regret drove the hens

away, remarking, "Non fanno niente di male alla pasta, signori." (They don't in the least injure the pasta, signori.) "Do you always spread your pasta on the beds?" we asked. "Sì, signori." This did not promise well for the lunch, but our auguries proved false: she gave us a stew and omelet, which we all agreed to be excellent, and of which we left not enough for a fly.

In her kitchen, where we also penetrated, we found a loom going, at which she was weaving, in her intervals of leisure, a rude carpet or rug. This is the chief industry of the place, and here are produced in large quantities a common kind of coarse carpet, which is much used in Rome. It is made of narrow strips of woolen cloth of various colors, woven closely together, and is very strong.

While we were sitting at our lunch we received a visit from one of the weavers, a French woman, who, having heard that there were strangers at the inn, and hoping that they might prove countrymen, had come round to air a little of her native language with them. It seemed that she had married an Italian, and was living quite contentedly here at Veroli, earning a tolerable living by her handiwork. Still, it would have been a pleasure to hear a little news of "la belle France," and we regretted for her sake, though by no means for our own, that we were not Frenchmen.

Lunch finished, we hired five mules, at thirty-five baiocchi each, to carry us to Sora. We might have gone on to the frontier line with a caretta, but as the road there ends abruptly, with nothing but a rough bridle-path beyond, we thought it best to secure good mules at Sora, lest we should be unable to find them further on. The road descended at once from Veroli through a picturesque rolling country hemmed in on all sides by mountains. The weather when we set out was very pleasant and sunny, and great cloud-shades were drifting here and there over the landscape; but this was not to last. Clouds soon began to gather around the mountains, and to pour upon them storms of hail and snow.

These, however, blew away at intervals, and let through them spots of sunshine; and although the wind as it came down from these flying hail-storms chilled us threateningly, we still hoped that they would not overtake us. Scarcely had we passed the frontier when down they swooped upon us, darkening all the sky, blowing fiercely through the hollows, and pelting us with hail, snow, and rain. There was no shelter near, and wrapping ourselves in our plaids we kicked our mules into as fast a trot as we could, and on we went, pausing once for five minutes under a group of thick trees in hopes that the storm would pass. We got nothing, however, by this; the rain still continued, and we pushed on again. Nothing could be more wildly magnificent than the violent change which had now come suddenly over the face of the world: the smiles, the gladness, the sweetness, of nature gone, and in its stead a fierce passion of tempests, grappling the trees, foaming down the mountains, roaring through the clefts and valleys, and pelting the earth with a fury of hailstones. It was like the people themselves, — so gentle and amiable in their best moods, so madly violent when roused to anger.

After a quarter of an hour we came upon a little low house, where, after beating and knocking for some time, we finally got an entrance. Here we determined to wait until the rain, which was now coming down in torrents, should hold up; and putting our mules under cover we pushed into the main room. Nothing could be more rude and primitive than it was: the walls entirely bare, and the furniture consisting of two common chairs, two stout benches, a rickety old wardrobe, and of course a picture of the Madonna. In one corner was a huge chimney cover protruding over the ashes of a slender fire that sent up its wavering gray smoke into the grim and sooty opening. Here, on the floor, was seated the contadina, an old woman, beside a basket in which an infant was sleeping. She made us at once welcome, though with a very timid and fearful manner, and gave us all the seats there were.

But she seemed specially timid when we approached the sleeping child and began to praise it; and I saw in an instant by her answers that she was afraid of the *jettatura*, for to every question we asked she always took heed to say, "Benedetta sia la Madonna," to ward off the effects of the evil eye. "Whose child is it?" we asked. "Il figlio — benedetta sia la Madonna! — di mia nipote." "Is it a boy or a girl?" "Un maschio, — benedetta sia la Madonna." "It is a very pretty child." "Sta in buona salute, — benedetta sia la Madonna." Poor old creature! she was always in fear lest we might unintentionally work some evil to the little one by looking at it while it was asleep and praising it; for the peasants are as superstitious on this point as they were in ancient days, and will not willingly allow you to praise a child, particularly while sleeping, without warding off the evil eye by attributing the glory to God or the Madonna. To our good fortune the rain soon ceased, or, as our guide expressed himself, "*aveva spioruto*," and putting a few small silver pieces into the hand of the old woman we took our leave.

Our road now lay over a rocky bridle path, which in the rainy season was the bed of a torrent. It was sometimes broad and shallow, and sometimes narrowed down between high banks, so that we could only pass along one by one. The rain still continued to fall at intervals, and on the mountains it was pouring. We had scarcely gone on a half hour when our path began to take up its winter's trade, and to become the bed of a torrent. The muddy water drained from the hills and slopes poured into it; and our mules, oftentimes knee-deep, went plunging along and slipping over the great stones upon the bottom, over which the ever-deepening torrent whirled. It was splash, splash! jerk, jerk! all the time, and the wrenching we got in our saddles, which were quite wet through, at every step became almost intolerable. However, we kept up our spirits, and sang as we went. It was wild enough, there among the mountains, and as the afternoon began to darken under the

black clouds, the scenery grew grim and ghastly. At about six o'clock we saw Sora in the distance, and kicking well our jaded mules, who had got enough of it, we urged them into a desperate gallop up into the streets of the town, which we had scarcely set foot in when down came the rain again in a deluge. When it rains in Italy, it does it with a will, — not softly sifting out its moisture over the earth, but pouring it down in torrents, as if the flood-gates of the sky were opened. The Locanda del Genio proved a good genius to us, and within ten minutes we were under its shelter and ordering our dinner. It is useless to say after such a ride that our appetites were good. What is quite as much to the purpose, our dinner was good, and our good-humored landlord, a thorough Neapolitan, was himself the cook.

The next morning (Monday) it was raining violently, and we were forced to amuse ourselves as well as we could by foraging round the town for "*panni*." The costume here is by no means Greek, as Murray states. The busti is still worn, and the dress is far less picturesque than at Alatri. The women, however, deserve their reputation for beauty. At one shop where we made a stand, a crowd gathered round us, bringing us all sorts of *panni* and *tappeti* to sell. And among them were two very remarkable-looking women: one a venerable Sorina, still very beautiful in her old age, and the other a surprisingly handsome girl of about nineteen. On the whole, it seemed to us that the Alatri women had decidedly the advantage of the women of Sora in beauty.

Sora, which still retains its old Volscian name, is a clean, well-paved town of about seven thousand inhabitants, lying under a great gray mountain sown with rocks, that jut out of it like dragon-teeth. Directly behind the town tower are the ruins of an old feudal castle where the Piccolomini Buconcompagni, and other Roman families, once made their stronghold; and some fragments of the Cyclopean walls which inclosed its ancient citadel still exist. In front of the town the Liris swoops by in a fierce

stream; all along its banks is a promenade, and an arched bridge is thrown across it. The town seems prosperous; it has its great piazza and church, and holds its market days like other larger places. Juvenal tells us in his third satire that in his time it was an agreeable residence:—

"Si potes avelli Circensibus optima Sorae
aut Fabratercae domus aut Trusinone paratur;"

but either the rain made it unusually dreary to us, or it is an uninteresting town in itself.

For want of better amusement, we diverted ourselves in the afternoon, *all' Inglese*, by scattering little coins among the people in the piazza, for the beggars thronged about us in such crowds that it was impossible in any other way to get rid of them. The late afternoon we passed around a great copper *scaldino*, drying ourselves and making plans for the morrow, and sipping tea out of tea-cups so preposterously small that we seemed to be playing at tea like children.

The next morning it was raining still, and we lay abed late, amusing ourselves with the absurd landscapes painted on our walls by some Sora artist. In these perhaps the proportions of the different objects were the most worthy of note,—though the color was quite as original and ideal: little carriages of about an inch and a half in size were passing over bridges, while men of about four times their height were seen on very green slopes beyond, shooting with newly-invented fire-arms at gigantic nondescript birds. The land was distinguished from the water by a broad Etruscan border, which bound its hem like a plaited ribbon, and the figures and houses were like our earliest efforts after nature.

At about twelve o'clock, while we are sitting disconsolately about our brazier, there enters the room a traveler who has come from Isola, and orders his lunch. While he is eating we fall into conversation with him about our journey. He exhibits the deepest interest, offers to make our bargain for a carriage, summons Carluccio the *vetturino*, with whom he discusses in our behalf, calling us

his "friends," and claiming that as such we were entitled to a reduction of prices. Carluccio, however, does not every day catch a foreigner. He is very obstinate as to his price, and our friend, after a half hour's dispute with him and much expenditure of eloquence and logic, gives him up as an *ostinato* and sends him away. He then insists on going out to seek another more reasonable *vetturino*, and out we all go together. The new *vetturino* is evidently another representation of Carluccio. He demands ten piasters to carry us to Atina, thence to St. Germano, and to bring us back to Sora, and shows us two old, rickety, break-neck vehicles, which he assures us are just the thing. We complain that the carriages are not safe. "Oh, per quello garantisco io," he says. It is impossible here to have a decent vehicle; they always upset. "Why so?" we ask. He shrugs his shoulders, and the reason is conclusive. Our friend argues stoutly, having offered him eight piasters, which he refuses, turns up his lip in disdain, and invites us to a café. There he offers us coffee; we thank him, and decline his civility. At least, he says, "un po de rosolio o rhum." We again decline with all the grace we can command, but he insists, if we do not want it, at least we will take it, *per cerimonia*, out of favor to him; and *rhum* is brought and poured out to each of us. I take out my purse to pay for all, but he waves back my offer, *en prince*, and after spending an hour in bargaining for us insists upon paying for the rhum.

Finally we arrange with the *vetturino* to pay him nine piasters, including *buonamano*, and to take his two wonderful half-covered *carrozzelli*, high up with a driver's seat in front, ignorant of paint since their birth, and all broken down and ramshackly. He offers me at once a piaster as *caparra*, or earnest money, to close the bargain, and our friend smiles approval at the proceeding. This affair being now settled, we return to the locanda to eat yellow corn bread and wait until the morning, when we are to set forth.

W. W. Story.

A PRAIRIE-NEST.

WHEN youth was in its May-day prime,
Life's blossoming and singing time,
While heart and hope made cheerful chime,
We dropped into our cottage-nest
Upon a prairie's mighty breast,
Soft billowing towards the unknown West.

Green earth beneath, blue sky above!
Through verdure vast the hidden dove
Sent plaintively her moan of love.
South wind and sunshine filled the air;
Thought flew in widening curves, to share
The large, sweet calmness everywhere.

In space two confluent rivers made,—
Kaskaskia, that far southward strayed,
And Mississippi, sunk in shade
Of level twilights,—nestled we,
As in the cleft branch of a tree;
Green grass, blue sky, all we could see.

Torch-like, our garden plot illumed
The sea-like waste, when sunset gloomed;
Its homely scents the night perfumed;
And through the long bright noontide hours
Its tints outblazed the prairie-flowers:
Gay, gay and glad, that nest of ours!

Our marigolds, our poppies red,
Straggling away from their trim bed,
With phlox and larkspur rioted;
And we, fresh-hearted, every day
Found fantasies wherewith to play,
As daring and as free as they.

The drumming grouse; the whistling quail;
Wild horses prancing down the gale;
A lonely tree, that seemed a sail
Far out at sea; a cabin-spark,
Winking at us across the dark;
The wolf's cry, like a watch-dog's bark;

And sometimes sudden jet and spire
Belting the horizon in with fire,
That writhed and died in serpent-gyre,—
Without a care we saw, we heard;
To dread or pleasure lightly stirred
As, in mid-flight, the homeward bird.

The stars hung low above our roof;
 Rainbow and cloud-film wrought a woof
 Of glory round us, danger-proof:
 It sometimes seemed as if our cot
 Were the one safe, selected spot
 Whereon Heaven centred steadiest thought.

Man was afar, but God close by;
 And we might fold our wings, or fly,
 Beneath the sun, His open eye:
 With bird and breeze in brotherhood,
 We simply felt and understood
 That earth was fair, that He was good.

Nature, so full of secrets coy,
 Wrote out the mystery of her joy
 On those broad swells of Illinois;
 Her virgin heart to Heaven was true.
 We trusted Heaven and her, and knew
 The grass was green, the skies were blue,

And life was sweet! What find we more
 In wearying quest from shore to shore?
 Ah, gracious memory! to restore
 Our golden West, its sun, its showers,
 And that gay little nest of ours
 Dropped down among the prairie-flowers!

Lucy Larcom.

MUSICIANS AND MUSIC-LOVERS.

PERSONS whose taste for music has brought them in contact with the more cultivated class of musicians must have noticed how difficult it is to talk sympathetically about their art with them. One can rarely broach the subject of music, about which all of us are inclined to express ourselves rather warmly, without having a certain chilling sense that the musician who happens to be present is in no wise a participant in that genial enthusiasm which, one somehow instinctively feels, ought to season the conversation. The musician, at such times, is apt to preserve a monosyllabic aloofness which gives us no very favorable idea of his temper; it seems impossible to force

him into sympathy with our own point of view, which is generally an enthusiastic one, and we are tempted to doubt his capacity for more than a dry and purely intellectual enjoyment of his art. If we have the ill luck to fall a-rhapsodizing, in the presence of a musician, over a composition that does not happen to be his own, we are usually met with a condescending stare, which, in spite of its struggles to be polite, says as plainly as may be: "And pray what do you know about it?" It is indeed hard to have a wet blanket thus cast over our fine feelings, but did it ever occur to us how difficult it is to talk sensibly about music? Let us honestly put the question to our-

selves: Have we anything to say (about the fifth symphony, for example) that is really worth listening to? It is a fact that musical literature, taken all in all, is the poorest the world possesses. When we consider that the publication of even a thoroughly good musical text-book for the use of students is a greater rarity than the discovery of a new planet, it should not be a matter of surprise that general musical literature is so poor as it is. But of all writing or talking about music, the rhapsodical is undoubtedly the flimsiest, as it is, unfortunately, the commonest. Schopenhauer says that of all human beings the most utterly undignified and pitiable is the hero struggling against inexorable fate; so there is nothing more futile than attempting to rhapsodize about music, which is itself the most incomparable of rhapsodies. Man, especially heroic man, is a very glorious creature, but he is not seen to the best advantage when battering his own head against a stone-wall. Sweet poetry and heart-stirring eloquence can illumine most things of this world with a new and heavenly light, but when they try to chant the praises of a Beethoven symphony, you have only to play a few measures of the divine music to make both poetry and eloquence seem very dark indeed. The brightest gas-flame shows black against the sun's disk.

The trouble is that people deceive themselves. Often, when they think they are talking about music, they are not talking about the music itself at all, but about how it makes them feel. And so the musician, who perceives this very plainly, finding that any discussion on the subject must needs involve certain personalities which may not be entirely palatable to his interlocutor, can only take refuge in silence or in evasive answers.

It is peculiarly noticeable that musicians, among themselves, say very little, as a rule, about the feelings that music calls up in them; they talk about the music itself, and such talk is rarely of a nature to be interesting to an outsider. I remember once listening to an impassioned performance of Schumann's overture to Manfred in company with a musician. The only thing he said after the performance was, "How much more effect Schumann has drawn from his horns here, by using the open notes, than he often does by writing chromatic passages for them!" This was a technical point. As for rhapsodizing about the spiritual essence of the music, my friend very wisely let that alone. I doubt whether, if Shakespeare were alive to-day, even he could write a good *poem* about the Manfred overture. About Music (with a capital M) it is indeed possible to speak and write in the poetic vein; but about this or that piece of music poetry can utter only dreariness or nonsense. It is both curious and instructive to note how Hector Berlioz, a man who felt music with almost frightful intensity, and whose excitement while listening to some compositions approached the pitch of frenzy, — to note how Berlioz, in his series of essays on Beethoven's symphonies, rarely rises above the consideration of technical details.

In judging music, the amateur has only his feelings to guide him. The musician is, at least while listening to a piece of music for the first time, very much in the same case. Yet, from his superior special culture, his feelings are far more trustworthy guides; beauties and imperfections strike his ear at once, and are felt by him instinctively, which it would take much study for the amateur to perceive. And by superior culture I do not mean merely superior special knowledge, but that well-digested knowledge and experience which go to form fine artistic fibre in an organization of naturally æsthetic proclivities. Real genius and original power can be more or less clearly recognized by every one. But I think that the true position which genius holds among the other qualities that go to make up what we call an artist has been very generally — I will not say overrated — but misunderstood. We often observe a seeming tendency in artists to speak slightly of that heaven-sent power by virtue of which he who

possesses it can at will gain ascendancy over the souls of men. A man of wholesomely generous nature reverences that which can work strongly upon his feelings. The apparent inaptitude for this kind of enjoyment that so often strikes us in musicians may be explained by the fact that the musical laity — deceive themselves as they may — are far more prone to yield to the influence of the composer's or performer's own personality, as it is revealed to them through the medium of tones, than they are to listen to the music as an entity in itself. The musician is timid about thus surrendering himself, unless the strong individuality of the composer or performer is revealed to him through a perfect medium. As has been said before, his feelings are a much surer guide to him than are those of the amateur, and mere quantity of genius does not command them without a silent protest on his part so long as he is not assured of its fine quality. It is a mistake to think that a high degree of culture blunts the sensibilities; on the contrary, it sharpens them. The musician, studying a Bach cantata in the quiet and solitude of his own room, knows an ecstasy of which the amateur has no conception. It is the very intensity of his feelings that makes him careful how he exposes them to any but the finest and best influences; his soul is a pipe, the stops of which must not be fingered by vulgar hands. Robert Schumann once said, "I should box the ears of any pupil who wrote such harmony as the first few measures of the overture to *Tannhäuser*; and yet the thing haunts me with a strange pertinacity in spite of myself." Most people would call this obstinacy, illiberality, or what not that is bad. But it was the protest of the refined Schumann against a power, the genuineness of which he recognized, but of which the quality seemed to him to be open to suspicion.

That which we call genius in general — genius *schlechtweg*, as the Germans say — is not so great a rarity among composers as may be supposed; what is rare is distinctly *musical genius*. Richard Wagner may be called a man of un-

deniably great power, of very unusual genius; yet we cannot help feeling when hearing his compositions, quite as surely as we know it from reading his autobiography, that it was largely owing to the force of circumstances that his genius was applied to music. We can imagine his attaining to equal eminence in other walks of life. But in listening to a Mozart quartet, we are sure that Mozart was not only a born genius, but a born musician. To be sure, the difference in special musical culture between the two men is very great, and all in Mozart's favor; but if Wagner's genius had had the distinctly musical quality of Mozart's, he could not have rested content until he had acquired an equal degree of musical culture. If Mozart had been a man of Wagner's quite phenomenal general culture, no doubt his compositions would have shown the effect of it. But the difference between the men would still remain: we should still have Mozart seizing everything by its musical side, making all that he had observed or learned go to further musical ends; whereas in Wagner we feel that his music is the servant of his culture, — that the operation in his case is precisely the opposite to that in Mozart's. Innate power, whether general or special, is surely a precious thing, and must command reverence whenever it shows itself; yet when we find an expression of power, however genuine it may be, which is unsymmetric and not wholly beautiful, we may well doubt whether the power itself is of the highest kind. An entirely great soul speaks to the world in chosen language; its meaning cannot be conveyed in slipshod sentences; it has a native nobility of its own which shuns the contamination of an ignoble dialect as a gentleman disdains billingsgate. This fact has been so well recognized that what we call the power of expression is often regarded as almost a synonym for genius. It is just the nice shades of distinction between the more or less musical quality of genius which the amateur is for the most part unable to detect. When Schumann said of the many ungainly passages

in Berlioz's *Fantastic Symphony* that we can appreciate their *raison d'être* only by attempting to remodel them, and by then seeing how utterly flat our improvements sound when compared with the original, he certainly admitted that Berlioz really had something to say in his music, and that it could be said only in his own way. That is a good earnest of the genuineness of Berlioz's inspiration, but of its genuineness only. Had the inspiration been as fine as it was real, the ungainliness of those passages could not have existed at all. Special musical culture is excessively rare. The world of music a musician lives in is so little comprehended that many of his utterances concerning his art seem hardly to bear the stamp of common sense and reason.

It is by no means true of the amateur that he is generally insensible to the bad effect of what is ugly and cacophonous in music; but his feelings are often shocked by that which is merely unaccustomed, or of which his uncultured power of insight cannot at once detect the relevancy. He is, at times, even prone to reject, as distorted and monstrous, things which the musician will readily accept; he cannot perceive at a glance the true relation of such passages to the remainder of the composition in which they occur, in virtue of which relation they appeal to the musician as beautiful and deserving of admiration. Yet, upon the whole, the real or supposed faults that shock the amateur are quite as likely to be of secondary importance as they are to be really damning. The musician may find them retrieved by predominant beauties of which the amateur does not suspect the value, or else he may consider them so trivial in comparison with greater and more essential short-comings, of the presence of which the amateur is equally unsuspecting, as to make them hardly worthy

of notice. Again, the amateur may be worked up to a condition bordering upon the ecstatic by certain beauties which the musician appreciates quite as well as he, but which, to the cultivated taste, are wholly unable to retrieve many fundamental faults which are imperceptible to the vulgar ear. That it is, for the most part, utterly useless for the musician to justify his opinion in either case has already been said. Music is a subject upon which all logic is wasted; at the very best, the amateur is but persuaded that he *ought to feel* differently about this or that composition, but what he *actually does feel* will remain unchanged, for his musical likings and dislikings are, almost without exception, sheer cases of Dr. Fell, or the contrary.

The general music-lover is apt to value music according to the mood into which it throws him. There are few persons at all amenable to musical impressions who would not indignantly reject the insinuation that this mood is not the result of the music's working directly upon their higher sensibilities, or, to use the accepted phrase, appealing directly to the heart. But the effect is often purely physical;¹ that is to say, the effect of music, as such, upon the emotional nature of the majority of men is analogous to the effects of alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, bromides, and other similar stimulants or sedatives. It is what Hanslick has aptly called a pathological effect. What other non-physical effect music may have upon their emotions may be referred to the power of association, and is often little determined by the actual character of the music itself. In so far as the power of association is concerned, the most cultured musician is to a great extent amenable to its influence. I know a musician whose father used to sing him to sleep, when he was a very young child, by humming "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai,

¹ I leave out of the question all purely scientific considerations as to the physiological or unphysiological nature of what we call the sentimental emotions. For my present purpose it is unnecessary to decide whether music, as such, is (as Hanslick says) a purely physical phenomenon that can appeal directly only to the physical senses, or whether it is

(as according to Schopenhauer and Wagner) an immediate manifestation of the metaphysical essence (*Ding an sich*) of the universe. It is sufficiently accurate here to use the expressions "appealing to the heart" and "appealing to the senses" as they are understood in common parlance.

carino." To the present day he cannot bear either of these melodies (which, in themselves, have little to do with somnolence) without experiencing a certain pleasurable sensation of drowsiness. He feels persuaded that, had any other melody the same associations for him, its effect would be precisely analogous. But this is only one example of the power of association; there are other ways in which its force is felt, and in which it has a much stronger influence upon the general music-lover than upon the musician. The title of a composition,¹ the conditions under which it was written, the effect it is known to have had upon this or that notable person, in short, any romantic circumstance connected with it, can exert an influence upon the emotions of which the music by itself would often be incapable. The music only tends to heighten and render more vivid an idea which has already gained ascendancy over the listener's feelings. How strong this power of the association of ideas is may be judged by the manner in which the greater number of music-lovers express themselves when speaking of music, and by the compositions which have won the greatest portion of *quasi-sentimental* notoriety. If a novelist, public speaker, preacher, scientific lecturer, or other not especially musical person (supposing that he know enough not to go into maudlin raptures over the *Æolian* harp) have occasion to refer casually to a musical composition, we may be pretty sure that it will be either Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* or Mozart's *Requiem*. If not these, it will be the (so-called) *Moonlight Sonata*, or perhaps the *Thunder-Storm* piece of the *Freiburg* organist, or something for the *vox-humana* stop. Now, without calling into question the great intrinsic value of the *Pastoral Symphony*, it is by no means the one of the glorious nine which is most calculated to captivate the popular taste in a purely musical way. There is little in it, as music, which can entitle it to the singular prominence its name has ac-

¹ Let the reader only think of the influence upon the imagination of so-called *programme-music*!

quired. But it has a peasant's dance, a thunder-storm, a breaking forth of sunshine through the clouds, rustling leaves, murmuring brooks, nightingales, and cuckoos; it is interwoven with all sorts of rural associations, things that can be easily talked about, and which call up remembrances that can be definitely placed in our consciousness. In speaking of the *Pastoral Symphony* the non-musician feels that he is treading upon not entirely unknown ground. As for Mozart's *Requiem*, probably not one out of a hundred persons who admiringly mention its name has ever heard a note of it, or knows anything about it, save that it was the composer's last great work, written at a time when he was in great trouble and misery. Its sublimity is taken for granted. It is not revered so much for its musical worth, as it is because it was the swansong of a great and suffering man. Influences of this sort, so all-powerful with the mass of men, are almost without effect upon the musician. He looks upon music as music; the most perfect orchestral thunder-storm in the world leaves him cold and indifferent if it is not at the same time a fine piece of composition. He does not admire a phrase because it cunningly imitates the babbling of a brook, but because it is beautiful music. The ordinary music-lover, in speaking of music, is eager to fix his impressions by the aid of metaphors and similes taken from other arts, or from every-day life. The musician speaks of the entrance of themes, modulations, trombone passages, and the like. In the hundreds of conversations I have had with musicians about music, I can remember only a single instance in which a cultivated musician laid stress upon an extrinsic beauty in a composition; and that was when a certain great German pianist, in speaking of Joachim Raff's *Im Walde* symphony, said: "Oh, that setting in of the gray morning twilight in the *finale* is overpoweringly impressive." That is the only time in my life that I have heard a musician speak of music in such fashion. In writing about music, Richard Wagner and Hec-

tor Berlioz sometimes indulge in this sort of simile, but even Berlioz, the leader of "programme-composers," wrote at the end of the descriptive preface to his *Fantastic Symphony* that the distribution of the "programme" among the audience might be optional with the conductor, as he hoped that the symphony itself would have sufficient musical interest to stand upon its own merits as a composition, apart from the dramatic story with which it was connected. As a foil to what I have told of the "twilight" in Raff's symphony, I will give an instance of an opposite character. Not long ago I was reading through the second finale of *Don Giovanni* with a very highly cultivated musician; all of a sudden he stopped playing, and cried out: "Do you know, it takes a confounded amount of genius to have thought of bringing in that figure again just here! And it is only by a common deceptive cadence, too!" Nobody but a musician could have expressed himself so.

It is a pretty widely spread notion that the uncultured music-lover stands in the same relation to inferior music that the musician does to the great master-works of the art; that the musician enjoys Beethoven's *A major symphony* or Bach's *Passacaglia* in the same way and to the same extent that other people enjoy the overture to *Martha*, or even *Bardaczewska's Maiden's Prayer*. As it is impossible to get any direct evidence on this point, inasmuch as we cannot enter into the consciousness of two persons at once, and listen with their ears, we can only found our judgment upon the various emotional phenomena we observe in either class of listeners. A musician, after listening to a great work, does not, as a rule, care to have it immediately repeated.¹ If he sees the same work on the programme of a concert on the following day, it will probably not attract him more than would any other piece of equal merit. But his enjoyment of the composition lasts him a life-time; it increases with every successive hearing, if

the performance be a good one. The work is a well of delight to him that can never run dry. But when the ordinary music-lover hears a piece of music that particularly pleases him, he generally wishes to hear it over again; he will listen to it day in and day out, until he gets thoroughly sick of it, and never wishes to hear it more. He sucks and sucks at his musical orange until there is nothing left but the dry peel, and then throws it away. There is, no doubt, a strong sensual element in the musician's enjoyment of music, but he is not content with this alone; his finely-strung nature protests against completely yielding to the influence of music which he suspects of having a merely ephemeral power over him. He tastes it, as it were, and enjoys its flavor, but is careful to stop short when there is danger of intoxication, for that brings on headache and other undesirable discomforts. He enjoys music platonically, as an art, as something in itself grand and beautiful, not as a stimulant nor an anodyne. That music can act in both these capacities is undoubted, but the musician rarely uses it in either. The simile between music and wine is a very old one, and there is more truth in it than some modern theorists would have us believe. It does not, of course, cover the whole ground, but it covers part of it very well. There is an enjoyment of wine which is not entirely sensual, for it calls into play the powers of comparison and judgment. The connoisseur and the boor enjoy it in very different ways. The one delights in the wine itself, the other in its effect, and the latter enjoyment to a certain extent precludes the possibility of the former. Substituting music for wine, we have a very good example of the relative points of view of the musician and the musical layman. The difference between them lies not so much in the class of music they enjoy as in the way in which they enjoy it.

It is not easy to decide which one of the elements constituting our modern music,² such as rhythm, melody, quality

¹ I am supposing a case in which a musician listens to music merely for the sake of musical enjoyment, not in order to study a composition.

² I use the term *modern* as denoting music written in the modern tonal system, in distinction to music written in the old so-called church modes.

of sound, harmony, counterpoint, symmetry of form, and thematic development, appeals most directly to the majority of music-lovers. If the question were put, the answer would probably be, in nine cases out of ten, *melody*. Yet considerable self-deception may exist on this, as on other points. No doubt the average ear demands a quality in music which it can recognize as pleasingly melodious; this is almost a *sine qua non*; yet I think that sheer quality of sound has, in general, a much greater power over the emotions of the music-loving public than melody pure and simple. And be it remembered that this power is wholly physical. A grand and imposing sonority, a well-timed crescendo or diminuendo, have such command over the nervous excitability of most persons as often completely to silence their habitual demand for purely melodious effects. The choruses "Crucify him" in Mendelssohn's Christus, with their overwhelming effects of sonority, and their total lack of what is commonly called melody, have many more sincere admirers than the corresponding choruses in Bach's St. Matthew-Passion, in which the dramatic effect is almost wholly dependent upon the intrinsic character of the melody itself. Last winter a correspondent of one of our newspapers evidently thought he had suggested a conclusive reply to the objections made by some critics to the Verdi Requiem (on the ground that the music depended too much upon sheer effects of sonority) by asking the question: "Did it ever occur to some people how difficult it is to score a really grand and noble noise?"

The first thing that most people notice in a singer is whether he has a fine voice or not; and their opinion of his merit is commonly based upon its quality. Ask the first person you meet whether he thinks Signor X—sings well or not, and he will answer, "Yes, I think he has a beautiful voice," or else, "No, his voice is wretched." The absurd questions one hears put every day, such as, "Do you prefer instrumental or vocal music?" and the equally unmusical statements, such as, "I hate an orches-

tra, but I adore a brass band" (the more pallid terms *like* and *dislike* are rarely used in such cases), all tend to show how great the power of mere quality of sound is, and how strongly it affects the musical likings and dislikings of most people. This is also proved by the popularity of instruments of novel or otherwise striking sonority, such as the xylophone, glockenspiel, set of finger-bowls, flowerpotophone, and what not. Some people will hardly notice a tune when played on the piano-forte or by an orchestra, but will go into ecstasies over the same tune (especially if it be of a grandiose and majestic character) when played on a mouth harmonica. *Experto crede*, I have seen it myself. That the effect of quality of sound *per se* is purely physical is none the less true because it has a strong influence upon the emotions; a beautiful sound may even provoke tears. I know a contralto singer who can bring tears into some eyes merely by singing a long-sustained A, and singers in general are fond of talking about "throwing the tears into their voices;" yes, there are tears in voices, and in onions and cat-o'-nine-tails too, but in very many cases they spring from sheer nervous irritation. When we come to melody, we come to something that can appeal directly to the heart.¹ But the question is not so much what a melody can do, as what it actually does do in the majority of cases. To make an experiment, take one of the most beautiful and heart-touching melodies in existence, the phrase beginning with the words, "D'un pensiero, d'un accento rea non sono," in the second finale of Bellini's Sonnambula. Let it be sung with fairly correct expression and finish of phrasing by a voice that is in no way distinguished by beauty of timbre, in an average audience the greater number of listeners will be unmoved by it; but let it be sung by a voice of great richness, and especially of fine vibrating quality, and nearly the whole audience will be deeply moved. There is an orchestral arrange-

¹ The reader will still bear in mind that I use this expression in its common acceptance, not with scientific strictness.

ment of Schubert's Serenade which used to be much in vogue some years ago, in which the melody is repeated by various solo instruments. I have always noticed that in this piece the violoncello and oboe left the audience comparatively cold and unsympathizing, but when the cornet-à-piston's turn came, almost every listener was aroused to a high pitch of excitement. The melody was the same, but the thrilling tone of the cornet was what moved the public.¹ It was only last winter that I overheard one of the audience at a symphony concert saying to a friend, after a performance of Goldmark's *Sakuntala* overture: "You may say what you please, but your Bachs and Mozarts and Beethovens could not produce such a glorious mass of tone as that." The one thing he looked for in music was plainly its physical effect.

But people will say, Is then our enjoyment of music no more than our enjoyment of champagne? Are our cherished ideas of pathos, sentiment, and the whole great art of tones tugging at our heart-strings a mere delusion, after all? By no manner of means! Hearts are touched, tears do flow, from other causes than mere nervous excitement. The self-deception is not about the result, but about the cause. It is not so much the music itself that touches the hearts of the majority of music-lovers, as it is the performer. His pathos, sentiment, or passion speaks directly to the hearts of his hearers; so powerful is his influence that he can at times make many listeners forget for the moment the whole sensuous effect of music, which they commonly prize so highly. I have heard a singer whose voice may be said to realize the *ne plus ultra* of musical harshness, and whose singing, judged from an artistic point of view, is simply atrocious; yet she rarely fails royally to command

the emotions of her hearers by the sheer intensity of her dramatic power of expression. What she sings matters little; she is almost invariably sure of enthusiastic applause. This is, of course, an extreme case, but it is by no means unprecedented.

In regard to the appreciation of melody, as such, it may be said that people in general prize a melody more for its sensuous quality than for its thematic value. They consider its immediate sensuous effect upon the ear, or its dramatic power over the emotions, of more importance than its containing in itself the germs of a stoutly and symmetrically articulated composition.² This is one of the causes of the great popularity of much of the music of the present day with a large class of music-lovers. Although our contemporary music is not so fertile in ear-pleasing melody as was that of an earlier period, it cannot be denied that it is, in general, very rich in more or less melodic phrases of an intense dramatic character, and which are violently exciting in a nervous way. Yet the besetting tendency of much of this music towards incoherence and confusedness is not so much the result of a want of skill in thematic treatment in contemporary composers, nor of the complexity of the tasks they impose upon themselves, as it is of what might be called the intrinsically unthematic character of their melodies. These melodies appeal strongly to the emotions (whether through the heart or through the nerves matters not), but they too rarely contain in themselves the germs of an orderly composition, and the want of this latter quality is the one of all others which the average music-lover is the last to feel. The theme of Bach's G minor Fugue is not, by itself, so stimulating to the nerves as the melody of "*Di quella pira*," yet Bach's ap-

for instance, the dominant seventh and ninth, or the suspension of the ninth and eleventh over the subdominant), while he has, as a rule, but little appreciation of that subtle connection between a symmetric sequence of chords wherein the real value of a fine progression lies. He prizes a chord, or a modulation, for its own sake, without regard for its function as an organic part of a musical structure, nor the circumstances under which it presents itself.

¹ How intimately connected the enjoyment of sheer quality of tone is, in the minds of most people, with their appreciation of melody may be judged from the very common (but to a musician wholly unmeaning) expression: So-and-so has a *melodious voice*.

² The same may be said of the popular appreciation of harmonic effects. The average music-lover delights in the immediate effect upon the ear of certain chords and combinations of tones (such as,

parently homely figure contains in itself "the potency and power" of the whole glorious G minor Fugue, whereas Verdi's tune contains the potency and power of absolutely nothing beyond its own screeching self. It is the want of appreciation, on the part of the average music-lover, of what may be aptly termed the evolution of a composition from a theme, and of the capacity of a theme for such organic development, that has given rise to a very common, and at the same time most utterly false and groundless fling that is made at the cultivated musician by unthinking amateurs: that is that the musician is capable only of a mere intellectual enjoyment of music. Because the musician lives in a world of tones of which none but him have any approximately correct idea, and in which the uncultured music-lover cannot at once discover the musical alcohol and morphine after which his soul thirsteth; because the musician declares that this alcohol and morphine are not the properest food for an æsthetic soul, he must immediately undergo a contemptuous diagnosis, the result of which is that he is pronounced to be wanting in heart and all the nobler sensibilities, and to cling to art by his intellect alone. No amount of argument will drive this idea out of people's heads when it has once taken root there; all reasoning falls from their understanding like water from a duck's back. Let it only be said here most dis-

tinctly that, of all the wrong notions that have ever bemuddled the human mind, this is the most utterly idiotic.

People in general listen to music in a dream, as it were; only the musician is fully awake and in sure possession of his faculties. He is not wafted helplessly hither and thither on a vaguely surging sea of sound, an unresisting prey to the composer's every whim; music is his proper element; as we see the torpid snails and barnacles in a rocky pool by the sea-side suddenly start into consciousness and activity as the first cool, oxygen-charged wave of the returning tide washes over them, so does the musician find in music the life-giving draught that arouses all his nobler faculties to action. It is not an alcohol to intoxicate him, an anodyne to bring mere momentary forgetfulness of the day's cares and troubles, nor a sense-killing potion to waft him lazily into luxurious hash-eesh dreams of a Mahomet's Paradise; it brings with it the wholesome oxygen that is necessary to his complete vitality. So soon as he is in the presence of a mighty composition, he plunges *into* the music heart and soul, and his whole being is aroused to vigorous action. As Ambros has said: "The enjoyment of a work of art is by no means a passive state; a correct understanding, and with it the highest enjoyment, consist in our re-creating for ourselves, as it were, that which is offered us by the composer."

William F. Apthorp.

THE MYSTERY.

I SAW a wonderful light —
 Watching the midnight sky —
 Leap suddenly into the voiceless dark,
 And as suddenly die.

Was it a golden lance,
 Into the silence hurled
 By the spirit of air? a new-born star?
 Or the wreck of a world?

Albert Lighton.

THE MODERN MARTYRDOM OF ST. PERPETUA.

It has been sometimes said that there has been in our times an entire decline in the spirit of Christian heroism.

We assume the contrary, and design to show the sufferings of a modern martyr, a modern edition of St. Perpetua. And first we will extract from Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, under date of March 7th, some account of the heroic sufferings of the ancient St. Perpetua.

It appears she was a noble Carthaginian lady, who, in the reign of the Emperor Severus, was condemned, with a small company of fellow-Christians, to encounter the wild beasts in the arena. Thus the narrative:—

“The day of their triumph being come, they went out of prison to go to the amphitheatre; joy sparkled in their eyes and appeared in all their gestures and words. Perpetua walked with a composed countenance and easy pace, as a woman cherished by Jesus Christ, with her eyes modestly cast down; she sang, as being already victorious.”

After describing her as witnessing the cruel deaths of her fellow-martyrs under the claws of lions and tigers, the narrative goes on to say:—

“Perpetua and Felicitas (her slave) were first exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua was first attacked, and being tossed fell to the earth; rising to a sitting posture, and perceiving her clothes were torn, she gathered them about her in the best manner she could, thinking more of decency than of her sufferings. Getting up, not to seem disconsolate, she tied her hair, which was fallen loose, and perceiving Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by the tossing of the cow, she helped her to rise, and the two were removed to the place where the executioner dispatched those who had not been killed by the beasts.”

Perpetua, it is said, seemed to be returning to herself out of a long ecstasy, to have been entirely unconscious of all that had occurred, and she could not be-

lieve the account of what had happened till she saw on her body and clothes the marks of what had taken place.

St. Austin, relating this, cries out: “Where was she when assaulted and torn by the furious beast? By what love, by what potion, was she so transported out of herself as to seem without feeling in a mortal body?”

She called her brother, and said, “Continue firm in the faith, and be not disheartened by my sufferings,” and so walked to the place of butchery.

Such is the story of the ancient saint, and dull is the heart that gives no answering thrill to it.

Our modern St. Perpetua lived in an elegant square brick mansion with brown stone trimmings, situated in the midst of ample, well-adorned grounds in the pleasant, half-rural, manufacturing town of Prosperita. You have seen the place, and remember its wide streets, bordered on each side with rows of shadowy maples and elms, and carpeted with well-kept velvet grass. It was one of those many New England towns where life seemed rationally desirable and prosperous, and people were living as one should imagine it was right and proper, on the whole, that human beings should live, in peace, and in cultured affluence.

Our saint was a serene, middle-aged lady, whose ample mansion was the seat of hospitality, refinement, culture, and religion. She was well known as foremost in every good word and work. Occupied mainly with works of charity to her neighbor, and with devout contemplation directed heavenwards, our St. Perpetua had those notions about outward array which were derived from evangelical reading, such as the following: “Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel. But let it be the hidden man of the heart, . . . even the ornament of

a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

So our saint seemed in the quiet ripeness of middle life to be sinking gradually into that goodly type of ancient womanhood which has almost perished from modern society. Her rich, heavy, old-fashioned silks were worn from year to year with scarce any modification from changing fashion; her bonnets, made so as to protect her ears in winter and shade her eyes in summer, circled serenely round her tranquil countenance; and the transparent laces which surrounded her face might by a slight effort of the imagination have seemed the aureole of a saint.

With a calm persistence this good woman maintained that one of the first purposes of clothing was *comfort*, and smilingly declined the good offices of the dress-maker to squeeze her lungs out of shape, or to stop the circulation of her blood, for any supposed ornamental effect. She declined also to make her dresses a means of sweeping the streets, and wore them at such a distance from the ground that the borders thereof were neither fringed nor frayed by the contact. Reserving these rights of health and decency, she allowed her anxious dressmaker to make only such changes in her wardrobe, from time to time, as should slightly harmonize it with the reigning mode, so that she should escape the imputation of singularity.

There were some artists, and people not biased by reigning conventions, who expressed admiration of this arrangement of costume, and went so far as to say that the sight of St. Perpetua at church, with her face radiant with celestial joy as she joined the service, or her benign grace as she shook hands with one neighbor or another coming down the aisle after service, was a subject worthy of a picture of "woman as she should be."

Thus matters moved smoothly on with our saint, till the time of her trial came on. We must remark here that the conditions of sainthood have altered in our days. Holy women now do not encounter dragons as St. Margaret did,

as one may remember her in Raphael's picture, standing serene as a star against the darkness of his great open mouth, bearing the victorious palm in her hands. No, dragons are decidedly gone out of vogue; nobody hears of them; they only occur now and then, when Darwin or somebody else alludes to prehistoric animals. Neither in our day are Christians thrown to lions and tigers, or threatened by wild cows. Our age being a refined and intellectual one, our temptations, trials, and martyrdoms are those of the more ethereal and refined portion of our nature.

The tempter in fact came in the form of an angel of light. The fair Melusina, lately graduated from Omnium College, returned home with all the muses and graces in her train; with eyes fair as stars, and golden hair frizzed divinely over a low, Grecian forehead; with persuasive dimples twinkling around a rosy mouth, which had been trained at college in all the arts and devices of eloquence, so that not merely "truth divine" came mended from her tongue, but things that were but half true, or not true at all, enjoyed a similar advantage.

The fair Melusina, though a college graduate and a believer in the modern theory of woman's rights, had no notion of renouncing any of the world-wide privileges and immunities of her sex. She considered the doctrine of woman's rights to mean that women were to keep all the rights they had already, in virtue of the fascinations of Venus, but to have *added* to them all those of the men, thus reigning queen of hearts and of society.

Our fair queen of hearts, however, was no heathen. She had been duly confirmed in church, with a white veil on her head, and with an indefinite but very pleasing emotion of self-devotion and self-sacrifice in her heart; certainly intending always thereafter fully to order her life as a good Christian girl ought. She was not without sentiment and love of the heroic, and when the white-robed choir entered the church singing, —

"Onward, Christian soldier
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before,"

her heart beat heroically, under the latest arrangement of bows and laces, with a real warm throb of sympathy. It was an inexpensive way of marching after the cross of Jesus.

The fair Melusina early determined to bring the canons of fashion to bear upon her mother's apparel and belongings.

"Now, dear mamma," — thus the attack began, — "you know that I am not one of those frivolous girls who think fashion is everything, and can talk and think of nothing but dress. I despise such girls as much as anybody; but yet I do think there is a propriety, a certain respectability" —

"My dear child, you certainly can't mean to say that I am not dressed respectably?"

"Yes, dear mamma. This bonnet, now," turning it on her hand, disparagingly, "why, mamma, it's as old as the ark! Nobody wears such bonnets, now. *Dear* mamma," — here her voice trembled with pathos and her eyes grew moist with emotion, — "you have really no idea what a *horrid* thing it is! It doesn't look suitable and respectable for a lady in your position. Now, mamma, you are so absorbed in your good books and your charities and all that that you have n't the slightest idea how differently people of our position must dress. Why, the style of this bonnet is ten years old at the least; and then, mamma, that silk of yours is n't fit to be seen; the silk has grown *shiny* with age, and it is made hideously, — short and skimpy, — and altogether it's not presentable. Now, mamma, everybody that knows anything will tell you I'm right. Miss Hibbens, who does your dress-making, spoke to me about it the other day, and said, 'I do hope, now *you've* come home, you will fit your mother up a little, for really she does *not* appear as a lady in her circumstances ought.' And just ask aunt Maria, and see what she will tell you."

Aunt Maria, being appealed to, in

counsel employed a stroke of generalship worthy the attention of all who seek to change the courses of New England saints. She put the question to her as a matter of self-sacrifice and penance. "My dear sister," she remarked, "we are told Christians must not live to please themselves. Dress, being a matter of no moral character in itself, is fairly one of those things in which it is our duty to sacrifice our own feelings to give pleasure to our friends. Besides that, a woman who conforms to fashion acquires influence thereby, and influence is a talent for good which we should none of us neglect. Your sons are young men now, your daughter just coming into society, and all are desirous of seeing their mother appear as becomes her station and position in life; and your husband, I know, would think just as I do, for he said to me that nothing pleased him better than to see you handsomely dressed. As to the money, — why, that is no object with him, and you have enough to do all you want to for the poor, and yet dress as becomes a lady."

This line of argument conquered. St. Perpetua meekly yielded, and was led, as a lamb to the sacrifice, to Miss Hibbens's feet, who, enchanted to have her fairly in her power, cut and snipped and trimmed and pinched and pared to her heart's content, — not regarding very much an occasional tender protest of her victim, thus: "Now, Miss Hibbens, do remember I love simplicity."

"Oh, yes, ma'am; simplicity is just your style. I understand. I have a lovely idea for the trimming; it will take only eighty yards of knife-pleating, with a heading of bugle fringe; so lovely, and so perfectly simple."

"Don't make too much of a train, Miss Hibbens," says the saint, plaintively.

"Oh, certainly not. Leave it to me; I understand."

"Miss Hibbens, these sleeves feel *very* tight. I can't bear anything tight about my arms."

"Oh, no, *I* never make tight sleeves, — some dress-makers do, but *I* don't.

These will seem perfectly easy when they're finished; don't be anxious about them."

And so on through all the process.

And now the sun had risen over the elms of Prosperita, and our saint was preparing to walk to the house of God in all her new appointments.

Everything had come home; a bonnet from Madame Adrienne's in New York, ordered expressly for its *simplicity* and severity, consisting apparently of a gauzy bunch of black tulle, with winking fringes of jet, and a smart, neat aigrette of black feathers perking up jauntily on one side, and a cascade of lace and ribbon streaming down behind. Everybody declared it to be the concentrated essence of simple elegance. The black tissue from Miss Hibbens's lay in voluminous folds on the bed and floor; and the fair Melusina, radiant and joyful, was there to induct her mother properly into these habiliments.

The historical St. Perpetua herself could not have looked more resigned and bowed down in meek surrender than our modern saint. First, her hair was taken out of crimp and frizzed in conformity with the most approved style. Then the dress was put on, and it appeared that the treacherous heart of the dress-maker gave out at the last, and could not allow her to retrench the amplitude of the train. Our saint regarded its sweep with an exclamation of horror: "Mercy on us! How shall I ever get to church with this?"

"Don't say a word, mamma; it's just lovely. I'll show you how to carry it; it's perfectly easy when one is used to it."

"But, dear, this waist pinches me."

"Oh, no, mamma, it does n't. New dresses always feel a little stiff at first; it'll stretch; and I never saw you have anything that fitted you so beautifully. You really have a nice figure, mamma."

"But these sleeves! They are too tight. Why, see here; I can't lift my arms to my head!"

"Well, mamma, you need n't lift your arms to your head. The sleeves

are lovely, and fit your arms beautifully; and I shall put your bonnet on and tie it for you, of course; ladies that have dressing-maids like *me* never have to raise their arms."

"But really, dear,"—anxiously surveying herself in the mirror,— "I don't like my skirt drawn so close round me; it shows all my figure."

"Well, that is the fashion, mamma; that's just what it's for."

"But it hurts me to step. I really don't think I can walk in it. I feel so tied up I can hardly move."

"Oh, you'll get used to it, mamma dear; everybody does. I would n't alter a thing; your dress is lovely. Sit down now, and let me put on your bonnet. There!"

"It hurts me to sit down; it's too tight."

"Oh, mamma, you must just slip the skirt up a little; you have n't got the knack; it will come all right. There—so. Now for the bonnet. It's a perfect love, and so simple."

Simple it was, to that degree that when it was on, our saint looked about and felt quite bare-headed.

"Is n't it too small? Why, it won't shade my eyes a bit!"

"Dear mamma, nobody has their eyes shaded now."

"But it feels just as if it was slipping off the back of my head."

"Oh, I shall pin it on." And Melusina proceeded to spear the same to the maternal head with long, black pins. "There!"

"It hurts my head," murmured the saint.

"Dear mamma, you'll get used to it. It's just because you never wore such a bonnet before. There, now, you are done, and I never saw you look so splendid. Mamma, you are not an old woman; you are not going to be; you don't look more than thirty at the most. I'm going to call papa to look at you."

Papa came in with The Churchman in his hand, the pious side out, and contemplated our saint first with a stare of astonishment, but soon, being kissed and variously manipulated and instructed by

Melusina, he declared that she looked young and pretty, and that he should begin his courtship over again. What a delicate flush came into her cheeks, and how our saint brightened with celestial roses!

Having now assumed every possible appliance of discomfort and torture from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet (which, by the bye, were encased in a smart new pair of tight boots with the heel in the middle of the foot), St. Perpetua proceeded under the arches of the elms to the church. The dear saint had always enjoyed these tranquil summer walks with her husband to church, but now, with a bonnet that hurt her head, with a dress drawn so close that she could hardly step, with her tight sleeves pinching the arm which tried to hold a sunshade over her head, and with the other hand sustaining the heavy burden of flounces and bugle trimming which had to be cared for, our saint had no time to say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The pilgrim who started with peas in his shoes was at ease compared with her. Her face settled into a pathetic expression of resignation and endurance. Arrived in church, she could not sink on her knees for the entering prayer without being violently called back to earth by her "tie-back." Melusina assisted her to manage her draperies, but the subtle essence of devotion spread its wings and fled like a frightened bird before the bustle. Our saint lost her prayer, and could only remember her clothes. Once posed, however, the noble church service awakened again the heavenly spirit within, and she began to forget herself. She rose to the "Te Deum," and her heart thrilled and throbbed as she joined the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs; she was almost in heaven as the last strain vibrated, "let me never be confounded," and she sank, inadvertently, into her seat, and felt her bonnet jerked violently backward by the cascade of lace and ribbon which streamed from it behind,

and which had been caught between her back and the back of the pew. It was only the pins that kept it from going off, but the tug upon them was so violent that her head ached, and the fear that her bonnet really would go off backward suddenly seized her. She tried to put up her arms, but could not, and looked with a frightened, appealing glance at Melusina, who serenely reassured her, whispering that she must be careful how she leaned back.

If heaven is to be won or grace attained by self-torture, our St. Perpetua this morning was worthy of mention with those who wore hair-cloth vests and belts with spikes and other saintly enginery of pain; and if these be means of grace, she was in the way of making rapid attainments.

The Sunday was a sultry one; and though her dress was by courtesy supposed to be thin, yet the tissue being superimposed over a heavy silk formed in fact a double dress, and only mocked her with an outward suggestion of coolness. She was hot, breathless, aching, annoyed, and, as a result of all, terribly tempted of the devil. There were moments when our saint felt as if violent and profane language would have been a relief to her, and it was only by victorious grace overcoming these propensities that her saintship was perfected.

Never had she experienced so unpleasant a service; but remembering that the essence of religion is self-sacrifice, she meekly resigned herself, with profound humility repenting of her irritable impulses, and resolving not to give way to them any more. Arrived at home she was delayed by compliments from all sides, and being permitted to retire to the solace of a loose wrapper, in consideration of the extreme heat, became somewhat more composed.

Our saint did not rise in rebellion against the yoke; meekly she submitted. In time she learned to divide her sacred thoughts in church with the care of her bonnet and her tie-back, and never in any ecstasy of devotion to forget she was mortal. As to the pain her clothes gave her, the sense of compression, the

weariness, she learned to endure that in the spirit of sacrifice. If St. Perpetua of old could maintain a heavenly ecstasy when tossed by a wild cow, might she not hope in time, by spiritual forces, to rise above the sense of bodily torture? At all events, she tried it, and was the meekest, sweetest looking saint ever sacrificed on the altar of Fashion.

One heavy trial she had to bear. Certain sisters of the church called her change of costume extravagance, and mourned for her in good, set terms as a professing Christian entirely given over to worldliness and in danger of going the broad way.

These hard judgments went to her

heart, but the worst she was ever known to wish her most censorious critics was that they might have to wear the same things themselves.

Our readers will meet this saint now and then at Saratoga or Long Branch, where the lovely Melusina carries her. They will see her serenely and meekly bearing on her patient person all the present enormities of fashion. She does not remonstrate, she does not rebel; she bears them as a cross she has become accustomed to.

Respect her when you meet her, and consider what an amount of saintly merit she has acquired by these years of self-renunciation and torture.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

PURITANISM AND MANNERS.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD has recently published an interesting and suggestive plea for "equality." By equality Mr. Arnold means the adoption of some such law as holds in France, where a testator is forced to divide among his children a portion of his landed property, the amount over which he has full testamentary control being dependent upon the number of his children. Mr. Arnold does not look for the immediate adoption of his suggestions. He says that one can hardly, without laughing, imagine Lord Hartington proposing an equal division of land among a proprietor's children as a palliative for the social evils which press upon his constituents. The plea is made, so to speak, *in vacuo*, as being in accordance with "the unalterable rule of right and the eternal fitness of things."

Now, in America we have equality. The regularity with which attempts are made to set aside discriminating wills, the assumption of insanity or weakness of mind in such cases, may be cited as showing the resentment which is excited by any effort to violate the absolute

equality of all men. It may be interesting, therefore, to consider whether we enjoy the advantages which, according to Mr. Arnold, attend this system of equality.

Mr. Arnold distinguishes four great civilizing powers: (1.) The Power of Conduct, preëminent in England, and shown in her religion, industry, and love for public order and stability. (2.) The Power of Beauty, most highly developed in Italy, where the common people are natural-born judges of works of art, of the drama, of poetry. (3.) The Power of Knowledge, of which Germany is the best example, where, without a widespread and broad culture, as Mr. Arnold very truly hints, there is a strong sense of "the necessity of knowing scientifically" what needs to be known. (4.) The Power of Life and Manners, of which France is the great exemplar, the effect of which is to be seen in the general intelligence, so that an educated man may talk with a peasant, and feel that he is talking with an equal.

The objection that is raised by Mr. Arnold to the one-sided civilization of

England is that it misses the "goodness and agreeableness of life." The accumulation of large fortunes in a few hands, and the difficulty of transferring land, tend to materialize the upper class, to vulgarize the middle class, to brutalize the lower class. The social boundaries are so rigid that the lower and middle classes settle back hopelessly: the latter to its Puritanism, with its "type of life and manners fatally condemned by its hideousness and its immense ennui," the former to its brutal want of feeling, — to its "beer and gin and fun," as an acute French observer puts it.

This brutality, vulgarity, and dullness of the lower and middle classes of England, which so appall a Frenchman, find no parallel in France. The spirit of society, tending towards equality, has, according to Mr. Arnold, developed a keenness and quickness of intelligence, a delicacy of perception, a native tact and grace, which have produced that remarkable result, enabling an educated man to talk with an illiterate Frenchman, and to feel that he is talking with an equal. It has developed in France a type of life and manners devoid of the hideousness, the immense ennui, which brood over the social life of England. A general keenness of intelligence and a good and agreeable type of life are happy possessions. Are they the direct result of the spirit of society and equality?

There is one remarkable social phenomenon in England which Mr. Arnold notices, indeed, but indirectly, and without, as it seems, assigning its true cause. His paper on Equality was originally a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution, and Mr. Arnold accounts for his advocating such a chimerical scheme by a complimentary estimate of the intelligence of his audience. He quotes Mr. Charles Sumner. His audience was largely composed, he assumed, of that class which so struck Mr. Sumner, — the large class of gentlemen distinct from the nobility, with abundance, amongst them, of "serious knowledge, high accomplishment, and refined taste." Mr.

Arnold merely notices this remarkable class as enabling him to propose an almost revolutionary scheme, and he explains its existence by referring to it as a "seemly product of the energy and power to rise" of Englishmen.

We can account for it more adequately. That it is confined to England should have warned Mr. Arnold to look for some peculiarities in English law rather than satisfy himself with a passing allusion to so vague a thing as race power. This class owes its existence to the very cause to which Mr. Arnold refers the one-sidedness of English civilization.

The struggle to rise above the condition in which one is born is dwarfed by the struggle to avoid sinking below that condition. The natural result is that the younger sons of the nobility and gentry are forced to adopt one of the professions. Debarred from inheritance of any considerable portion of the family estates, and spurred on by the dread of losing caste, it is not strange that as a body they manifest the qualities which Mr. Sumner ascribes to them, — good breeding, good education, good habits, observance of convention, refinement. Add "energy and power to rise," and the superiority of this class becomes almost a matter of course. These young men have been educated in accordance with the social position and fortunes of their fathers. The roll of England's warriors and statesmen includes more than one illustrious younger son. The diplomatic ranks are constantly recruited from the same source. In Baroness Tautphœus's Initials, her hero claims a sort of natural right to brains, by virtue of being a younger son, which merely means that while the heirs are under no necessity of using their brains, and consequently do not use them, the younger sons must exert themselves or sink.

Whether this class compensates England for the stolidity of her aristocracy, the vulgarity of her middle class, the brutality of her lower class, may be doubted. Mr. Arnold, while he grants that it is a civilized class, says that it does not constitute a civilizing power. But to

the inequality which operates so badly on the three great social divisions of England must be set off whatever credit is reflected from the high cultivation of professional men.

This class we cannot have in America. Can we hope, through the equality which we do have, to secure that type of life and manner, that goodness and agreeableness of life, which France possesses so preëminently? They are not ours now. Equality we have had ever since we have had anything. How long are we to wait for its beneficent product?

Of the four civilizing powers enumerated by Mr. Arnold, but one seems at all active in America. It is the same which is alone active in England, — the power of conduct. We show this feeling for conduct, as England does, in our religion, our industry, our love of order and stability. The habits of the people, even their exaggerated respect for puritanical observances and modes of life, are strong testimony to the force of this feeling for conduct. There are indeed indications of a relaxation of this feeling. The tone of commercial honor, the sense of the necessity of uprightness, is visibly lowered. A satirist must have some foundation of truth for his exaggerations, and the gibes on the profitableness of failing in business, the assumption that the officers of corporations must be rascals, the appallingly frequent cases of breach of trust, and the callousness of the community with reference to this state of things seem to mark very clearly a weakening of moral fibre. On the other hand, the course and method of legislation, the low tone of our legislative bodies, point the same way. It is a suggestive sign when general culture is considered a disqualification for political life, or when one is told that he must not assume to discuss politics because he is a "damned literary fellow."

Yet, despite these and other symptoms, there are reasons to hope that the relaxation is temporary, although nothing could be more inimical to the fulfillment of these hopes than a current theory that the evil will "right itself." That is not the province nor the habit

of evil. With a passing away of the long train of evil effects of the war, the molding into something like a harmonious mass of the discordant elements furnished by foreign immigration, the fuller settlement of the country and resulting greater stability of population, it may be that the feeling for conduct will resume its force. But, to repeat, it will not do so altogether of itself.

Such as it is, we owe this good, this civilizing power, to England; and it is our only one. We have no sense of the claims of beauty, none of the claims of knowledge, none of the claims of social life and manners.

Let us consider these claims in succession. Mr. Arnold alludes to the English theatre as perhaps the most contemptible in Europe. Ours is even worse, and that is saying a good deal. This may be more clearly perceived if we observe that dramatic criticism, as it is understood in France, is a thing unknown here. The same is true in music; to a great extent in literature; even more so in art. Now, where there is so complete an absence of proper criticism, it is because there is an absence of the thing which criticism feeds upon. High art and competent criticism go hand in hand. To go still further: apply the test which, according to Cardinal Antonelli, may be applied to the mass of common people in Italy. Pick out a factory operative or a farm hand and ask his opinion on a play, a song, a picture. One knows what would be the result. That there is a love for music, for example, among enough to maintain half a dozen orchestras in the country does not indicate a national turn for music. So, too, that there is a tendency just at present to buy indiscriminately bricabrac, or a fashionable but injudicious enthusiasm for what is known as household decoration, indicates an innate lack rather than an innate strength of artistic sense; even more is this lack manifested in the common belief that artistic sensibility is a thing which can be learned or acquired, or even purchased.

Do we pay any higher regard to the claims of knowledge? Here I shall be reminded of our lecture systems, our

common schools, our popular science journals and text-books, the eagerness of the people to learn something of the great questions of the day. But these things, good or bad, do not show that we are possessed and governed by a "strong sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically*" what needs to be known. Why, for example, does an ordinary man go to a popular lecture? If we get at the real motive, we shall find, in nine cases out of ten, that his object is to escape the intolerable burden of his own society; he goes to pass away an hour, and listens to what is told him with a misleading impression that he is doing something to cultivate himself. The vice of our fondness for lectures is that it substitutes a mild mental titillation for serious work. An ordinary lecture, as has been wittily said, does not make you think; it merely makes you think that you think. The lecture, in short, has become a species of amusement, — so strangely confused are our ideas of amusement. This view is sometimes met by the argument that it is better that a little information should be gained even in this way than not at all, and that with most persons, if similar sources of acquiring information are taken away, the innate desire for knowledge will not be strong enough to induce them to any other and more serious efforts.

This argument seems to be equivalent to saying that if you take away from a child his sugar-plums and pies he will not be induced to eat wholesome food. A smattering of miscellaneous information, imperfectly remembered and wholly undigested, does not mean knowledge, nor beget keenness of intelligence. On the contrary, its tendency is to prevent the acquisition of knowledge, and by dulling the intellect's avidity to impair its healthy action.

As for our common schools, much as they are to be respected when they confine themselves to their proper function of teaching the necessary elements of the ordinary branches, they may, on the whole, safely be left to the political orators. On the other hand, the multiplication of popular science periodicals and

text-books, so far from bearing witness to our sense of the necessity of knowing *scientifically* what needs to be known, is another indication of our propensity for doing things superficially. It is simply a variation of the lecture process. We alternate a little desultory reading of our own with a little listening to the results of the desultory reading of another. The very eagerness of our people to know something of the great questions of the day is by no means a wholly admirable trait. It is far better, as a matter of self-culture, to learn one thing thoroughly than half a dozen things unscientifically. And the ready adaptive power of Americans is only another side of our lack of intellectual persistence in any one direction.

We may perhaps, in odd moments, have a dim perception of the claims of beauty and of knowledge, though we quickly forget them. Of the claims of manners we have not the slightest perception. "Hideousness, immense ennui," press heavily upon our homes. "Those who offer us the Puritan type of life," says Mr. Arnold, "offer us a religion not true, the claims of intellect and knowledge not satisfied, the claim of beauty not satisfied, the claim of manners not satisfied." We derive our type of life and manners from the puritanical middle class of England. No words can exaggerate the barrenness, the angularity, the lack of elasticity, of our ordinary domestic life. Our topics of conversation, the round of daily thought, the common interests that take up our attention, — we are so used to them that we forget there can be anything better. How many were struck by the absolute lack of resource which was revealed, a year or two ago, by the popularity of spelling matches? The editor of a prominent magazine thought it worth while recently to devote a large part of his space to a discussion by well-known clergymen of the doctrine of future punishment. Doubtless many considered the discussion futile, but no one seemed to think it strange.

But we have in America that legal equality which France has. How, then,

if Mr. Arnold's theory of the benign influence of equality is correct, is it that we wholly miss France's good and agreeable type of life and manners? How is it that, if an educated American talks to a factory operative or farm hand, there will be on the part of one a condescending desire to avoid condescension, and on the part of the other a bumptious self-assertion? Why is it that not even the best disposed observer can discover in the American laboring classes that quickness and keenness of intelligence, that native tact and grace, which Mr. Arnold and Mr. P. G. Hamerton find in the French peasantry, and which raise that peasantry, in one sense, to a level with the cultivated classes?

The inevitable answer seems to be that precisely as our inherited sense for conduct has, on the whole, succeeded in maintaining its ascendancy against the influences of immigration, the civil war, the constant shifting of population, so our inherited Puritanism, with the hideousness and ennui of its life and manners, on the whole maintains its evil ascendancy against the influences of the humanizing force of equality.

Any improvement must be slow, the work of generations. It lies in us of to-day, by careful examination and proper attention, to assist in bringing into existence a better type of life a generation or two generations before it would otherwise appear. This is the duty which rests especially upon the dissatisfied: to make a comfortable world uncomfortable, if comfort means stagnation; to arouse the heavy slumberers; to create a proper discontent, — for discontent is the gift of the gods to man, by which he may raise himself to their level.

And it seems the necessary result of all this is to declare war upon Puritanism, that we may free ourselves from the bondage in which we have lain for two hundred years. It is chiefly Puritanism that lies in the way of our profiting by the equality we have. Were England to adopt Mr. Arnold's ideas, and introduce equality in inheritance and descent, the type of manners and

life would continue to be as unlovely as it is to-day, and as ours is. I do England an injustice, perhaps. There is a refuge for an Englishman who is oppressed by the hideousness of English life: he has a history in which he can take refuge; he has a past, with its monuments and bequests; he has a country, nearly every inch of which bears testimony to past greatness and present stability, — a country which has in the highest degree the beauty of civilization, in spite of so many "counties overhung by smoke."

But we who are born in the midst of a narrower and harsher Puritanism even than that which environs an Englishman, — we have no past, no national tradition, no history, with one melancholy exception; and the hideousness of the type of life and manners begotten by Puritanism is emphasized by our unlovely villages, by the barrenness of our rectangular cities, by our ragged, ill-tended country, where the only beauty is that of unhumanized nature. The consequence is that when a man seeks to break the bonds of Puritanism, to burst forth from the prison where our spirit has lain for two hundred years enchained, he almost inevitably becomes an iconoclast, a radical by profession, — not for truth's sake, but for radicalism's sake. And this is not a proper condition.

These are the two cases we have to meet. To strike the mean; to ease the bonds gradually, so that freedom need not mean excess; to come easily to the proper point; to habituate ourselves to the light, so that we shall not go about running our heads against blind walls, — all this will be no easy work. On its proper performance rests, I believe, all hope of our ever acquiring a beautiful type of life and manners; of our infusing into our daily existence something of the goodness and agreeableness of life; of our adding to our one predominant civilizing power, the power of conduct, another, the power of social life and manners, which shall beautify and regulate it.

F. G. Ireland.

SWORD AND AWL.

DURING the late war an unkempt and illiterate Norwegian, who in some inexplicable way had acquired an Irish accent in learning the English language, succeeded by false representations in recruiting from the hospitals of the State of M—— a number of the abler-bodied and feebler-minded patients. These he equipped with uniforms and utensils. How he made the requisitions, or who approved them, no one ever knew. It was early in the rebellion, and before the kindly volunteer quartermaster had been chilled by contact with the second auditor of the treasury.

De V—— (he had a French name to adorn his Scandinavian origin and cast a romantic spell about his accent), having enlisted his invalids without authority, and holding no higher commission than a lieutenant's uniform of that amorphous grace which only the deft fingers of lovely woman can communicate to male garments, now procured transportation for his detachment, with the same mysterious facility that had attended his other operations, and soon reached Louisville. There he reported to General Buell.

The mode of dealing with a self-appointed officer in command of anatomical subjects not having been prescribed in the course of study at West Point, that distinguished soldier was at a loss how to dispose of our hero, — being, indeed, as much amazed at his appearance as Cadmus may have been at the crop springing from his eccentric husbandry. Happily, the chief of artillery came to the rescue with the suggestion that the military estrays should be assigned to temporary duty with a certain regular battery, then somewhat deficient in numbers. This advice was eagerly adopted by the bewildered Buell, and the emaciated cohorts, with their very irregular officer, were ordered to report accordingly. The officers of the battery learned with some astonishment that their little

band of veterans, whose youngest non-commissioned officer wore three service stripes, was to be reinforced by Lieutenant De V—— and his dubious detachment, and waited with interest the coming of those Falstaffian allies.

When at last they arrived there was something sadly ludicrous in the appearance of the shambling creatures; and there was something revolting as well as ludicrous in the bearing of their coarse-jawed and carroty-haired leader, to whom they served but as shadows of the names on the muster-roll that should bring him his commission and his pay.

The officers refused to admit De V—— to their mess, and failing other companionship he was driven to the cheerful society of his deluded followers, who had already begun to entertain for him the most violent dislike of which their parting souls were capable. Many of the unhappy wretches pined away amid the cold and wet, and De V—— watched with anxious solicitude the gradual melting of his forlorn hope; he feared the governor would not issue his commission, and he knew the mustering officer would **not** swear him in on a roll of dead men, — no superintendents of national cemeteries having at that time been created. Fortunately for De V——, the survival of a few of the unfittest gave him still a frail tenure upon the hesitating paymaster, who much dreaded the disallowance of his vouchers in the case of this nondescript lieutenant; and the arrival of a half dozen or more fresh consumptives placed him upon a sufficient war-footing to secure the coveted muster.

A few weeks after this event, Lieutenant De V—— heard, as he marched, the distant roar of the guns at Pittsburgh Landing, and at day-break on the morning after this ominous sound fell upon his ears the battery was in action on the left of Nelson's division. Hardly were the guns unlimbered before a man was killed. This was a brutal shock to the

sensitive De V—. A deathly pallor overspread his countenance, and like the banker in the Hunting of the Snark, of whom it is written that when he met the fabled Bandersnatch "so great was his fright that his waistcoat turned white," even his red whiskers seemed to lose their fire and take an ashen hue. He nevertheless affected the deepest interest in the welfare of the battery, and, judging from his own sensations that retreating was the serious occupation of war, rode up to the captain, whom he asked, in a palsied voice, if the men were supplied with spikes. Upon receiving a negative answer from that thoughtless officer, he urged the necessity of procuring them at once, and volunteered to perform that dangerous service.

The captain, exchanging a wink with his subordinates, gave the proper orders, and the supernumerary De V— started immediately for the Landing. His horse, nearly as frightened as he, "fled like a shadow," and soon bore our hero to the desired haven; where, as rumor after reported through the cook, he secluded himself in the battery wagon, under the lid of which, carefully closed, he remained, half-suffocated, until the noise of the cannonading died away.

That the rumor was not a lying one was proven by his not rejoining the battery until the close of the action; and its credibility is further confirmed by the following incident. The childish delight which De V—, to whom wearing a sash diagonally was a rapture, took in performing the functions of officer of the day caused the frequent imposition on him of the duties of any officer of the command whose laziness craved indulgence. On one of these occasions, when De V— was enjoying his sash in the vicinity of the guard-tent, he chanced to arouse the ire of an old soldier whose chronic incarceration made his casual sober appearance in the ranks a matter of surprise. This venerable vagrant, who shared with his comrades in the general scorn for De V—, drunkard though he was, felt it humiliation to stand in the line when the guard and prisoners were turned out in honor of that officer's visit.

A life-long respect for shoulder-straps and familiarity with the direful consequences of such an act prevented his openly insulting our hero; and yet he longed to do so. He was a man of dry humor, and it was not one of his least comical inspirations that led him on this memorable day to knock vigorously on the lid of the battery wagon, and call, in stentorian tones, "Come out, lieutenant; the fight's all over." Nothing could have galled De V— more; and yet he was powerless to revenge himself. The punishment of the old soldier would have been confession, and so that malicious inebriate withdrew to the guard-tent to chuckle with impunity over his victory.

Not long after the event just recounted, De V— was enabled to show that, if wanting in pluck, he was not incapable of heroic self-sacrifice. The battery was ordered on a reconnoissance. No sooner had the news reached his ears than with an air of mournful resignation he appeared before the captain, and, expressing his confident belief that all the other officers wished to go to the front, intimated that should it be necessary for an officer to remain in camp with the baggage he would not raise the standard of revolt in the event of that loathsome duty falling to him.

While the army was in that comfortable bivouac of ten days on the field of battle which succeeded Shiloh, one of the officers of the battery, suffering under an acute attack of that evanescent devoutness which is often the sequel to escape from danger, began reading the Bible aloud to his comrades. De V— was a consummate hypocrite, and, though lying and dishonest, affected an austere piety. He was much pleased with the Bible-reading, and fancied that now he might make his counterfeit religion a sort of passport into the society of the officers. So one evening, when our biblical student had finished his reading, and was engaged in the spiritual task of mixing a cocktail for next day's matins, De V— approached the official group, and, regardless of the coolness of his reception, signified his approval of the outburst of Christian feeling indicated

by the Bible-reading. This courteous conduct had no softening effect on the officers, and, finding them inaccessible through sympathy, De V—— ventured an appeal to their vanity. There were few soldiers who were not gratified to see their names in print in connection with some deed of gallantry. As De V—— had no gallantry, he conceived the print to be the principal thing. He therefore remarked that he had in contemplation writing a letter to the *New York Independent*, descriptive of the great spiritual awakening caused by the horrors of Shiloh. The officers did not covet renown on the ground that they had been scared out of their dissolute courses, and moreover feared that the *Independent*, with the undeviating inaccuracy of true journalism, would assign the Norseman to their regiment, — a mortification too heavy to be borne; and so this handsome offer of celebrity was rejected.

De V——'s gorge rose at this second rebuff, and he cast about for some means to make the iron enter the soul of one officer at least. He changed the subject of conversation, and, in the guise of a seeker after truth, with cunningly malicious humility, submitted to the captain a point in tactics. "Captain," said he, "yesterday when I was out at drill with Lieutenant Gawain, I heard him give the command, 'Limber to the rear!' This morning I heard Lieutenant Galahad give the command, 'Limber to the front!' Lieutenant Gawain, being a graduate of West Point, I suppose was right."

"They were both right," said the laconic captain.

The ribald jeers that greeted his discomfiture excited in the bosom of De V—— a rage his prudence could no longer stem. His soul was in arms. The blood of his glorious ancestors, gone to drink mead in Valhalla, boiled in his veins. Not the god Thor when he smote the serpent Midgard could have been more terrible than was De V—— as he hissed forth the words, "I may not know much about tactics, but I can make a better pair of sewed boots than any officer in the regular army." Up to this time

he had modestly concealed his previous occupation; but the violence of his anger and the strength of his desire to assert some kind of superiority to his persecutors had rent the veil.

After this ebullition of temper De V—— courted solitude. Zimmermann could not have been more lone. But soon there came to him a need for advice. General Nelson had offered a reward of five hundred dollars for a spy to enter Corinth, and the cupidity of De V—— had been excited thereby. His avarice seemed about to serve him as a substitute for courage. To the officers it was like a gleam of hope. A happy termination of their relations with De V—— seemed approaching. They became genial; they treated him with courtesy; they adorned him, as it were, with garlands, for the patriotic sacrifice. Not one of them withheld words of encouragement and cheer. They gave him an exoteric God speed, and an esoteric devil go with you.

They knew, to be sure, that his intelligence was too feeble for a spy's; but what cared they for that? They caressed the beatific vision of his sudden death so soon as he should penetrate the enemy's line. But, alas, he did not go. His courage oozed away like that of Bob Acres, — odds gibbets and halters! — and the disappointed officers were compelled to await the tardy recognition of his services by the governor of M——, who, not long after, removed from the battery, which had been supplied with recruits from the *dépot*, the few remaining unburied corpses. They were added to a skeleton M—— battery, to the captaincy of which the governor immediately promoted De V——, exhibiting therein that ready appreciation of a thoroughly worthless officer which so signally characterized the average war governor, and enabled him to avoid bestowing rewards where they were due with such unerring certainty.

De V——, soon after his promotion, managed to get ordered to the permanent garrison of Nashville, where, for the remainder of the rebellion, his military genius rusted in inglorious ease.

H. A. Huntington.

THE EUROPEANS, AND OTHER NOVELS.

To read Mr. Henry James, Jr., is to experience a light but continuous gratification of mind. It is to be intellectually *tickled*, provided one is capable of such an exercise. It is to take a pleasure so simple and facile that it seems only one step removed from physical content in the lavish cleverness of an almost incessantly witty writer, — a pleasure enhanced, no doubt, by a lurking sense that one must be a little clever one's self in order to keep pace with such dazzling mental agility. To people who have read a good deal of French, and read it because they liked it, — and why else should an Englishman or an American ever advance in that literature beyond the absurd Racine of his school-days? — the writing of Mr. James has the additional interest of offering the best of proof that the English language approaches the French much more nearly than is usually supposed, in its capacity for what may be called *current* epigram. Occasionally, also, Mr. James comes strikingly near to showing that our "sober speech" might, under proper cultivation, blossom as richly as that of the lively Gaul, into what Mr. Mallock calls "that perfect flower of modern civilization, the innuendo." But to do our countryman justice, he is too truly refined to indulge more than sparingly in this exotic species of literary ornament. The clean turns and crisp graces of his style are such as peculiarly befit an essayist, and some of his critical sketches are extremely admirable; but he is too freaky and irresponsible to be always a safe guide, even in matters of bookish opinion, and it is as a novelist only that we propose to consider him.

Within the last three years, Mr. James has written two noteworthy stories, both of which appeared first in these pages. One and the same purpose animates them, and that is to illustrate the different types of character and manners produced by European and

American civilization; or, more strictly speaking, by European civilization and American semi-barbarism. On this one point our author keeps all his bright faculties intently focused, and studies the human specimens, which he has first carefully selected, with the methodical minuteness and ecstatic patience of a microscopist.

In *The American*, as the readers of *The Atlantic* undoubtedly remember, the hero, Christopher Newman, a self-made Yankee who has gathered a great fortune before the age of thirty-five, and gone to Paris to spend it, naïvely resolves to take him a wife out of the Faubourg St. Germain, gets the *entrée* in a sufficiently unlikely manner of that difficult stronghold and very nearly succeeds in carrying out his project. His wife is in fact promised him by her high-bred and fastidious family. But when these potentates see an unexpected chance of marrying her to an imbecile Irish lord they break their pledge. The passive bride, whose heart had really been won, has just spirit enough to baffle them by going into a Carmelite convent, and the American, after one rueful promenade round the walls of his lady's sepulchre, takes the self which he had made away to parts unknown.

In *The Europeans*,¹ which came as a kind of *per contra* to *The American*, we have a brother and sister of mixed Swiss and American parentage, who have passed all their lives (they are both in the neighborhood of thirty) on the continent of Europe. The sister, Eugenia, has made a morganatic marriage with a German prince, which, for state reasons, the reigning family desire to annul; and the brother, Felix, though a pleasant fellow and a clever artist, is virtually a penniless adventurer; so the two come to seek their fortune among their American cousins. These prove to

¹ *The Europeans*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

be people of wealth and the highest respectability, living puritanically and yet with dignified abundance at a fine old country-seat, seven miles and a half from Boston,—say in Watertown; and the equable currents of suburban life are of course terribly disturbed by this unlooked-for foreign irruption. In the end, Felix wins and carries away to the Parisian heaven the younger and more enterprising of his pretty cousins; while Eugenia, after a course of the most finished coquetry with a gentleman retired from the India trade, returns as she came. But whether it was because she could not, at the last, quite bring her own mind to the flavorless conditions of a virtuous New England life, or because Mr. Acton could not reconcile himself to her constitutional duplicity, we are left, after three steadfast perusals of this part of the narrative, absolutely in doubt.

It will be perceived at a glance that all these plans—they cannot be called plots—afford abundant opportunities for humor of situation, every one of which, it need hardly be said, Mr. James brilliantly improves. Newman, before the old Marquise de Bellegarde, replying to her slow and pompous explanations of the uncompromising pride of the race he dared seek to come among by the cheerful assurance that *he* was n't proud, and didn't mind them; Felix expatiating to his blameless uncle, sitting reluctantly for his portrait, on the ravishing novelty of "calling on twenty young ladies and going out to walk with them," sitting in the evening on the piazza and listening to the crickets, and going to bed at ten o'clock; Mr. Brand making a pale, intrepid confession of Unitarianism to the heathen strangers who had never heard of that form of faith; and the Rev. Benjamin Babcock taking a small bag of hominy with him to all the principal Continental hotels, and passing sleepless nights because he cannot make Newman feel, as he does, the overwhelming "seriousness of art and life,"—all these are spectacles that minister a malign delight. It is in single scenes, detached portraits, and episodes like those of Valentin's duel and

Newman's summer tour with Mr. Babcock, that Mr. James is at his very best. The habit of his mind is so irresistibly analytic that he must needs concentrate himself in succession upon each separate detail of his subject. His romance is a series of situations imperfectly vivified by action. There is a scene in *The American*,—a stormy night in the Rue de l'Université, when Madame de Cintré goes to the piano and plays,—and there are a dozen idle scenes in the more languid Europeans, which have absolutely no connection with the thread of the story. In like manner his portraits are a succession of uncolored features, and his philosophy is a succession of admirably quotable aphorisms. Here probably we have the reason suggested why we can hear Mr. James's characters so much better than we can see them. In the nature of things only one word can be spoken at a time, and Mr. James is an acute listener and an alert reporter; so that his conversations, except when he endeavors to put into the mouths of his creatures some of his own over-subtle considerations, are exquisitely real and just. But over and above all the items of aspect, whether in places or people, there is a physiognomy, a *look*, and this is what Mr. James never imparts. He tells us clearly, and with an almost anxious emphasis, that Claire de Cintré had a "long, fair face;" that Gertrude Wentworth had "sweet, dull eyes;" that his delightful and deplorable Valentin de Bellegarde had "a round head high above the ears," and "a crop of short silky hair;" and that the Wentworth mansion in Watertown had white wooden pilasters in front, supporting a pediment with one large central window and two small ones. And we listen as if we were blindfolded, and credit our informant certainly, but do not see at all.

It is a question whether Mr. James himself sees. He is so *spirituel*, and his conceptions are so subtle, that he has not *sense* enough (the term is used metaphysically and with entire respect) to give them form, still less flesh. And so, although a most entertaining chronicler,

he escapes being an artist, for an artist must *portray*.

The American is perhaps the finest fragment in modern fiction, but it is only a fragment. *The Europeans* is much less fine, but equally unfinished. His narratives are so fine-spun and so deficient in incident, so unpicturesque as a whole and weak in the way of sensuous imagery, that they are specially ill fitted for serial publication. His flavor is too delicate to be suspended and superseded for a month. But he never wrote anything which was not well worth a connected reperusal, and nothing strikes one with more surprise in re-reading him than the unremembered, one might almost say unintentional, *goodness* — pure and simple — of some of his characters. Christopher Newman is as noble a fellow, in essentials, as ever breathed. He is the soul of honor as distinguished from its code, which is gracefully personified in Valentin de Bellegarde. He is generous, gentle, and gloriously frank; he is delicate-minded and true. He has wrath and scorn only for what is vile, and in his forgiveness of the base injury done him by the elder Bellegardes, and the relinquishment of his vengeance, there is the essence of a Christianity usually considered as much too fine for every-day use as unalloyed gold would be. Yet all this sterling worth seems to be held not merely lightly, but cheaply, by Newman's biographer. Our final impression of this simple hero is of a man disconcerted and disheartened, and who more than half deserved his bitter discomfiture for the undeniable social enormities of having telegraphed his engagement to America, and shaken hands on his introduction to a duke with the affable remark that he was happy to make his acquaintance.

Again, in *The Europeans* Felix beguiles Gertrude away from a home, austere indeed, but singularly safe, dignified, and refined, into the dark ways of European Bohemianism; and Eugenia seems to have missed the affluent settlement which she had exiled herself to secure, because she disgusted a high-minded suitor by lavish and inappropriate

lying; yet we cannot help feeling — and who but Mr. James makes us feel? — that Felix won a victory and Eugenia made an escape.

In general, one cannot help wishing that our native authors would have done with this incessant drawing of comparisons between ourselves and the folk in Europe, and our respective ways of living, thinking, and talking. Publicly to compare one's self with another is always ungraceful and undignified. It always proclaims self-consciousness, usually self-uneasiness. It was very well for Count de Gasparin, once upon a time, to write of America before Europe, but for America herself to be passing between two mirrors looks rather silly. We have our own life to live, our own resources to unfold, our own crude and complex conditions finally to compel into some sort of symmetry, our own youth to train. If we do not evolve some new forms adapted to our new environment, it will show pretty conclusively that there is small health in us. At all events, let us concentrate our wits on our affairs for a time, and not worry about our looks.

Mr. James has made his favorite theme piquant by the overflow of his own dainty drollery, but if we want to see how it appears when vulgarly and yet vigorously treated, let us read a recent novelette by M. L. Scudder, Jr., entitled *Almost an Englishman*.¹ Therein a Cayuga County lawyer and a Suffolk County gentleman, who have been college classmates, cross the Atlantic in company with a father and daughter returning to England, and a husband and wife from Chicago. The lawyer, Ketchum, is a rabid American. The Bostonian, Hill, is an abject English admirer and copyist. Ketchum's character is drawn sympathetically, Hill's theoretically, but there is a certain brute ability in the way they are developed and discriminated. Ketchum has a "long nose and a keen, cold eye," and he announces to Mr. Hill his intention of making friends among their fellow-passengers in these terms: —

¹ *Almost an Englishman*. By M. L. SCUDDER, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

"I guess it will be money in our pockets to make our friends among these people right away. We've got to know 'em, or some of 'em, and if we push right in we can take our choice before the sets are formed."

Lawrence Hill was shocked. He never "pushed in" anywhere.

Again, when Hill apprises Ketchum that the English maiden has promised to marry him, the lawyer thus felicitates him:—

"'Great Cæsar's ghost! Jerusalem crickets,' pulling his chin-beard in undisguised astonishment. 'You don't say so! I knew you were struck, but not that bad. Can't you—can't you get a new trial, or a change of venue, or an appeal, or something?'"

Nevertheless, Ketchum is the *deus ex machina* who by his energy and shrewdness unravels all the plots, detects the criminals, and prepares the way for the reward of virtue. At the last, Lawrence Hill receives his English bride from the hands of relatives, whose hearts thrill with joyful relief when they find that the Bostonian does not expectorate upon their drawing-room carpets, while Ketchum appropriately marries the widow of the Chicago defaulter, Ogle, to whom he had prudently proposed before her husband's release from the body. Mr. Scudder makes a rather good point when he represents the English bride as reproving her husband for despising his own country, and bracing him up to patriotism; but his prevailing purpose seems to have been to make both his Britons and his Yankees as unpleasant as possible.

What it might profit us to study—let it be said again as it has here been said several times already—is the vast superiority in method and workmanship of the average English novel to our own. Now here are two cases in point: a tale of English origin, though reprinted here without ceremony, and one of Harper's new library. A tolerably foolish pair of books may be surmised from the titles,

Blush Roses¹ and Molly Bawn.² But as George Eliot once said that the ignorance of a man is of a better quality than the ignorance of a woman, so the folly of Molly Bawn is bewitching and brilliant compared with that of her American cousin. Both books are conspicuously immature, slight in characterization, and threadbare in plot, and there is not much reason in art or morals why either should be. Both affect unflagging sprightliness: in Blush Roses the claim is rested on the incessant employment by the English and American pupils in a French *pension* of the phraseology of Dickens, and in Molly Bawn, on an extremely copious vocabulary of what is claimed as fashionable slang. Of the two tales, Blush Roses is undeniably the more innocent and refined, and so, alas, it consists well enough with the perversity of human nature that one should drop it with an impatient sigh, wondering how long, in the mystery of providence, such futilities will continue to be written and read; while in the case of its ne'er-do-weel rival, we are for a time propitiated (it would be in the author's style to say *mollified*) by the saucy graces of the Irish heroine, and the genuine ardor of feeling which she appears to kindle in her numerous admirers. And since, if man, woman, or book cannot be useful, it is doubly incumbent upon them to be agreeable, it may be worth while to inquire a little more carefully what it is which makes this frivolous Molly Bawn so uncommonly—again we adopt the author's own choice language—"fetching."

It is partly, perhaps, the entire and audacious naturalness of most of the conversation. Here is a random specimen or two. Molly, whose real name, by the way, is Eleanor, has privately and provisionally engaged herself to Tedcastle George Luttrell, who is visiting in her brother's house, and it is thus that they discuss, one ardent summer morning, the practical aspect of the situation:—

¹ *Blush Roses*. A Novel. By CLARA FRANCES MORSE. Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 7. New York. 1878.

² *Molly Bawn*. By the Author of Phyllis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

“ ‘Are you poor, Teddy?’

“ ‘Very. Will that make you like me less?’

“ ‘Probably it will make me like you more,’ she replies, with a bewitching smile, stroking down the hand that supports the obnoxious umbrella [the other is supporting herself] *almost* tenderly. ‘It is only the very nicest men that have n’t a farthing in the world. I have no money, either, and if I had, I could n’t keep it; so we are well met.’

“ ‘But think what a bad match you are making,’ says he, regarding her curiously. ‘Did you never ask yourself whether I was well off, or otherwise?’

“ ‘Never!’ with a gay laugh. ‘If I were going to marry you next week or so, it might occur to me to ask the question; but everything is so far away, what does it signify? . . . The reason I like you [reverting to something which has gone before, and tilting back her hat so that all her pretty face is laid bare, etc.], the reason I like you — No! stay where you are! [seeing a tendency on his part to creep nearer] I only said I liked you. If I had mentioned the word *love*, indeed, — but the weather is far too warm to admit of endearments!’

“ ‘You are right, as you always are,’ says Luttrell, with superficial amiability, being piqued.

“ ‘Ted,’ says the girl, a little later on, ‘it puzzles me why you should think so highly of my personal charms.’ And leaning forward to look into her lover’s eyes, ‘Tell me this: have you been much away — abroad, I mean — on the Continent, and that?’

“ ‘Well, yes, pretty much so.’

“ ‘Have you been to Paris?’

“ ‘Oh, yes, several times.’

“ ‘Vienna?’

“ ‘No. I wait to go there with you.’

“ ‘Rome?’

“ ‘Yes, twice. The governor was fond of sending us away between seventeen and twenty-five, — to enlarge our minds he said, to get rid of us he meant.’

“ ‘Are there many of you?’

“ ‘An awful lot. I would be ashamed to say how many. Ours was indeed a numerous father.’

“ ‘He is n’t dead?’ asked Molly, in the low tone befitting the occasion if he should be.

“ ‘Oh, no. He’s alive and kicking,’ replies Mr. Luttrell, with more force than elegance. ‘And I hope he’ll keep on so for many years to come. He’s about the best friend I have.’

“ ‘I hope he won’t keep on the kicking part of it,’ says Molly, with a delicious laugh which ripples through the air and shows her utter enjoyment of her own wit.”

Not to laugh when Molly laughs is impossible; so Luttrell joins her, and they make merry over his vulgarity.

It may gratify the apprehensive reader to know that though these lovers are but at the beginning of a very fluctuating experience, this formidable father is never mentioned again; but there is no denying that it requires a species of art to be as artless as all this, and the insignificant portion of the book which is not slang is in very nice, plain, few-syllabled English. There is also a good and quite fresh situation among the minor characters, where the parties to a marriage of the coolest convenience known in the highest circles, who had agreed to separate directly after the wedding ceremony, meet accidentally, and fall honestly in love with each other. The episode is not well worked out, however, the characters of this pair being mere reflections of the principal ones, — the man more or less of a Luttrell, the woman wearifully of a piece with Molly. And in general we must restrict our indulgence to the earlier and less edifying portions of the story. There is no real continuity between the irresponsible flirt of the chief part of the book and the austere artist of the last thirty pages; and by the time that Molly has achieved an instantaneous success as a concert singer, supported a beggared family for three months, and then opportunely fallen heir to a genteel sufficiency of twenty thousand pounds a year, we begin to fancy that we have heard this tale before, and to suspect that after all we have thrown our precious charity away. To Blush Roses belongs at least the

merit of not having deluded us for an instant.

There are possibilities in the *Old Slip Warehouse*¹ of a rather uncommon order, but it is greatly to be feared that they are past possibilities. The author has evidently had long practice in poor writing, and hardly suspects herself that she wastes her material wantonly. Dark deeds are done in her pages, and incontinently forgotten; secrets are vaguely hinted, but never divulged; characters are sketched in with spirit, and calmly belied; and what might have been a very fair melodramatic plot is offered to the public in a shapeless jumble, with four successive beginnings and no end at all. The conception of the old city warehouse itself, with the decayed dignity of its architecture, the thunder of trade before and the wash of the tide behind it, and of the two miserly old-maiden owners, living in thrifty comfort in low rooms on the seventh floor, and collecting their rents with anile enthusiasm, is worthy of Dickens in his best days, and if patiently elaborated might have been made extremely effective, even without the somewhat pointless crime which is committed within its walls. But we are vouchsafed only a passing glimpse of that which gives the tale its title, — a picture too disjointed even to be called a dissolving view. The same lack of vital connection with the story belongs to all the other promising and dramatic points, — the father's curse, the hero's birth-mark, and the discovery of the marriage certificate, whose existence nobody, by the way, seems ever to have questioned. Mrs. Denison could never, it may be, have created character, although the late apparition of Miss Crippen in the present story appears to show that she might, even now, draw caricatures cleverly; but the power, only less desirable by a novelist, of being able to concoct a multitude of strange and romantic incidents is undoubtedly hers. It is a pity that she, and the whole host of her careless confrères, should not learn, by care-

ful study of that excellent second and third class work which literary craftsmen in England, France, and even Germany continually turn out, how to make a proper use of her own order of ability.

Sibyl Spencer² is a strictly and somewhat sternly American romance, the scene of which is laid — of all unromantic places and periods! — in Connecticut, during the war of 1812. The discouraging nature of his material considered, the author must, we think, be held to have managed it well. He appears thoroughly to have studied the fierce but heartless politics of that day, and the varying shades of opinion and degrees of passionate prejudice exemplified by the stately senator, the scholarly divine, the canny deacon, and the young volunteer soldiers, of different social grades, are graphically and even dramatically described. So much of the solid talk in these pages is put into the mouths of Deacon Knapp aforesaid, and of a certain shrewd and intrepid "hired help" brought up in the clergyman's family, that we feel like thanking the author for having been so merciful to us in the matter of dialect. In fact he manages the rustic speech of old New England, if not with the supreme good taste of Miss Jewett in her *Deephaven* sketches, at least modestly and like an artist; not as a prig, anxious above everything to show his exaggerated horror of all which falls below the high-school standard. The talk of Mr. Kent's more literate characters appears to us unnatural and stilted, but probably he meant to make it so; for it is matter of history and tradition that well-bred people did express themselves in those earlier days of the republic with very considerable pomposity.

While, however, commending Mr. Kent's politics and his historical portraits, we cannot speak so well of his dramatic power or his delineation of sentiment. In the not unfamiliar motto chosen for the title-page of Sibyl Spencer we are reminded that it is "Amour, Amour, Amour," which lies at the heart of every-

¹ *Old Slip Warehouse*. A Novel. By MARY A. DENISON. Harper's Library of American Fiction. No. 8. New York. 1878.

² *Sibyl Spencer*. By JAMES KENT. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

thing, but the sort of "Amour" which Mr. Kent depicts seems fully as problematical a motive power as Miss Hosmer's permanent magnet. It is probably a desperate sense of having failed to make the emotional part of his novel very thrilling which leads the author to take our breath away by a general massacre of his chief personages, in the last three pages. The device is barbarous, and worse yet it is futile. True tragedy is never unfore-

shadowed in art, seldom in life. There is a dead set of circumstances, a call of character, a consecration of spirit, which announces it. There is a pause before and after it, like that which precedes and follows the bursting of fatal storm. It will not be used as a mere *dernier ressort*, and avenges itself on the bungling workman who seeks so to employ it by utterly destroying the symmetry of that which he has made.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL IN NEW YORK.

It is now twenty years since the corner-stone of a new cathedral of the Roman Catholic church was laid by the late Archbishop Hughes, in the city of New York. The ceremony took place upon the 25th of August, 1858, and the day was almost a general holiday. The fact that it was so observed might be maliciously accounted for, if one were so disposed, by remembering that, of the one hundred thousand people said to have been present, by far the greater part was made up of the house-servants and laboring men of the city; and work being thus practically stopped for the day, there was nothing for the employers but to follow the employed, and amuse themselves with looking on at the festival. It is better, however, to consider the unanimity with which all classes in the community took part in the affair as a sign of the tolerance that in these days does really exist in this country, and which would be much broader and stronger than it is if it were not for bigots and sectaries in all denominations of so-called Christians.

So far as New York is concerned, it was a sign of much more than mere tolerance. The promise of a cathedral church, built by a body that can truly say, with ancient Pistol, "The world's mine oyster," since, one way or another, every man's purse is theirs, the wide

world over, was really received with a great deal of pleasure, because it was reasonably believed that, with money and zeal in equal quantities, the result could not fail to be a splendid addition to the architecture of a city that sorely stands in need of handsome building.

The building of a new cathedral to replace the old St. Patrick's in Mulberry Street was proposed by the late Archbishop Hughes, and his native energy and practical skill in affairs so successfully pushed forward the enterprise that although, when he first described his plans in a letter to a friend written May 18, 1858, he said he had not received a dollar towards the undertaking, yet in August of that same year, as we have seen, he laid the corner-stone of the building. Of course, it was a subject of no little wonder where the money was to come from, not only to build the church itself, but to buy the land, which under ordinary circumstances would have cost no small part of the whole sum. How this latter feat was accomplished we all know now, and New Yorkers are disposed to say as little about it as possible. The city was jockeyed out of the finest site on the island by a crafty and unscrupulous priest playing upon the political hopes and fears of as base a lot of men as ever got the government of a great city into their power. For the consid-

eration of one dollar the Archbishop of New York became possessor of the deed for the whole square bounded west and east by Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, and south and north by Fiftieth Street and Fifty-First Street, — a plot of ground four hundred and twenty feet on the cross streets, and two hundred feet on the avenues, situated in the heart of the most fashionable part of the city, and on one of the highest points of the whole island. It may be remarked, in passing, that everywhere, in all our large cities, and wherever anything is to be gained by the ostentation, the American Catholics are following out to the letter the suggestion that a city set on a hill cannot be hid, and are securing all the highest points of land on which to build their churches.

We were once told by a friend of the late Archbishop Hughes, himself a distinguished man, but by no means a Catholic, that upon one occasion he bluntly asked the prelate with whose money he expected to build the cathedral. The response came quick: "With yours." And, certainly, if the money of Protestants and non-Catholics had not been forthcoming, the cathedral would not today be a foot above its foundations. The Irish house-servants and the laboring men and women of the diocese of New York have built the church with their money, and have bled at the same time to support a hundred other enterprises, set on foot by their zealous and unwearied rulers. The same is true of Catholic dioceses all over the country, but in New York the wages of servants, which rose at one bound, at the time of the civil war, to more than double what they had been, have never gone down as they have in other places, being the only form of labor whose price has not been affected by the hard times of recent years. The reason is that the receivers of these wages are obliged to pay the greater part of what they get to the support of their church, and are regularly taxed beside for the building of their cathedral, which is of course the church of the cardinal archbishop, and therefore not the church of any one parish. There is

nothing to complain of in this on the part of Catholics themselves, nor, we venture to say, would there be any great amount of complaining on the part of Protestants and non-Catholics, if the result of this taxing had been something to give us all the pleasure that comes from seeing a beautiful building. For that we were willing even to wink at the scurvy trick by which the land belonging to all the citizens was given in fee to a minority for their own private use. "Let them have it," we said. "There is no other body of our citizens who can command money enough to build such a splendid structure as the Catholics can, especially with such a general to lead them as Archbishop Hughes."

But, in the very beginning, the archbishop went wrong in his choice of an architect. He went wrong just where he might have been expected to do so. For he was not a man of educated taste, nor — without offense be it said — was he a man of education at all. Perhaps he was something better, but he was not that. First of all, he was a politician, and one of the shrewdest and ablest of his class. And then he was a priest, and in this capacity one of the few men in the Catholic Church in this country who have been able to win, by their own character and energy, a national reputation; so that, in his heyday, his name was as well and as widely known as that of Seward, or O'Connor, or Butler. We are not saying it was an agreeable reputation. The archbishop belonged to the church militant, and he was a courageous, adroit general, always in the saddle, never weary, and what was more never desponding. He did not need, for the work he had to do, to be a finely educated man, a man of elegant tastes, and, if we may use the hateful word so much abused in these shoddy days, a man of culture. We say he was none of these, but we say it without the least wish to disparage him. He was a manly man, a gentleman in all his intercourse with gentlemen, and among his people so persuasive, or at least so convincing, that, when he called for money, if a

widow had but one penny, yet should he have a farthing ere he went.

We have not the slightest intention of saying a word against the architect chosen by the archbishop for the cathedral, in his professional capacity. No doubt he is perfectly competent for all ordinary undertakings, — no doubt he could build a cathedral if he would. But Archbishop Hughes wanted a man who would accept the situation as he found it, and would build a cathedral with a constant eye to saving and sparing, so as to produce the maximum of stage effect at the minimum of cost. Stage effect was the one thing absolutely needed: both populations, the Catholic and the non-Catholic, were to be impressed with size and splendor, and an architect with too large a baggage of professional ambitions and scruples would not answer at all. If the architect he finally chose had been specially created for him, he could not have been better suited.

This gentleman is not, as might be inferred, one of the humbugs of the profession. It is true that he is the author of several public buildings which cause his professional brethren to hang their heads, and which educated laymen are very unwilling to have seen by foreigners who visit us. But then he is far from being the only architect of whom this can be said. He did, indeed, build the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, with its picture-gallery lighted by large Gothic windows on both sides, and with no wall space on which to hang pictures, and with its cabinet for minerals ten feet square. He built also the Free Academy Building in New York, which resembles its models, the Belgian town halls of Bruges and Ghent, for example, as huckleberry-cake resembles plum-cake: both dainties are indigestible, and the Free Academy has all the faults that a strict taste finds in the Belgian town hall, without one of its merits. Finally, this architect built Grace Church in New York, a structure mean alike in proportions, in design, and in material, and pretending above all others in that unfortunate metropolis. The material, a coarse limestone from Westchester County, pre-

tends to be marble; every part of the Gothic construction is unmitigated sham, and the spire is of wood, painted to look like the limestone it tops. When the architect is reproached with this dereliction, he naively responds that he advised the trustees to build the spire of wood instead of stone, because in less than fifty years they would find themselves unable to keep the land upon which the church is built, as it would be required for business purposes; and that when they had to move up town they would find it to their advantage to have saved the cost of a stone spire.

If the late Archbishop of New York ever heard this anecdote, he must have felt that a special providence had provided the man for the hour. An architect who would thus deliberately, and out of pure humanity, cut down his own commission, was a delectable monster, a kind of *lusus artis*; and he would be no true man, much less a true archbishop, to let him slip. It may reasonably be asked why an architect should not have given the advice that was given to the trustees of Grace Church. We hold that an architect is not merely a builder; he is, or ought to be, an artist, and he ought to consider whether the client for whom he is working is able to carry out his design by legitimate means to a fitting termination. If he be, the architect should then, for the sake of art, his client, himself, and the public good, encourage him in every way to have the work done well, and should leave to others the small business of devising arguments by which to get the show of a fine building without the substance. If the client be not able to afford it, then let the architect make a design that he can afford to carry out legitimately. The greater part of our architectural failures come from the desire of the parties who are responsible for them to get something precious in architecture without paying for it. It is this which has ruined the New York cathedral, and given us a sham building instead of the real one we had looked for, and which we had every right to count upon.

The cathedral is now completed in its

masonry, with the exception of the spires. The internal fittings of wood-work, with the flooring, wait for the funds which are expected as the result of the fair now being held in the building itself. The glass is all in its place in the windows, and the altar is ready to be set up so soon as the floor of the choir is laid; it is evident that, so far as essentials are concerned, all the means are here for forming a judgment of the merits of the building.

The material of which the cathedral is constructed is the same dirty-white limestone of which Grace Church, the work of the same architect, is built. It was a real misfortune for architecture in New York that this stone was ever discovered, yet so little is it liked by architects or by their clients that probably no one but the builder of this cathedral would, in the light of our experience, have proposed its use for such an important edifice. It refuses to lend itself to delicate carving, which is perhaps of no importance here, since the carving is of the clumsiest; but a more serious defect is that it shows all the shortcomings of the detail of the design with unpitying frankness, while in the mass the building modestly declines to look even as large as it really is, and the eye takes it in all at once, with no discoveries left to make. The principal door at the western end is perhaps in design the most discreditable part of the building. All the rest is clumsy repetition and copying of forms and arrangements found here, there, and everywhere in the crowd of Gothic monuments in Europe. But the great door-way came from nowhere, unless from some confectioner's shop. In place of the cavern-like entrances of some of the French cathedrals (Rheims is a notable example), richly molded, and with their thronging saints and angels, each on its pedestal and with its own deep, shadowing canopy, with its sculptured tympanum and its sweet-faced Virgin and child upon the central pillar, we have here a shallow embrasure, conveying no idea of thickness in the wall out of which it is hewn, with coarse and clumsy moldings and engaged pillars,

and with a sort of trumpery frill of open-work stone, the beau-ideal of a cap-maker's apprentice, framing in the whole. And not a sacred emblem, not an inch of sacred imagery, to be found; nothing but the ostentatious display of a cardinal's hat, and the equally ostentatious and equally out-of-place display of the American shield. How many little parish churches there are in England, built at a period when Catholic archbishops knew something about architecture, that have door-ways more noble, for all their smallness, than this cathedral can boast!

If the exterior of the building be so unimpressive that it allows itself to be dwarfed by the hotel on the other side of the street and by the dwelling-houses in front, the interior is still more disappointing. For sham and veneer are everywhere, and in their most offensive forms. The way in which make-shifts are thrust upon us, whichever way we turn, has something impudent in it. The main columns are of the same coarse limestone as the outside, cut with the same gross moldings. But all the rest of the structure that looks like stone, even to the arches of the nave, is make-believe, the material employed being the Béton artificial stone; all the ornamentation is applied, or cut in the same cheap material; and so demoralizing has all this paltering with sincerity and reality been to the workmen, that the fitting and finishing throughout are of the same unworkmanlike character. Words cannot express the paltry character of the internal finish of this vaunted structure. It was some time before we could make up our mind to believe our eyes when they told us that the tracery about the transept and main door-ways, in the interior, is a part of the construction, and is meant to last. At the first glance, we seriously thought it was put up to make a shift while the recent fair was going on. But no, it is there forever.

The interior of the cathedral is entirely wanting in impressiveness, not from any absolute defect in the proportions, which are neither good nor bad, — mere commonplace, — but because of the color. This color does not suggest

any particular material, but is copied as closely as may be from the whitewashed interiors of some of the English parish churches and cathedrals, if there be any remaining that still retain this Puritan disfigurement. It is the meanest of all possible tints that can be found, and the sickly color of the glass makes it meaner still. It certainly was a very praiseworthy thing to fill all the windows with stained-glass at once (the choir windows are not yet up; we believe they are getting ready), but it is most unfortunate that the glass was made in nineteenth-century France. It will be remembered that several of the windows were exhibited at Philadelphia in 1876, and it is known with what discouragement our artists and all architects worth naming viewed the prospect of a cathedral lined with such crudity. Even if the interior of the luckless structure should be sobered down, by washing it with some other tint, the windows would not be helped; no richness could ever be got out of them, though by some device of dabbing them over with color on the outside, such as made the windows of the choir of St. Thomas's Church in New York enduring, they might be made less offensive to the trained and healthy eye.

Little remains to be added to our indictment, except to speak of the bins which are ranged along the side of the

aisles, opening by low, flat arches under the aisle-windows, and which are to be utilized as chapels. Externally they project from the sides of the building, filling up the bays between the buttresses, and give no sign from without of their existence, the roofs being hid by the solid, unpierced parapet of the wall, and no windows being necessary, as each bin is lighted by a small sky-light filled with stained-glass. The effect of this long blank wall is very bad; apart from its clumsiness, it deprives the design of the effective light and shade that should have been got from the buttresses.

If we have spoken with what may seem undue severity of a building which is the source of so much pride and pleasure to the uneducated portion of the Catholic congregation in New York, it has been not only with no wish to hurt any one's feelings, but with real regret. The truth is that we ourselves are much disappointed in the result, and it is with the sincere wish that the Catholic society of New York would look seriously to the harm they are doing to an art in whose development their church claims so large a share, and to the fact that every such failure as this puts a weapon into the hands of their enemies, ever ready to assert that the church never did care a farthing for art as art, but only for the profit to be made from it, that we have spoken so roundly.

Clarence Cook.

THE RECENT GREAT FRENCH DUEL.

MUCH as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people, it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold. M. Paul de Cassagnac, the most inveterate of the French duelists, has suffered so often in this way that he is at last a confirmed invalid; and the best physician in Paris

has expressed the opinion that if he goes on dueling for fifteen or twenty years more, — unless he forms the habit of fighting in a comfortable room where damp and draughts cannot intrude. — he will eventually endanger his life. This ought to moderate the talk of those people who are so stubborn in maintaining that the French duel is the most health-giving of recreations because of the open-

air exercise it affords. And it ought also to moderate that foolish talk about French duelists and socialist-hated monarchs being the only people who are immortal.

But it is time to get at my subject. As soon as I heard of the late fiery outbreak between M. Gambetta and M. Fourtou in the French Assembly, I knew that trouble must follow. I knew it because a long personal friendship with M. Gambetta had revealed to me the desperate and implacable nature of the man. Vast as are his physical proportions, I knew that the thirst for revenge would penetrate to the remotest frontiers of his person.

I did not wait for him to call on me, but went at once to him. As I expected, I found the brave fellow steeped in a profound French calm. I say French calm, because French calmness and English calmness have points of difference. He was moving swiftly back and forth among the débris of his furniture, now and then staving chance fragments of it across the room with his foot; grinding a constant grist of curses through his set teeth; and halting every little while to deposit another handful of his hair on the pile which he had been building of it on the table.

He threw his arms around my neck, bent me over his stomach to his breast, kissed me on both cheeks, hugged me four or five times, and then placed me in his own arm-chair. As soon as I had got well again, we began business at once.

I said I supposed he would wish me to act as his second, and he said, "Of course." I said I must be allowed to act under a French name, so that I might be shielded from obloquy in my country, in case of fatal results. He winced here, probably at the suggestion that dueling was not regarded with respect in America. However, he agreed to my requirement. This accounts for the fact that in all the newspaper reports M. Gambetta's second was apparently a Frenchman.

First, we drew up my principal's will. I insisted upon this, and stuck to my

point. I said I had never heard of a man in his right mind going out to fight a duel without first making his will. He said he had never heard of a man in his right mind doing anything of the kind. When we had finished the will, he wished to proceed to a choice of his "last words." He wanted to know how the following words, as a dying exclamation, struck me:—

"I die for my God, for my country, for freedom of speech, for progress, and the universal brotherhood of man!"

I objected that this would require too lingering a death; it was a good speech for a consumptive, but not suited to the exigencies of the field of honor. We wrangled over a good many ante-mortem outbursts, but I finally got him to cut his obituary down to this, which he copied into his memorandum book, purposing to get it by heart:—

"I DIE THAT FRANCE MAY LIVE."

I said that this remark seemed to lack relevancy; but he said relevancy was a matter of no consequence in last words,—what you wanted was thrill.

The next thing in order was the choice of weapons. My principal said he was not feeling well, and would leave that and the other details of the proposed meeting to me. Therefore I wrote the following note and carried it to M. Fourtou's friend:—

SIR: M. Gambetta accepts M. Fourtou's challenge, and authorizes me to propose Plessis - Piquet as the place of meeting; to -morrow morning at day-break as the time; and axes as the weapons. I am, sir, with great respect,

MARK TWAIN.

M. Fourtou's friend read this note, and shuddered. Then he turned to me, and said, with a suggestion of severity in his tone:—

"Have you considered, sir, what would be the inevitable result of such a meeting as this?"

"Well, for instance, what *would* it be?"

"Bloodshed!"

"That's about the size of it," I said.

"Now, if it is a fair question, what was your side proposing to shed?"

I had him, there. He saw he had made a blunder, so he hastened to explain it away. He said he had spoken jestingly. Then he added that he and his principal would enjoy axes, and indeed prefer them, but such weapons were barred by the French code, and so I must change my proposal.

I walked the floor, turning the thing over in my mind, and finally it occurred to me that Gatling guns at fifteen paces would be a likely way to get a verdict on the field of honor. So I framed this idea into a proposition.

But it was not accepted. The code was in the way again. I proposed rifles; then, double-barreled shot-guns; then, Colt's navy revolvers. These being all rejected, I reflected a while, and sarcastically suggested brick-bats at three quarters of a mile. I always hate to fool away a humorous thing on a person who has no perception of humor; and it filled me with bitterness when this man went soberly away to submit the last proposition to his principal.

He came back presently, and said his principal was charmed with the idea of brick-bats at three quarters of a mile, but must decline on account of the danger to disinterested parties passing between. Then I said, —

"Well, I am at the end of my string, now. Perhaps *you* would be good enough to suggest a weapon? Perhaps you have even had one in your mind all the time?"

His countenance brightened, and he said with alacrity, —

"Oh, without doubt, *monsieur!*"

So he fell to hunting in his pockets, — pocket after pocket, and he had plenty of them, — muttering all the while, "Now, what could I have done with them?"

At last he was successful. He fished out of his vest pocket a couple of little things which I carried to the light and discovered to be pistols. They were single-barreled and silver-mounted, and very dainty and pretty. I was not able to speak for emotion. I silently hung

one of them on my watch-chain, and returned the other. My companion in crime now unrolled a postage-stamp containing several cartridges, and gave me one of them. I asked if he meant to signify by this that our men were to be allowed but one shot apiece. He replied that the French code permitted no more. I then begged him to go on and suggest a distance, for my mind was growing weak and confused under the strain which had been put upon it. He named sixty-five yards. I nearly lost my patience. I said, —

"Sixty-five yards, with these instruments? Pop-guns, would be deadlier at fifty. Consider, my friend, you and I are banded together to destroy life, not make it eternal."

But with all my persuasions, all my arguments, I was only able to get him to reduce the distance to thirty-five yards; and even this concession he made with reluctance, and said with a sigh, —

"I wash my hands of this slaughter; on your head be it."

There was nothing for me but to go home to my old lion-heart and tell my humiliating story. When I entered, M. Gambetta was laying his last lock of hair upon the altar. He sprang toward me, exclaiming, —

"You have made the fatal arrangements, — I see it in your eye!"

"I have."

His face paled a trifle, and he leaned upon the table for support. He breathed thick and heavily for a moment or two, so tumultuous were his feelings; then he hoarsely whispered, —

"The weapon, the weapon! Quick! what is the weapon?"

"This!" and I displayed that silver-mounted thing. He caught but one glimpse of it, then swooned ponderously to the floor.

When he came to, he said mournfully,

"The unnatural calm to which I have subjected myself has told upon my nerves. But away with weakness! I will confront my fate like a man and a Frenchman."

He rose to his feet, and assumed an attitude which for sublimity has never

been approached by man, and has seldom been surpassed by statues. Then he said, in his deep bass tones, —

“Behold, I am calm, I am ready; reveal to me the distance.”

“Thirty-five yards.”

I could not lift him up, of course; but I rolled him over, and poured water down his back. He presently came to, and said, —

“Thirty-five yards, — without a rest? But why ask? Since murder was that man’s intention, why should he palter with small details? But mark you one thing: in my fall the world shall see how the chivalry of France meets death.”

After a long silence he asked, —

“Was nothing said about that man’s family standing up with him, as an offset to my bulk? But no matter; I would not stoop to make such a suggestion; if he is not noble enough to suggest it himself, he is welcome to this advantage, which no honorable man would take.”

He now sank into a sort of stupor of reflection, which lasted some minutes; after which he broke silence with, —

“The hour, — what is the hour fixed for the collision?”

“Dawn, to-morrow.”

He seemed greatly surprised, and immediately said, —

“Insanity! I never heard of such a thing. Nobody is abroad at such an hour.”

“That is the reason I named it. Do you mean to say you want an audience?”

“It is no time to bandy words. I am astonished that M. Fourtou should ever have agreed to so strange an innovation. Go at once and require a later hour.”

I ran down-stairs, threw open the front door, and almost plunged into the arms of M. Fourtou’s second. He said,

“I have the honor to say that my principal strenuously objects to the hour chosen, and begs that you will consent to change it to half past nine.”

“Any courtesy, sir, which it is in our power to extend is at the service of your excellent principal. We agree to the proposed change of time.”

“I beg you to accept the thanks of

my client.” Then he turned to a person behind him, and said, “You hear, M. Noir, the hour is altered to half past nine.” Whereupon M. Noir bowed, expressed his thanks, and went away. My accomplice continued: —

“If agreeable to you, your chief surgeons and ours shall proceed to the field in the same carriage, as is customary.”

“It is entirely agreeable to me, and I am obliged to you for mentioning the surgeons, for I am afraid I should not have thought of them. How many shall I want? I suppose two or three will be enough?”

“Two is the customary number for each party. I refer to ‘chief’ surgeons; but considering the exalted positions occupied by our clients, it will be well and decorous that each of us appoint several consulting surgeons, from among the highest in the profession. These will come in their own private carriages. Have you engaged a hearse?”

“Bless my stupidity, I never thought of it! I will attend to it right away. I must seem very ignorant to you; but you must try to overlook that, because I have never had any experience of such a swell duel as this before. I have had a good deal to do with duels on the Pacific coast, but I see now that they were crude affairs. A hearse, — sho! we used to leave the elected lying around loose, and let anybody cord them up and cart them off that wanted to. Have you anything further to suggest?”

“Nothing, except that the head undertakers shall ride together, as is usual. The subordinates and mutes will go on foot, as is also usual. I will see you at eight o’clock in the morning, and we will then arrange the order of the procession. I have the honor to bid you a good day.”

I returned to my client, who said, “Very well; at what hour is the engagement to begin?”

“Half past nine.”

“Very good indeed. Have you sent the fact to the newspapers?”

“Sir! If after our long and intimate friendship you can for a moment deem me capable of so base a treachery” —

"Tut, tut! What words are these, my dear friend? Have I wounded you? Ah, forgive me; I am overloading you with labor. Therefore go on with the other details, and drop this one from your list. The bloody-minded Fourtoun will be sure to attend to it. Or I myself — yes, to make certain, I will drop a note to my journalistic friend, M. Noir" —

"Oh, come to think, you may save yourself the trouble; that other second has informed M. Noir."

"H'm! I might have known it. It is just like that Fourtoun, who always wants to make a display."

At half past nine in the morning the procession approached the field of Plessis-Piquet in the following order: first came our carriage, — nobody in it but M. Gambetta and myself; then a carriage containing M. Fourtoun and his second; then a carriage containing two poet-orators who did not believe in God, and these had MS. funeral orations projecting from their breast pockets; then a carriage containing the head surgeons and their cases of instruments; then eight private carriages containing consulting surgeons; then a hack containing the coroner; then the two hearses; then a carriage containing the head undertakers; then a train of assistants and mutes on foot; and after these came plodding through the fog a long procession of camp followers, police, and citizens generally. It was a noble turnout, and would have made a fine display if we had had thinner weather.

There was no conversation. I spoke several times to my principal, but I judge he was not aware of it, for he always referred to his note-book and muttered absently, "I die that France may live."

Arrived on the field, my fellow-second and I paced off the thirty-five yards, and then drew lots for choice of position. This latter was but an ornamental ceremony, for all choices were alike in such weather. These preliminaries being ended, I went to my principal and asked him if he was ready. He spread him-

self out to his full width, and said in a stern voice, "Ready! Let the batteries be charged."

The loading was done in the presence of duly constituted witnesses. We considered it best to perform this delicate service with the assistance of a lantern, on account of the state of the weather. We now placed our men.

At this point the police noticed that the public had massed themselves together on the right and left of the field; they therefore begged a delay, while they should put these poor people in a place of safety. The request was granted.

The police having ordered the two multitudes to take positions behind the duelists, we were once more ready. The weather growing still more opaque, it was agreed between myself and the other second that before giving the fatal signal we should each deliver a loud whoop to enable the combatants to ascertain each other's whereabouts.

I now returned to my principal, and was distressed to observe that he had lost a good deal of his spirit. I tried my best to hearten him. I said, "Indeed, sir, things are not as bad as they seem. Considering the character of the weapons, the limited number of shots allowed, the generous distance, the impenetrable solidity of the fog, and the added fact that one of the combatants is one-eyed and the other cross-eyed and near-sighted, it seems to me that this conflict need not necessarily be fatal. There are chances that both of you may survive. Therefore, cheer up; do not be down-hearted."

This speech had so good an effect that my principal immediately stretched forth his hand and said, "I am myself again; give me the weapon."

I laid it, all lonely and forlorn, in the centre of the vast solitude of his palm. He gazed at it and shuddered. And still mournfully contemplating it, he murmured, in a broken voice,

"Alas, it is not death I dread, but mutilation."

I heartened him once more, and with such success that he presently said, "Let

the tragedy begin. Stand at my back; do not desert me in this solemn hour, my friend."

I gave him my promise. I now assisted him to point his pistol toward the spot where I judged his adversary to be standing, and cautioned him to listen well and further guide himself by my fellow-second's whoop. Then I propped myself against M. Gambetta's back, and raised a rousing "Whoop-ee!" This was answered from out the far distances of the fog, and I immediately shouted,

"One, — two, — three, — *fire!*"

Two little sounds like *spit! spit!* broke upon my ear, and in the same instant I was crushed to the earth under a mountain of flesh. Buried as I was, I was still able to catch a faint accent from above, to this effect, —

"I die for . . . for . . . perdition take it, what *is* it I die for? . . . oh, yes, — FRANCE! I die that France may live!"

The surgeons swarmed around with their probes in their hands, and applied their microscopes to the whole area of M. Gambetta's person, with the happy result of finding nothing in the nature of a wound. Then a scene ensued which was in every way gratifying and inspiring.

The two gladiators fell upon each other's necks, with floods of proud and happy tears; that other second embraced me; the surgeons, the orators, the undertakers, the police, everybody embraced, everybody congratulated, everybody cried, and the whole atmosphere was filled with praise and with joy unspeakable.

It seemed to me then that I would rather be the hero of a French duel than a crowned and sceptred monarch.

When the commotion had somewhat

subsided, the body of surgeons held a consultation, and after a good deal of debate decided that with proper care and nursing there was reason to believe that I would survive my injuries. My internal hurts were deemed the most serious, since it was apparent that a broken rib had penetrated my left lung, and that many of my organs had been pressed out so far to one side or the other of where they belonged, that it was doubtful if they would ever learn to perform their functions in such remote and unaccustomed localities. They then set my left arm in two places, pulled my right hip into its socket again, and re-elevated my nose. I was an object of great interest, and even admiration; and many sincere and warm-hearted persons had themselves introduced to me, and said they were proud to know the only man who had been hurt in a French duel for forty years.

I was placed in an ambulance at the very head of the procession; and thus with gratifying *éclat* I was marched into Paris, the most conspicuous figure in that great spectacle, and deposited at the hospital.

The cross of the Legion of Honor has been conferred upon me. However, few escape that distinction.

Such is the true version of the most memorable private conflict of the age. My recovery is still doubtful, but there are hopes. I am able to dictate, but there is no knowing when I shall be able to write.

I have no complaints to make against any one. I acted for myself, and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting, I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duelist, but I will never consent to stand behind one again.

Mark Twain.

THREE SONGS.

I.

Life and Death.

If I had chosen, my tears had all been dews;
I would have drawn a bird's or blossom's breath,
Nor' outmoaned yonder dove. I did not choose, —
And here is Life for me, and there is Death.

Ay, here is Life. Bloom for me, violet;
Whisper me, Love, all things that are not true;
Sing, nightingale and lark, till I forget, —
For here is Life, and I have need of you.

So, there is Death. 'Fade, violet, from the land;
Cease from your singing, nightingale and lark;
Forsake me, Love, for I without your hand
Can find my way more surely to the dark.

II.

Engaged Too Long.

WHY do I grieve with summer here?
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir, — and not you.

Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes, —
Who said, " I love you " first, you see;
This you repeat, and weary me.

III.

Turned Away.

It may have been. Who knows? Who knows?
It was too dark for me to see.
The wind that spared this very rose
Its few last leaves could hardly be
Sadder of voice than he.

A foreign prince here in disguise
Who asked a shelter from the rain
(The country that he came from lies
Above the clouds): he asked in vain,
And will not come again.

If I had known that it was He
 Who had not where to lay his head;
 "But my Lord Christ, it cannot be, —
 My guest-room has too white a bed
 For wayside dust," I had said.

Sallie M. B. Piatt.

LIMITED SOVEREIGNTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE last state elections in Massachusetts were chiefly of local interest, but the vote which decided them, if carefully analyzed, possesses a national importance. There has been much rejoicing in Massachusetts and elsewhere over the defeat of General Butler. But if the event was fortunate, the manner of its accomplishment is a subject for the most serious reflection. It was generally anticipated that the bulk of the respectable democrats would adhere to their party nominee, and that the republican party, single-handed, would be able to crush Butler. These expectations were not realized. The respectable democrats, with comparatively few exceptions, voted for the republican candidate, and without their votes Mr. Talbot would probably not have obtained a plurality. The significance of this fact is sufficiently obvious. The wealth, the intelligence, the conservatism, the decency, of the State were arrayed on one side, without regard to party. On the other, demanding the suffrages of the people for the office of governor, appeared a man whose name has become a synonym for everything that is bad in American politics. His immediate and most zealous supporters were unknown, or known only for evil. He had plenty of money, but beyond this nothing personally "to back his suit at all, but the plain devil and dissembling looks." His whole career was known to the people who were to vote for him. Every evil act, every inconsistency, every meanness, of which he had ever been guilty was dragged into light

and spread before the public, day after day, by a bitterly hostile press. As the returns show, the struggle became at the polls a simple contest between honesty and dishonesty; between all the best elements in the State and an artful, able, and unscrupulous demagogue. In that contest dishonesty and the demagogue were defeated, but they received in round numbers one hundred and ten thousand votes out of two hundred and sixty thousand. Of this vote, probably a very small proportion only was cast by mere political adventurers, or by men of ruined fortunes and broken reputations, who followed General Butler, as they would anybody else, with perfect skepticism and cynicism as to all principles, and solely with a view to their own material welfare. A portion of the vote was undoubtedly due to that general discontent caused by hard times, which is ready to try any change in the hope of relief. Yet even of this discontented vote a large part must have been merely thoughtless and ignorant, and not intelligently convinced that there was any real help to be found in General Butler. The great majority of those who voted for Butler did so simply because they were very ignorant. Any other hypothesis requires the admission that a great body of citizens not only knowingly and willfully supported dishonesty in finance, but that they cared nothing about personal character or morality on the part of their candidate. This supposition no man of patriotism or good sense wishes to accept. The fact is that these voters

were men who for the most part placed faith in General Butler's promises that if he were elected good times would return, wages would rise, and their individual fortunes would be benefited. Such beliefs indicate ignorance of the densest kind. It is not as if the voters had supposed that a certain financial policy would relieve them, or improve their condition. Any people may be misled by a specious and mistaken scheme of finance, and if this were all, the vote in Massachusetts would lose much of its significance. But a sincere faith in Butler's demagogue promises necessarily meant on the part of the believer an ignorance of the most fundamental and simple facts in regard to our institutions. It required a conviction that the governor of Massachusetts, besides regulating the immutable laws of supply and demand, controlled the financial policy of the general government, and that he also had possession of all political power in his own State. It compelled an acceptance of the theory that the governor is everything, and the legislature nothing, whereas every child is supposed to know that almost the exact contrary is the truth. Yet there were apparently nearly one hundred thousand voters in Massachusetts who believed these things, and who were ready to follow the first Jack Cade who should come along and promise them that when he should be in office two and two should make five. Such ignorance as this, when it is found to be so widely diffused, has a national meaning and importance. In a greater or less degree it must exist in every State, and the sum total is appalling. Every one concedes that the safety of our system rests upon education. In no State has more been done for public education than in Massachusetts, and the result is seen in the recent election. Such a thing would have been impossible a hundred years ago, in such a form and with a like candidate. Nothing can be plainer than that we are now, relatively speaking, less competent than we were in 1789 to conduct a government constituted on the same principles, and regulated in the same fashion, as the one then adopted.

Our civilization and our material wealth have made enormous strides since that period, but we are not, as a people, so well able to make a democracy succeed as we were when the government was founded. In other words, education has not been able to deal with the growth of population, and meet the changes of occupation and of modes of life which do so much to shape the political character and habits of a people. No doubt if education reached every man in the community, or even a very large majority of men, all would be well. But it does not. There is a dangerous amount of ignorance on the part of those who hold sovereign power in the United States. Education can remedy it, and may ultimately do so, but a long time must elapse before this state of affairs can be brought about. Meanwhile, this ignorance is lowering the tone of public life and the character of our public men, and threatens the safety of our whole system.

It is not proposed to discuss here the merits or demerits of uneducated voters. Every honest and intelligent man admits that an ignorant suffrage is in itself and by itself an unmitigated evil. The amount of this ignorance is very large, as the surprising figures of Butler's vote most conclusively show. There is, however, another feature of our political life which is closely connected with such questions as are presented by the Butler vote. This is the feeling of distrust and fear in regard to the holders of sovereign power, which is manifesting itself more and more among the most intelligent classes of the community. No careful observer can have failed to notice the change of sentiment in this respect. The democratic principle, which triumphed with Jefferson and was established and extended by Jackson, left wholly to itself, ran rapidly to extremes, as far as American common sense would permit, and reached its culmination about 1850. The constitutions made and revised in the various States at that period are the best proof of this statement, and the mania for having every conceivable official, including judges, annually elected by a popular vote is the most striking exam-

ple of the prevalence of the ultra-democratic theory. It was at this point that theories and methods of government were lost sight of in the slavery conflict, and in the war which followed. When the war closed, the last class government in the United States had been swept away by the destruction of the slave power, and men found themselves face to face with a pure democracy from one end of the country to the other. Then it was that the change in public sentiment to which allusion has just been made began. Thirty or forty years ago it was considered the rankest heresy to doubt that a government based on universal suffrage was the wisest and best that could be devised. No man, whether he were whig or democrat, ventured publicly to question this great principle. Such is not now the case. Expressions of doubt and distrust in regard to universal suffrage are heard constantly in conversation, and in all parts of the country. They have already found utterance in literature, and before long they will make their way to the pulpit and the platform. It is easy to denounce such opinions, and to cast them aside with a sneer. Any demagogue or penny-a-liner is capable of it. But neither denunciations nor sneers can remove the hard fact. There is a growing disbelief in the system of universal suffrage, which cannot be concealed. It must not be supposed that there is any reference here to the opinions of those wretched creatures who from the precincts of the American colony in Paris scoff at their country and its institutions, or those others who ape the manners of the English aristocracy, and with unblushing snobbishness look on everything American as necessarily vulgar. The doubt and distrust intended here have begun at the top of our society, among some of the most intelligent, the most thoughtful, and the most patriotic men, and it is slowly and surely creeping downwards. No man will question that it is a grave matter. Only the shallow-minded will push it aside as the vain, speculative opinion of a minority who can never have power. There is no greater mistake than to suppose

that because the intelligent, the educated, the wealthy, and the able men are in a minority, they are therefore powerless. They are loath to move, it is true, they act only in great emergencies, but when they are fairly pushed to the wall they always have won and they always will win in the end, because they have the greatest intellectual strength. The men of brains are sure to have the bulk of the property in any country, and they are equally sure to become its only rulers if matters are ever carried to the last extremity. If they cannot have liberty, they will at least have security. The world has always been governed by force in one form or another. When it is moral and intellectual force alone that rules, there is constitutional and peaceable government; when it is physical force alone, it is revolution or despotism. But in any event intellectual force sooner or later becomes master of the physical force, and then it is irresistible and permanent. The minority, therefore, is not to be despised. But, without supposing extreme cases, it is enough for us to admit that it is ruin when the people have not faith in their own theory of government, and that it is a serious misfortune when an intelligent minority, no matter how small, begins to distrust the political system of their country. This is the danger which is ever assuming larger proportions. To express the case in a few words, there is a considerable body of intelligent and patriotic men in the United States who fear and distrust their sovereign.

Opinions of this sort, it is needless to say, are greatly stimulated and increased by such an exhibition as the vote just cast for General Butler. Thus we have at the bottom a vast amount of dangerous ignorance, and at the top a growing distrust of the system which gives to that ignorance political power. The latter, if misdirected or left to itself, may become most mischievous; the former is simply a great and threatening danger. There is much misconception, too, in regard to this doubt and fear, and much injustice shown toward them. There is nothing treasonable or reactionary in

such feelings. On the contrary, resistance to the sovereign power, in English history at least, has usually proceeded from the wisest, the most public-spirited, and the most far-sighted men in the community. If the existence of such sentiments is a misfortune, if it proves that the sovereign has done wrong, it also shows that there are watchful and patriotic men ready to observe errors and publish them, which is the first step toward recovery, and is a sure sign that selfish indifference, the most deadly of all diseases incident to the body politic, has not yet set in. This spirit of opposition and criticism in regard to the sovereign has always been, and always will be, regarded at the outset as criminal and almost monstrous. Many men who applaud the resistance of the "country party" to the extension of the prerogative by James and Charles, and who look upon the principles of our own Revolution as sacred, are only too ready to condemn the spirit which cavils at the sovereign of the present day. It is always the old story of the right divine of kings to govern wrong, and arises in great measure from the very common confusion of ideas in regard to sovereignty.

That sovereignty is the ultimate power in the state possessed of ability to enforce its commands is pretty well understood. Where this sovereignty resides, and that it is always in its essence the same, is by no means equally well appreciated. There are but three kinds of government, if we classify them according to the nature of the sovereignty, which is after all the only fundamental and perfectly distinctive test. Sovereignty in any government must rest somewhere among the men who make up the society for which that government is constituted, and there are obviously only three places which it can occupy. It may reside in one man, in some men, or in all men. In the first case it is a despotism, in the second an aristocracy or class government, in the third a democracy. In all forms it is liable to error and excess. The aggregate of mankind are undoubtedly less likely to make mistakes than

any single man, such as the Pope, for example, but at the same time neither is infallible. Nor is there anything more peculiarly sacred in one kind of sovereignty than in another. The numerical majority of a whole people may be or may become as tyrannical and bitterly oppressive as a Venetian oligarchy or a successful usurper. There is no sovereign that may not err, and the one effort under all systems should be to reduce his possible errors to a minimum.

That which is true of other sovereigns is true in a greater or less degree of our own. There is no use in attempting to propagate the "peculiar race" doctrine, or in trying to suppose that we are exempt from the operation of general laws, or are too clever to profit by experience. Let us on the contrary look into the past, and see whether we cannot find suggestions that will help us in our difficulties. There is no better guide than the history of our own race. We do not need to seek instruction beyond its pages, if we take to heart and act upon the lessons which we can there find set down.

No other people ever displayed political talents of so high an order as that derived from the Anglo-Saxon stock. They have surpassed even the Romans in the practical art of government, and in adapting political systems to new conditions and changing times. In their history, therefore, can be found the secret of their success, — the most important part of which lies in the constant effort to limit and restrain the sovereign power. This struggle runs through the whole story, and although the seat of sovereignty has changed, the doctrine of limitations never has. In England the contest began with the crown. Gradually the regal powers were limited, until the sovereignty shifted its place and rested with an aristocracy instead of with the king. A class government replaced a despotic one. That governing class has been steadily widening, in accordance with the democratic forces of modern times, but it is still a class government and a limited sovereignty. The same is true of that branch of the English family which founded and built

up the United States. Our own history teaches us the same lesson as that of our kindred. When the constitution was formed, one principal object of the men who gathered in convention at Philadelphia in 1789 was to check and limit the sovereign power in the state. They conceded sovereignty to the people, as defined by the laws of the various States. But so great were the existing limitations upon the suffrage that the scheme might fairly have been described as a broad form of class government. The exceptions to the system of a pure democracy were very numerous, and in some cases very considerable. In the convention of 1789, moreover, the chief desire of many, if not of most, members was to check the growth and power of the democratic principle. There was nothing more dreaded by the framers of the constitution than the excesses of the sovereign people. This dread was confined to no party, for we find among the opponents of unlimited democracy such men as Mr. Gerry, who afterwards was a leader of the democrats in the Jeffersonian period. The founders of our government sought to hedge the sovereign with artificial barriers which would modify and restrain his action. A similar policy was pursued by the great political party which carried the constitution, and organized, established, and set in motion the government. The federalists built the strong walls within which the current of democracy has thus far flowed strongly but safely. But the waters have always been rising; there are ill-looking leaks in the embankments, and the swollen stream threatens to overflow its dikes.

What is the cause of the danger, and of the consequent fear and distrust so strongly felt in certain quarters, and what is the remedy for these evils? The cause is clearly a defect in the character or actions of the sovereign. The sovereign is the whole people, and wields his power by means of universal suffrage, unqualified and containing a large amount of most perilous ignorance. The danger, the fear, and the distrust all spring from the same source, — universal suf-

frage, the very essence of our whole system. There is no use in crying out against unlimited suffrage. Denunciation may serve as a warning, but in every other way it is useless. Railing and invective only harden opposition, and make compromise and amelioration impossible. But if abuse is futile and bad, the unreasoning praise of the suffrage to which we are accustomed is still worse. Nothing can be more childish than the indiscriminate laudation of our institutions which is so common. It is every bit as bad and false as the flattery which high church clergymen were wont to pour out before the throne of Charles II. The English race has not achieved its successes by refusing to consider the defects of its state and institutions. The Revolution was not fought, nor the constitution made, by men who did not dare to inquire into the conduct and the limitations of their sovereign. We have got universal suffrage. We cannot directly limit it, except possibly in a very small way, or retrace our steps, without a social convulsion. There is no use, on the one hand, in railing at it, or, on the other, in looking upon adverse criticism as treason. Universal suffrage has its virtues and its defects. It is our duty to foster the one, and remedy, if we can, the other. During the century of our existence as a nation our system has worked well. There is no other system, except the English, which has worked anything like as well as our own, and there is absolutely none which has produced on the whole so great an amount of human happiness and well-being, or which has done so much to raise the condition of the average man. But in the process of time, and from a variety of causes, our system has begun to work less well. That which was admirably adapted to a small population, with an almost indefinite opportunity for expansion in 1789, is not equally well fitted for a people numbering fifty millions. The simple occupations of agriculture and trade have been succeeded by vast and complicated industries, by an immense commerce, internal and external, by an enormous system of railroads, and by all

sorts of interests of the greatest magnitude and value. Great cities have come into being. We have received and undertaken to absorb an almost unlimited immigration of adult foreigners, largely illiterate, of the lowest class and of other races. We have added at one stroke four millions and more of ignorant negroes to our voting population in the South, and we have not been able to reach with education even the natural increase of the native-born population. The result of such tremendous changes is that our system moves with increasing difficulty, and its faults become from day to day more conspicuous and more threatening. We have relied upon education to solve the problem, to keep ignorance in check and to make universal suffrage work acceptably. Education has proved itself insufficient to meet, in a manner which must remove all proper doubt, the demands we have made upon it. It cannot accomplish the desired results and provide the necessary safeguards, at least not within any reasonable time. This remedy having failed, is there any other? Universal suffrage is a fixed fact; there is no possibility of disfranchising the ignorant, and making the suffrage the reward and the badge of intelligence, except in a limited degree. It only remains to make the system as it is work as well and as long as we can, so that education may have a fair chance to render it ultimately and permanently successful. The lesson of our history is plain, and the example of the framers of the constitution and of the founders of our government is before us. The sovereign must be still further limited in conformity with the exigencies of the time, and no political devices which tend to his enlightenment must be passed over. There is nothing very startling in such a proposition. Practical limitations of our sovereign has occurred and is occurring all the time. In the South, where the civilization is not advanced and the people are poor, the suffrage or the sovereign is limited by the sabre and pistol. In great Northern cities, and in Northern States where parties are nearly equal, the sovereign is limited by

money and by complicated party machinery. So great are these limitations in New York, for instance, that the seat of sovereignty shifts, or is supposed to do so, and we read of struggles against despotism and the "one-man power," and see John Kelly caricatured in the guise of Cæsar. In the city of Washington the people have been wholly deprived of the franchise, and have been placed under an arbitrary government created by act of Congress, and all the respectable and tax-paying portion of the community rejoice in this paternal and despotic rule. A more indirect way, but a precisely similar one, is that pursued by the large and respectable body of manufacturers who make it their business to elect, and afterward control, congressmen, in order that their interests as affected by the tariff may be properly watched. Thus violence and corruption and fraud, the influence of property and irresistible external power, come in to limit the sovereign, and to secure a representation to those interests which have no especial political rights conceded to them by law, and of which they cannot obtain a recognition from the sovereign by purely legal methods. Some of these various methods (and their name is legion) which are employed in practice to limit the sovereign are very rude, and are generally regarded, and with perfect justice, as immoral and debasing. Yet it is an open question, if we consider the political aptitude and shrewdness of the American people, whether they are not, in the majority of instances, the least of two evils, and whether they do not do more good on the whole than would be obtained by their abandonment, and the consequent license and mismanagement of the unfettered sovereign. They at least show that the need of limitations on the sovereign is so strongly felt that in practice they are constantly enforced. The probability is that under the present conditions of our civilization these rude and corrupting methods of limitation will be always more or less used. But is there no way of reducing them to the lowest possible point by changes which will obviate, in large measure, their ne-

cessity? Two obvious solutions at once suggest themselves, — the reading and writing qualification, and an increased poll tax. The first can only, as experience shows, be partially enforced; and the second, being in its nature a property qualification, arouses such deep hostility that it cannot as a rule be made effective. Direct disfranchisement, in short, on a large scale is out of the question, and its absolute necessity and consequent possibility could arise only under circumstances which no one wishes to contemplate. But there are other forms of limitation which would tend to diminish the dangers and defects of our system, and make it work with perhaps as little friction as may be under any form of government. The first step is to put aside all shams and fine language, and to admit frankly and manfully that universal suffrage has very grave defects, that the sovereign power has need of limitations and increased “checks and balances,” and that it is desirable to devise and establish them. To describe all the possible limitations and improvements of this sort in detail would require a volume instead of an article. But some of them, at least, can be enumerated, as they are none of them very novel in themselves, and they illustrate sufficiently well the theory on which they rest and the advantages which it is to be hoped they would produce.

The right of voting cannot be taken away, but the subjects of voting can be much reduced. The numbers of the voters need not be diminished, but their action can be circumscribed and concentrated. In other words, the governments of our States and cities, in the latter of which the chief danger to our system lies, — a danger so great that many persons believe that only direct and extensive disfranchisement can remedy it, — ought to be assimilated as closely as possible to the national form. The only officers to be chosen by popular election ought to be the chief executive and the legislature. These are the delegated possessors of all the power of the sovereign who appoints them, and the nature of the sovereign body is not changed

by making them only elected officers. The direct action of the sovereign is simply confined to those offices of whose incumbents it is the best and final judge, and which are the immediate recipients of the delegated power. Its action is withdrawn and made indirect with respect to those other offices, the requirements of which a large body of men cannot determine so well as their representatives. Few persons would advocate the choice of custom-house officers, or revenue inspectors, or cabinet officers, or government counsel, by a direct popular vote. Yet there is nothing more absurd in making these officers elective than in entrusting to the choice of the people, guided by caucuses and party machinery of all sorts, the selection of judges and sheriffs and district attorneys, of state treasurers and attorney-generals, of school commissioners and civil engineers. The greatest room for independent thought and action ought to be allowed in all these instances, and the men who hold such places ought to be as far removed as possible from the debasing influence which springs from the necessity of catching votes in order to make a living. At the same time that the number of offices would be reduced and the character of their holders improved by a better method of appointment, the attention of the sovereign would be more closely drawn to those cases in which direct action still remained; the standard of representation would be greatly raised, and responsibility would be increased. All this would react upon the appointed officers; the sovereign would be better served, and the greatest good of the greatest number would be furthered.

Closely allied to a reduction of the subjects of voting is a reduction of the opportunities for the exercise of that right. It has become a truism that frequent elections as well as a multitude of offices are in the direct interest of the worst political classes. The busy and therefore the best portion of the community cannot spare the time, and ought not to be compelled to give it to elections which recur annually. Such a system is a

direct injury to business, and ought to be checked on this if on no other ground. But its political effects are still worse. It gives a fuller scope to the designing and selfish to mislead the ignorant. Men who cannot attend to an annual election are, however, ready to give time and labor once in two years, and still more once in four years. If the opportunities for voting are limited, the right, too, is more highly prized, and more carefully and more intelligently exercised. To take again the example of the national government: no one considers that two years are too long a term for a representative, or diminish his sense of responsibility; while it is generally agreed that four years are too short a period for the president to hold office, and cause the disturbance involved in a general election to recur too frequently. If two and four years are not too long in the case of national offices, they are certainly not so in the case of States and cities, which are largely, especially the latter, mere business corporations. Thus, by limiting the occasions for the exercise of the sovereign power, as well as by limiting the subjects of its direct action, the cause of good government would be aided; there would be a still further improvement in the character of officials; the general welfare would be increased; and the whole machinery would work more easily.¹

Another change, of almost equal importance with the two already suggested, would be a destruction of localization. This, instead of limiting the sovereign power, would tend to give it the free range of which it is now deprived. Under the present system, in order that a man may be eligible for a certain office he must reside in a certain place. To be able to go to Congress or to the legislature, a candidate must live within certain arbitrarily defined limits. The smaller the territory, the greater the trading and the rotation in office. Every little group and every small section must have its representative in turn, and the

result is that no man holds office long enough to know his business, and politics offer no career for able and ambitious men. The constituencies, too, are deprived of the opportunity of selecting some man outside their own district, whom they may prefer, on the ground of capacity and talent, and are restricted to their own neighborhood for a representative. This example merely shows that while it is important to limit the exercise of the suffrage, so that it may be used with the greatest care and give the fullest expression to all the best elements in the community, it is equally necessary that it should not be limited in the one thing where the utmost freedom is essential,—the opportunity of choosing the best men possible.

One other point occurs, which involves many and most intricate questions, but which admits of brief statement. It does not tend, perhaps, to limit so much as to guide the sovereign; but enlightenment is only another form of limitation, for both prevent excess and foster good government. We need more responsibility in office. Matters which should be entrusted to single ministers are confided to legislative committees, and no one is responsible. Affairs which could be better and more efficiently managed by one man are given to commissions of several men, and no one is responsible. The sovereign sees a wrong committed, and can find nobody to pay the penalty; We want more of the one-man power, not as the product of corrupt and dangerous party machinery, and veiled behind a net-work of intrigue, but in places of high administrative trust, so that the responsibility may be concentrated, publicity secured, and the sovereign be able to hold its officer to strict account. We must be prepared also to remedy the discontent which did so much to help Butler, and which will always become the prey of dangerous politicians. We must look to it that there be no reasonable cause of discontent, and then whatever exists is no longer to be dreaded. But there are just causes of discontent, and that they are not removed is due to the carelessness and ignorance of those

¹ Annual elections have been already abandoned in some of the States, notably in Maryland, and the result has been very satisfactory.

who hold the delegated sovereign power. Take, for instance, taxation. It is unjust, unequal, and oppressive, and falls with especial severity upon the laboring classes. Its reform has come before legislative bodies, state and national, again and again, and nothing is done. Look at the glaring instances of waste and profusion in national, state, and above all in city governments; and again nothing, or next to nothing, is done except to cut down salaries and reduce the police force. The usual practice, in other words, has been to economize where economy is most injurious, and to lavish money where it is only sheer extravagance. And yet very worthy people wonder that anybody should feel the need of reform, and that the laboring classes should be filled with a blind and savage discontent with existing administrations.

Suggestions of this sort might be almost indefinitely extended, but the examples that have been given illustrate sufficiently what is meant by limiting and enlightening the sovereign in the United States. Unless education can be made to accomplish what it has not yet accomplished, and to do that which seems beyond its strength, our system can be improved and made to work successfully only by the additional limitation and enlightenment of the sovereign, which the progress of time has

rendered imperative. There is no reason to believe that we are free from danger because the sovereignty is vested in all men, instead of in one man or in a class. A tyranny as gross as that of the Cæsars is not so likely to issue from universal suffrage as from a military usurper. But it may do so, and tyranny of any kind and from any source is the greatest of political evils. Let it be remembered that there is one thing quite as precious as national freedom, and that is individual liberty. If a man's house is not his castle, it makes very little difference whether it is entered by the king, to imprison the person of the owner, or by the emissary of a government elected by the rabble, who is commissioned to take his property under forms of law. A fair field and no favor, combined with the greatest amount of individual liberty compatible with the general welfare, has always been the American doctrine, and it is the only safe one. If the sovereign, from ignorance or from any other cause, threatens the general welfare and endangers the cherished political system of the country, he must be educated; and if he cannot be educated sufficiently, he must be limited. Nothing is surer than that if these limitations, when they become necessary, are not made peaceably and reasonably, they will sooner or later be made by violence.

DEFIANCE.

CLOTHO, Lachesis, Atropos,
 All your gain is not my loss.
 Spin your black threads if you will,
 Twist them, turn, with all your skill;
 Hold! this one you cannot sever,
 This bright thread shall last forever.

You 're defied, you, Atropos!
 Draw your glittering shears across,—
 Still it mocks your cruel art.
 From the fibres of my heart

Did I spin it, this bright thread,
That will live when you are dead.

Hark ye, Fate! one thing I'll teach:
There are some things past your reach, —
Woman's heart and woman's soul;
Woman's love's past your control.
These are not threads of your spinning, —
No, nor shall be of your winning.

A. W.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XV.

THE foreboded storm did not come so soon as had been feared, but the beautiful weather which had lasted so long was lost in a thickened sky and a sullen sea. The weather had changed with Staniford, too. The morning after the events last celebrated, he did not respond to the glance which Lydia gave him when they met, and he hardened his heart to her surprise, and shunned being alone with her. He would not admit to himself any reason for his attitude, and he could not have explained to her the mystery that at first visibly grieved her, and then seemed merely to benumb her. But the moment came when he ceased to take a certain cruel pleasure in it, and he approached her one morning on deck, where she stood holding fast to the railing where she usually sat, and said, as if there had been no interval of estrangement between them, but still coldly, "We have had our last walk for the present, Miss Blood. I hope you will grieve a little for my loss."

She turned on him a look that smote him to the heart, with what he fancied its reproach and its wonder. She did not reply at once, and then she did not reply to his hinted question.

"Mr. Staniford," she began. It was the second time he had heard her pronounce his name; he distinctly remembered the first.

"Well?" he said.

"I want to speak to you about lending that book to Mr. Hicks. I ought to have asked you, first."

"Oh, no," said Staniford. "It was yours."

"You gave it to me," she returned.

"Well, then, it was yours, — to keep, to lend, to throw away."

"And you did n't mind my lending it to him?" she pursued. "I" —

She stopped, and Staniford hesitated, too. Then he said, "I did n't dislike your lending it; I disliked his having it. I will acknowledge that."

She looked up at him as if she were going to speak, but checked herself, and glanced away. The ship was plunging heavily, and the livid waves were racing fast before the wind. The horizon was lit with a yellow brightness in the quarter to which she turned, and a pallid gleam defined her profile. Captain Jenness was walking fretfully to and fro; he glanced now at the yellow glare, and now cast his eye aloft at the shortened sail. While Staniford stood questioning whether she meant to say anything more, or whether, having discharged her conscience of an imagined offense, she had now reached one of her final, precipitous silences. Captain Jenness suddenly approached them, and said to him, "I guess you'd better go below with Miss Blood."

The storm that followed had its haz-

ards, but Staniford's consciousness was confined to its discomforts. The day came, and then the dark came, and both in due course went, and came again. Where he lay in his berth, and whirled and swung, and rose and sank, as lonely as a planetary fragment tossing in space, he heard the noises of the life without. Amidst the straining of the ship, which was like the sharp sweep of a thunder-shower on the deck overhead, there plunged at irregular intervals the wild trample of heavily-booted feet, and now and then the voices of the crew answering the shouted orders made themselves hollowly audible. In the cabin there was talking, and sometimes even laughing. Sometimes he heard the click of knives and forks, the sardonic rattle of crockery. After the first insane feeling that somehow he must get ashore and escape from his torment, he hardened himself to it through an immense contempt, equally insane, for the stupidity of the sea, its insensate uproar, its blind and ridiculous and cruel mischievousness. Except for this delirious scorn he was a surface of perfect passivity.

Dunham, after a day of prostration, had risen, and had perhaps shortened his anguish by his resolution. He had since taken up his quarters on a locker in the cabin; he looked in now and then upon Staniford, with a cup of tea, or a suggestion of something light to eat; once he even dared to boast of the sublimity of the ocean. Staniford stared at him with eyes of lack-lustre indifference, and waited for him to be gone. But he lingered to say, "You would laugh to see what a sea-bird our lady is! She has n't been sick a minute. And Hicks, you'll be glad to know, is behaving himself very well. Really, I don't think we've done the fellow justice. I think you've overshadowed him, and that he's needed your absence to show himself to advantage."

Staniford disdained any comment on this except a fierce "Humph!" and dismissed Dunham by turning his face to the wall. He refused to think of what he had said. He lay still and suffered indefinitely, and no longer waited for

the end of the storm. There had been times when he thought with acquiescence of going to the bottom, as a probable conclusion; now he did not expect anything. At last, one night, he felt by inexpressibly minute degrees something that seemed surcease of his misery. It might have been the end of all things, for all he cared; but as the lull deepened, he slept without knowing what it was, and when he woke in the morning he found the Aroostook at anchor in smooth water.

She was lying in the roads at Gibraltar, and before her towered the embattled rock. He crawled on deck after a while. The captain was going ashore, and had asked such of his passengers as liked, to go with him and see the place. When Staniford appeared, Dunham was loyally refusing to leave his friend till he was fairly on foot. At sight of him they suspended their question long enough to welcome him back to animation, with the patronage with which well people hail a convalescent. Lydia looked across the estrangement of the past days with a sort of inquiry, and Hicks chose to come forward and accept a cold touch of the hand from him. Staniford saw, with languid observance, that Lydia was very fresh and bright; she was already equipped for the expedition, and could never have had any question in her mind as to going. She had on a pretty walking dress which he had not seen before, and a hat with the rim struck sharply upward behind, and her masses of dense, dull black hair pulled up and fastened somewhere on the top of her head. Her eyes shyly sparkled under the abrupt descent of the hat-brim over her forehead.

His contemptuous rejection of the character of invalid prevailed with Dunham; and he walked to another part of the ship, to cut short the talk about himself, and saw them row away.

"Well, you've had a pretty tough time, they say," said the second mate, lounging near him. "I don't see any fun in seasickness *myself*."

"It's a ridiculous sort of misery," said Staniford.

"I hope we shan't have anything worse on board when that chap gets back. The old man thinks he can keep an eye on him." The mate was looking after the boat.

"The captain says he hasn't any money," Staniford remarked carelessly. The mate went away without saying anything more, and Staniford returned to the cabin, where he beheld without abhorrence the preparations for his breakfast. But he had not a great appetite, in spite of his long fast. He found himself rather light-headed, and came on deck again after a while, and stretched himself in Hicks's steamer chair, where Lydia usually sat in it. He fell into a dull, despairing reverie, in which he blamed himself for not having been more explicit with her. He had merely expressed his dislike of Hicks; but expressed without reasons it was a groundless dislike, which she had evidently not understood, or had not cared to heed; and since that night, now so far away, when he had spoken to her, he had done everything he could to harden her against himself. He had treated her with a stupid cruelty, which a girl like her would resent to the last; he had forced her to take refuge in the politeness of a man from whom he was trying to keep her.

His heart paused when he saw the boat returning in the afternoon without Hicks. The others reported that they had separated before dinner, and that they had not seen him since, though Captain Jenness had spent an hour trying to look him up before starting back to the ship. The captain wore a look of guilty responsibility, mingled with intense exasperation, the two combining in as much haggardness as his cheerful visage could express. "If he's here by six o'clock," he said grimly, "all well and good. If not, the Aroostook sails, any way."

Lydia crept timidly below. Staniford complexly raged to see that the anxiety about Hicks had blighted the joy of the day for her.

"How the deuce could he get about without any money?" he demanded of Dunham, as soon as they were alone.

Dunham vainly struggled to look him in the eye. "Staniford," he faltered, with much more culpability than some criminals would confess a murder, "I lent him five dollars!"

"You lent him five dollars!" gasped Staniford.

"Yes," replied Dunham, miserably; "he got me aside, and asked me for it. What could I do? What would you have done yourself?"

Staniford made no answer. He walked some paces away, and then returned to where Dunham stood helpless. "He's lying about there dead-drunk, somewhere, I suppose. By Heaven, I could almost wish he was. He could n't come back, then, at any rate."

The time lagged along toward the moment appointed by the captain, and the preparations for the ship's departure were well advanced, when a boat was seen putting out from shore with two rowers, and rapidly approaching the Aroostook. In the stern, as it drew nearer, the familiar figure of Hicks discovered itself in the act of waving a handkerchief. He scrambled up the side of the ship in excellent spirits, and gave Dunham a detailed account of his adventures since they had parted. As always happens with such scapegraces, he seemed to have had a good time, however he had spoiled the pleasure of the others. At tea, when Lydia had gone away, he clapped down a sovereign near Dunham's plate. "Your five dollars," he said.

"Why, how?" — Dunham began.

"How did I get on without it? My dear boy, I sold my watch! A ship's time is worth no more than a setting hen's, — eh, captain? — and why take note of it? Besides, I always like to pay my debts promptly: there's nothing mean about me. I'm not going ashore again without my pocket-book, I can tell you." He winked shamelessly at Captain Jenness. "If you had n't been along, Dunham, I could n't have made a raise, I suppose. You would n't have lent me five dollars, Captain Jenness."

"No, I would n't," said the captain, bluntly.

"And I believe you'd have sailed without me, if I had n't got back on time."

"I would," said the captain, as before.

Hicks threw back his head, and laughed. Probably no human being had ever before made so free with Captain Jenness at his own table; but the captain must have felt that this contumacy was merely part of the general risk which he had taken in taking Hicks, and he contented himself with maintaining a silence that would have appalled a less audacious spirit. Hicks's gayety, however, was not to be quelled in that way.

"Gibraltar would n't be a bad place to put up at for a while," he said. "Lots of good fellows among the officers, they say, and fun going all the while. First-class gunning in the cork woods at St. Roque. If it had n't been for the *res angusta domi*,—you know what I mean, captain,—I should have let you get along with your old dug-out, as the gentleman in the water said to Noah." His hilarity had something alarmingly knowing in it; there was a wildness in the pleasure with which he bearded the captain like that of a man in his first cups; yet he had not been drinking. He played round the captain's knowledge of the sanative destitution in which he was making the voyage with mocking recurrence; but he took himself off to bed early, and the captain came through his trials with unimpaired temper. Dunham disappeared not long afterwards; and Staniford's vague hope that Lydia might be going on deck to watch the lights of the town die out behind the ship as they sailed away was disappointed. The second mate made a point of lounging near him where he sat alone in their wonted place.

"Well," he said, "he did come back sober."

"Yes," said Staniford.

"Next to not comin' back at all," the mate continued, "I suppose it was the best thing he could do." He lounged away. Neither his voice nor his manner had that quality of disappointment which

characterizes those who have mistakenly prophesied evil. Staniford had a mind to call him back, and ask him what he meant; but he refrained, and he went to bed at last resolved to unburden himself of the whole Hicks business once for all. He felt that he had had quite enough of it, both in the abstract and in its relation to Lydia.

XVI.

Hicks did not join the others at breakfast. They talked of what Lydia had seen at Gibraltar, where Staniford had been on a former voyage. Dunham had made it a matter of conscience to know all about it beforehand from his guide-books, and had risen early that morning to correct his science by his experience in a long entry in the diary which he was keeping for Miss Hibbard. The captain had the true sea-farer's ignorance, and was amused at the things reported by his passengers of a place where he had been ashore so often; Hicks's absence doubtless relieved him, but he did not comment on the cabin-boy's announcement that he was still asleep, except to order him let alone.

They were seated at their one o'clock dinner before the recluse made any sign. Then he gave note of his continued existence by bumping and thumping sounds within his state-room, as if some one were dressing there in a heavy sea.

"Mr. Hicks seems to be taking his rough weather retrospectively," said Staniford, with rather tremulous humor.

The door was flung open, and Hicks reeled out, staying himself by the door-knob. Even before he appeared, a reek of strong waters had preceded him. He must have been drinking all night. His face was flushed, and his eyes were blood-shot. He had no collar on; but otherwise he was accurately and even fastidiously dressed. He balanced himself by the door-knob, and measured the distance he had to make before reaching his place at the table, smiling, and waved a delicate handkerchief which he held in his hand: "Spilt c'logne, tryin' to scent

my hic — handkerchief. Makes deuced bad smell — too much c'logne; smells — alcoholic. Thom's, bear a hand, 's good f'low. No? All right, go on with your waitin'. B-ic — business b'fore pleasure, 's feller says. Play it alone, I guess."

The boy had shrunk back in dismay, and Hicks contrived to reach his place by one of those precipitate dashes with which drunken men attain a point, when the luck is with them. He looked smilingly round the circle of faces. Staniford and the captain exchanged threatening looks of intelligence, while Mr. Watterson and Dunham subordinately waited their motion. But the advantage, as in such cases, was on the side of Hicks. He knew it, with a drunkard's subtlety, and was at his ease.

"No app'tite, friends; but thought I'd come out, keep you from feeling lonesome." He laughed and hiccuped, and smiled upon them all. "Well, cap'n," he continued, "'covered from 'tigues day, 'sterday? You look blooming 's usual. Thom's, pass the — pass the — victuals lively, my son, and fetch along coffee soon. Some the friends up late, and want their coffee. Nothing like coffee, carry off 'fec's." He winked to the men, all round; and then added, to Lydia: "Sorry see you in this state — I mean, sorry see me — Can't make it that way either; up stump on both routes. What I mean is, sorry had n't coffee first. But *you're* all right — all right! Like see anybody offer you disrespect', 'n I 'm around. Tha's all."

Till he addressed her, Lydia had remained motionless, first with bewilderment, and then with open abhorrence. She could hardly have seen in South Bradfield a man who had been drinking. Even in haying, or other sharpest stress of farm-work, our farmer and his men stay themselves with nothing stronger than molasses-water, or, in extreme cases, cider with a little corn soaked in it; and the Mill Village, where she had taught school, was under the iron rule of a local vote for prohibition. She stared in stupefaction at Hicks's heated, foolish face; she started at his wild move-

ments, and listened with dawning intelligence to his hiccup-broken speech, with its thickened sibilants and its wandering emphasis. When he turned to her, and accompanied his words with a reassuring gesture, she recoiled, and as if breaking an ugly fascination she gave a low, shuddering cry, and looked at Staniford.

"Thomas," he said, "Miss Blood was going to take her dessert on deck to-day. Dunham?"

Dunham sprang to his feet, and led her out of the cabin.

The movement met Hicks's approval. "Tha's right; 'sert on deck, 'joy landscape and pudding together, — Rhine steamer style. All right. Be up there m'self soon 's I get my coffee." He winked again with drunken sharpness. "I know wha's what. Be up there m'self, 'n a minute."

"If you offer to go up," said Staniford, in a low voice, as soon as Lydia was out of the way, "I'll knock you down!"

"Captain," said Mr. Watterson, venturing, perhaps for the first time in his whole maritime history, upon a suggestion to his superior officer, "shall I clap him in irons?"

"Clap him in irons!" roared Captain Jenness. "Clap him in bed! Look here, you!" He turned to Hicks, but the latter, who had been bristling at Staniford's threat, now relaxed in a crowing laugh: —

"Tha's right, captain. Irons no go, 'cept in case mutiny; bed perfectly legal 't all times. Bed is good. But trouble is t' enforce it."

"Where's your bottle?" demanded the captain, rising from the seat in which a paralysis of fury had kept him hitherto. "I want your bottle."

"Oh, bottle's all right! Bottle's under pillow. Empty, — empty 's Jonah's gourd; 'nother sea-faring party, — Jonah. S'cure the shadow ere the substance fade. Drunk all the brandy, old boy. Bottle's a canteen; 'vantage of military port to houseless stranger. Brought the brandy on board under my coat; nobody noticed, — so glad get me

back. Prodigal son's return, — fatted calf under his coat."

The reprobate ended his boastful confession with another burst of hiccuping, and Staniford helplessly laughed.

"Do me proud," said Hicks. "Proud, I 'sure you. Gentleman, every time, Stanny. Know good thing when you see it — hear it, I mean."

"Look here, Hicks," said Staniford, choosing to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, if any good end might be gained by it. "You know you 're drunk, and you 're not fit to be about. Go back to bed, that 's a good fellow; and come out again, when you 're all right. You don't want to do anything you 'll be sorry for."

"No, no! No, you don't, Stanny. Coffee 'll make me all right. Coffee always does. Coffee — Heaven's lash besh gift to man. 'Scoved subse-subsequently to grape. See? Comes after claret in course of nature. Captain does n't understand the 'lusion. All right, captain. Little learning dangerous thing." He turned sharply on Mr. Watterson, who had remained inertly in his place. "Put me in irons, heh! You put me in irons, you old Triton. Put me in irons, will you?" His amiable mood was passing; before one could say so, it was past. He was meditating means of active offense. He gathered up the carving-knife and fork, and held them close under Mr. Watterson's nose. "Smell that!" he said, and frowned as darkly as a man of so little eyebrow could.

At this senseless defiance Staniford, in spite of himself, broke into another laugh, and even Captain Jenness grinned. Mr. Watterson sat with his head drawn as far back as possible, and with his nose wrinkled at the affront offered it. "Captain," he screamed, appealing even in this extremity to his superior, "shall I fetch him *one*?"

"No, no!" cried Staniford, springing from his chair; "don't hit him! He is n't responsible. Let's get him into his room."

"Fetch me *one*, heh?" said Hicks, rising, with dignity, and beginning to

turn up his cuffs. "*One!* It 'll take more than one, fetch me. Stan' up, 'f you 're man enough." He was squaring at Mr. Watterson, when he detected signs of strategic approach in Staniford and Captain Jenness. He gave a wild laugh, and shrank into a corner. "No! No, you don't, boys," he said.

They continued their advance, one on either side, and reinforced by Mr. Watterson hemmed him in. The drunken man has the advantage of his sober brother in never seeming to be on the alert. Hicks apparently entered into the humor of the affair. "Sur-hic-surrender!" he said, with a smile in his heavy eyes. He darted under the extended arms of Captain Jenness, who was leading the centre of the advance, and before either wing could touch him he was up the gangway and on the deck.

Captain Jenness indulged one of those expressions, very rare with him, which are supposed to be forgiven to good men in moments of extreme perplexity, and Mr. Watterson profited by the precedent to unburden his heart in a paraphrase of the captain's language. Staniford's laugh had as much cursing in it as their profanity.

He mechanically followed Hicks to the deck, prepared to renew the attempt for his capture there. But Hicks had not stopped near Dunham and Lydia. He had gone forward on the other side of the ship, and was leaning quietly on the rail, and looking into the sea. Staniford paused irresolute for a moment, and then sat down beside Lydia, and they all tried to feign that nothing unpleasant had happened, or was still impending. But their talk had the wandering inconclusiveness which was inevitable, and the eyes of each from time to time furtively turned toward Hicks.

For half an hour he hardly changed his position. At the end of that time, they found him looking intently at them; and presently he began to work slowly back to the waist of the ship, but kept to his own side. He was met on the way by the second mate, when nearly opposite where they sat.

"Ain't you pretty comfortable where

you are?" they heard the mate asking. "Guess I would n't go aft any further just yet."

"You're all right, Mason," Hicks answered. "Going below — down cellar, 's feller says; go to bed."

"Well, that 's a pious idea," said the mate. "You could n't do better than that. I'll lend you a hand."

"Don't care 'f I do," responded Hicks, taking the mate's proffered arm. But he really seemed to need it very little; he walked perfectly well, and he did not look across at the others again.

At the head of the gangway he encountered Captain Jenness and Mr. Watterson, who had completed the perquisition they had remained to make in his state-room. Mr. Watterson came up empty-handed; but the captain bore the canteen in which the common enemy had been so artfully conveyed on board. He walked, darkly scowling, to the rail, and flung the canteen into the sea. Hicks, who had saluted his appearance with a glare as savage as his own, yielded to his whimsical sense of the futility of this vengeance. He gave his fleering, drunken laugh: "Good old boy, Captain Jenness. Means well — means well. But lacks — lacks — forecast. Pounds of cure, but no prevention. Not much on bite, but death on bark. Heh?" He wagged his hand offensively at the captain, and disappeared, loosely floundering down the cabin stairs, holding hard by the hand-rail, and fumbling round with his foot for the steps before he put it down.

"As soon as he's in his room, Mr. Watterson, you lock him in." The captain handed his officer a key, and walked away forward, with a hang-dog look on his kindly face, which he kept averted from his passengers.

The sound of Hicks's descent had hardly ceased when clapping and knocking noises were heard again, and the face of the troublesome little wretch reappeared. He waved Mr. Watterson aside with his left hand, and in default of specific orders the latter allowed him to mount to the deck again. Hicks stayed himself a moment, and lurched

to where Staniford and Dunham sat with Lydia.

"What I wish say Miss Blood, is," he began, — "what I wish say is, peculiar circumstances make no difference with man if man's gentleman. What I say is, everybody 'spec's — What I say is, circumstances don't alter cases; lady's a lady — What I want do is beg you fellows' pardon — beg *her* pardon — if anything I said that firs' mornin' —"

"Go away!" cried Staniford, beginning to whiten round the nostrils. "Hold your tongue!"

Hicks fell back a pace, and looked at him with the odd effect of now seeing him for the first time. "What *you* want?" he asked. "What you mean? Slingin' criticism ever since you came on this ship! What you mean by it? Heh? What you mean?"

Staniford rose, and Lydia gave a start. He cast an angry look at her. "Do you think I'd hurt him?" he demanded.

Hicks went on: "Sorry, very sorry, 'larm a lady, — specially lady we all respec'. But this particular affair. Touch — touches my honor. You said," he continued, "'f I came on deck, you'd knock me down. Why don't you do it? Wha's the matter with you? Sling criticism ever since you been on ship, and 'fraid do it! 'Fraid, you hear? 'F-ic — 'fraid, I say." Staniford slowly walked away forward, and Hicks followed him, threatening him with word and gesture. Now and then Staniford thrust Hicks aside, and addressed him some expostulation, and Hicks laughed and submitted. Then, after a silent excursion to the other side of the ship, he would return and renew his one-sided quarrel. Staniford seemed to forbid the interference of the crew, and alternately soothed and baffled his tedious adversary, who could still be heard accusing him of slinging criticism, and challenging him to combat. He leaned with his back to the rail, and now looked quietly into Hicks's crazy face, when the latter paused in front of him, and now looked down with a worried, wearied air. At last he

crossed to the other side, and began to come aft again.

"Mr. Dunham!" cried Lydia, starting up. "I know what Mr. Staniford wants to do. He wants to keep him away from me. Let me go down to the cabin. I can't walk; *please* help me!" Her eyes were full of tears, and the hand trembled that she laid on Dunham's arm, but she controlled her voice.

He softly repressed her, while he intently watched Staniford. "No, no!"

"But he can't bear it much longer," she pleaded. "And if he should" —

"Staniford would never strike him," said Dunham, calmly. "Don't be afraid. Look! He's coming back with him; he's trying to get him below; they'll shut him up there. That's the only chance. Sit down, please." She dropped into her seat, hid her eyes for an instant, and then fixed them again on the two young men.

Hicks had got between Staniford and the rail. He seized him by the arm, and, pulling him round, suddenly struck at him. It was too much for his wavering balance: his feet shot from under him, and he went backwards in a crooked whirl and tumble, over the vessel's side.

Staniford uttered a cry of disgust and rage. "Oh, you little brute!" he shouted, and with what seemed a single gesture he flung off his coat and the low shoes he wore, and leaped over the railing after him.

The cry of "Man overboard!" rang round the ship, and Captain Jenness's order, "Lower a boat, Mr. Mason," came, quick as it was, after the second mate and two of the men were already in the boat, and she was sliding from her davits.

When the boat touched the water, two heads had appeared above the surface terribly far away. "Hold on, for God's sake! We'll be there in a second."

"All right!" Staniford's voice called back. "Be quick." The heads rose and sank with the undulation of the water. The swift boat appeared to crawl.

By the time it reached the place where they had been seen, the heads disappeared, and the men in the boat seemed

to be rowing blindly about. The mate stood upright. Suddenly he dropped and clutched at something over the boat's side. The people on the ship could see three hands on her gunwale; a figure was pulled up into the boat, and proved to be Hicks; then Staniford, seizing the gunwale with both hands, swung himself in.

A shout went up from the ship, and Staniford waved his hand. Lydia waited where she hung upon the rail, clutching it hard with her hands, till the boat was along-side. Then from white she turned fire-red, and ran below and locked herself in her room.

XVII.

Dunham followed Staniford to their room, and he helped him off with his wet clothes. He tried to say something ideally fit in recognition of his heroic act, and he articulated some bald common-places of praise, and shook Staniford's clammy hand. "Yes," said the latter, submitting; "but the difficulty about a thing of this sort is that you don't know whether you haven't been an ass. It has been pawed over so much by the romancers that you don't feel like a hero in real life, but a hero of fiction. I've a notion that Hicks and I looked rather ridiculous going over the ship's side; I know we did, coming back. No man can reveal his greatness of soul in wet clothes. Did Miss Blood laugh?"

"Staniford!" said Dunham, in an accent of reproach. "You do her great injustice. She felt what you had done in the way you would wish, — if you cared."

"What did she say?" asked Staniford, quickly.

"Nothing. But" —

"That's an easy way of expressing one's admiration of heroic behavior. I hope she'll stick to that line. I hope she won't feel it at all necessary to say anything in recognition of my prowess; it would be extremely embarrassing. I've got Hicks back again, but I could n't stand any gratitude for it. Not that

I'm ashamed of the performance. Perhaps if it had been anybody but Hicks, I should have waited for them to lower a boat. But Hicks had peculiar claims. You could n't let a man you disliked so much welter round a great while. Where is the poor old fellow? Is he clothed and in his right mind again?"

"He seemed to be sober enough," said Dunham, "when he came on board; but I don't think he's out yet."

"We must let Thomas in to gather up this bathing-suit," observed Staniford. "What a Newportish flavor it gives the place!" He was excited, and in great gayety of spirits.

He and Dunham went out into the cabin, where they found Captain Jenness pacing to and fro. "Well, sir," he said, taking Staniford's hand, and crossing his right with his left, so as to include Dunham in his congratulations, "you ought to have been a sailor!" Then he added, as if the unqualified praise might seem fulsome, "But if you'd been a sailor, you would n't have tried a thing like that. You'd have had more sense. The chances were ten to one against you."

Staniford laughed. "Was it so bad as that? I shall begin to respect myself."

The captain did not answer, but his iron grip closed hard upon Staniford's hand, and he frowned in keen inspection of Hicks, who at that moment came out of his state-room, looking pale and quite sobered. Captain Jenness surveyed him from head to foot, and then from foot to head, and pausing at the level of his eyes he said, still holding Staniford by the hand: "The trouble with a man aboard ship is that he can't turn a blackguard out-of-doors just when he likes. The Aroostook puts in at Messina. You'll be treated well till we get there, and then if I find you on my vessel five minutes after she comes to anchor, I'll heave you overboard, and I'll take care that nobody jumps after you. Do you hear? And you won't find me doing any such fool kindness as I did when I took you on board, soon again."

"Oh, I say, Captain Jenness," began Staniford.

"He's all right," interrupted Hicks. "I'm a blackguard; I know it; and I don't think I was worth fishing up. But you've done it, and I must n't go back on you, I suppose." He lifted his poor, weak, bad little face, and looked Staniford in the eyes with a pathos that belied the slang of his speech. The latter released his hand from Captain Jenness and gave it to Hicks, who wrung it, as he kept looking him in the eyes, while his lips twitched pitifully, like a child's. The captain gave a quick snort either of disgust or of sympathy, and turned abruptly about and bundled himself up out of the cabin.

"I say!" exclaimed Staniford, "a cup of coffee would n't be bad, would it? Let's have some coffee, Thomas, about as quick as the cook can make it," he added, as the boy came out from his state-room with a lump of wet clothes in his hands. "You wanted some coffee a little while ago," he said to Hicks, who hung his head at the joke.

For the rest of the day Staniford was the hero of the ship. The men looked at him from a distance, and talked of him together. Mr. Watterson hung about whenever Captain Jenness drew near him, as if in the hope of overhearing some acceptable expression in which he could second his superior officer. Failing this, and being driven to despair, "Find the water pretty cold, sir?" he asked at last; and after that seemed to feel that he had discharged his duty as well as might be under the extraordinary circumstances.

The second mate, during the course of the afternoon, contrived to pass near Staniford. "Why, there wa' n't no need of your doing it," he said, in a bated tone. "I could ha' had him out with the boat, soon enough."

Staniford treasured up these meagre expressions of the general approbation, and would not have had them different. From this time, within the narrow bounds that brought them all necessarily together in some sort, Hicks abolished himself as nearly as possible. He chose often

to join the second mate at meals, which Mr. Mason, in accordance with the discipline of the ship, took apart both from the crew and his superior officers. Mason treated the voluntary outcast with a sort of sarcastic compassion, as a man whose fallen state was not without its points as a joke to the indifferent observer, and yet might appeal to the pity of one who knew such cases through the misery they inflicted. Staniford heard him telling Hicks about his brother-in-law, and dwelling upon the peculiar relief which the appearance of his name in the mortality list gave all concerned in him. Hicks seemed to listen in apathetic patience and acquiescence; and Staniford thought that he enjoyed, as much as he could enjoy anything, the second officer's frankness. For his own part, he found that having made bold to keep this man in the world he had assumed a curious responsibility towards him. It became his business to show him that he was not shunned by his fellow-creatures, to hearten and cheer him up. It was heavy work. Hicks with his joke was sometimes odious company, but he was also sometimes amusing; without it, he was of a terribly dull conversation. He accepted Staniford's friendliness too meekly for good comradeship; he let it add, apparently, to his burden of gratitude, rather than lessen it. Staniford smoked with him, and told him stories; he walked up and down with him, and made a point of parading their good understanding, but his spirits seemed to sink the lower. "Deuce take him!" mused his benefactor; "he's in love with her!" But he had the satisfaction, such as it was, of now seeing that if he was in love he was quite without hope. Lydia had never relented in her abhorrence of Hicks since the day of his disgrace. There seemed no scorn in her condemnation, but neither was there any mercy. In her simple life she had kept unsophisticated the severe morality of a child, and it was this that judged him, that found him unpardonable and outlawed him. He had never ventured to speak to her since that day, and Staniford never saw her look at him except

when Hicks was not looking, and then with a repulsion which was very curious. Staniford could have pitied him, and might have interceded so far as to set him nearer right in her eyes; but he felt that she avoided him, too; there were no more walks on the deck, no more readings in the cabin; the checker-board, which professed to be the History of England, In 2 Vols., remained a closed book. The good companionship of a former time, in which they had so often seemed like brothers and sister, was gone. "Hicks has smashed our Happy Family," Staniford said to Dunham, with little pleasure in his joke. "Upon my word, I think I had better have left him in the water." Lydia kept a great deal in her own room; sometimes when Staniford came down into the cabin he found her there, talking with Thomas of little things that amuse children; sometimes when he went on deck in the evening she would be there in her accustomed seat, and the second mate, with face and figure half averted, and staying himself by one hand on the shrouds, would be telling her something to which she listened with lifted chin and attentive eyes. The mate would go away when Staniford appeared, but that did not not help matters, for then Lydia went too. At table she said very little; she had the effect of placing herself more and more under the protection of the captain. The golden age, when they had all laughed and jested so freely and fearlessly together, under her pretty sovereignty, was past, and they seemed far dispersed in a common exile. Staniford imagined she grew pale and thin; he asked Dunham if he did not see it, but Dunham had not observed. "I think matters have taken a very desirable shape, socially," he said. "Miss Blood will reach her friends as fancy-free as she left home."

"Yes," Staniford assented vaguely; "that's the great object."

After a while Dunham asked, "She's never said anything to you about your rescuing Hicks?"

"Rescuing? What rescuing? They'd have had him out in another minute, any

way," said Staniford, fretfully. Then he brooded angrily upon the subject: "But I can tell you what: considering all the circumstances, she might very well have said something. It looks obtuse, or it looks hard. She must have known that it all came about through my trying to keep him away from her."

"Oh, yes; she knew that," said Dunham; "she spoke of it at the time. But I thought" —

"Oh, she did! Then I think that it would be very little if she recognized the mere fact that something had happened."

"Why, you said you hoped she would n't. You said it would be embarrassing. You're hard to please, Staniford."

"I should n't choose to have her speak for *my* pleasure," Staniford returned. "But it argues a dullness and coldness in her" —

"I don't believe she's dull; I don't believe she's cold," said Dunham, warmly.

"What *do* you believe she is?"

"Afraid."

"Pshaw!" said Staniford.

The eve of their arrival at Messina, he discharged one more duty by telling Hicks that he had better come on to Trieste with them. "Captain Jenness asked me to speak to you about it," he said. "He feels a little awkward, and thought I could open the matter better."

"The captain's all right," answered Hicks, with unruffled humility, "but I'd rather stop at Messina. I'm going to get home as soon as I can, — strike a bee-line."

"Look here!" said Staniford, laying his hand on his shoulder. "How are you going to manage for money?"

"Monte di Pietà," replied Hicks. "I've been there before. Used to have most of my things in the care of the state when I was studying medicine in Paris. I've got a lot of rings and trinkets that'll carry me through, with what's left of my watch."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure."

"Because you can draw on me, if you're going to be short."

"Thanks," said Hicks. "There's something I should like to ask you," he added, after a moment. "I see as well as you do that Miss Blood is n't the same as she was before. I want to know — I can't always be sure afterwards — whether I did or said anything out of the way in her presence."

"You were drunk," said Staniford, frankly, "but beyond that you were irreproachable, as regarded Miss Blood. You were even exemplary."

"Yes, I know," said Hicks, with a joyless laugh. "Sometimes it takes that turn. I don't think I could stand it if I had shown her any disrespect. She's a lady, — a perfect lady; she's the best girl I ever saw."

"Hicks," said Staniford, presently, "I have n't bored you in regard to that little foible of yours. Are n't you going to try to do something about it?"

"I'm going home to get them to shut me up somewhere," answered Hicks. "But I doubt if anything can be done. I've studied the thing; I'm a doctor, — or I would be if I were not a drunkard, — and I've diagnosed the case pretty thoroughly. For three months or four months, now, I shall be all right. After that I shall go to the bad for a few weeks; and I'll have to scramble back the best way I can. Nobody can help me. That was the mistake this last time. I should n't have wanted anything at Gibraltar if I could have had my spree out at Boston. But I let them take me before it was over, and ship me off. I thought I'd try it. Well, it was like a burning fire every minute, all the way. I thought I should die. I tried to get something from the sailors; I tried to steal Gabriel's cooking-wine. When I got that brandy at Gibraltar I was wild. Talk about heroism! I tell you it was superhuman, keeping that canteen corked till night! I was in hopes I could get through it, — sleep it off, — and nobody be any the wiser. But it would n't work. O Lord, Lord, Lord!"

Hicks was as common a soul as could well be. His conception of life was vulgar, and his experience of it was probably vulgar. He possessed a good mind

enough, with abundance of that humorous brightness which may hereafter be found the most national quality of the Americans; but his ideals were pitiful, and the language of his heart was a drolling slang. Yet his doom lifted him above his low conditions, and made him tragic; his despair gave him the dignity of a mysterious expiation, and set him apart with all those who suffer beyond human help. Without deceiving himself as to the quality of the man, Staniford felt awed by the darkness of his fate.

"Can't you try somehow to stand up against it, and fight it off? You're so young yet, it can't"—

The wretched creature burst into tears. "Oh, try,—try! You don't know what you're talking about. Don't you suppose I've had reasons for trying? If you could see how my mother looks when I come out of one of my drunks,—and my father, poor old man! It's no use; I tell you it's no use. I shall go just so long, and then I shall want it, and *will* have it, unless they shut me up for life. My God, I wish I was dead! Well!" He rose from the place where they had been sitting together, and held out his hand to Staniford. "I'm going to be off in the morning before you're out, and I'll say good-by now. I want you to keep this chair, and give it to Miss Blood, for me, when you get to Trieste."

"I will, Hicks," said Staniford, gently.

"I want her to know that I was ashamed of myself. I think she'll like to know it."

"I will say anything to her that you wish," replied Staniford.

"There's nothing else. If ever you see a man with my complaint fall overboard again, think twice before you jump after him."

He wrung Staniford's hand, and went below, leaving him with a dull remorse that he should ever have hated Hicks, and that he could not quite like him even now.

But he did his duty by him to the last. He rose at dawn, and was on

deck when Hicks went over the side into the boat which was to row him to the steamer for Naples, lying at anchor not far off. He presently returned, to Staniford's surprise, and scrambled up to the deck of the Aroostook. "The steamer sails to-night," he said, "and perhaps I could n't raise the money by that time. I wish you'd lend me ten napoleons. I'll send 'em to you from London. There's my father's address: I'm going to telegraph to him." He handed Staniford a card, and the latter went below for the coins. "Thanks," said Hicks, when he reappeared with them. "Send 'em to you where?"

"Care Blumenthals', Venice. I'm going to be there some weeks."

In the gray morning light the lurid color of tragedy had faded out of Hicks. He was merely a baddish-looking young fellow whom Staniford had lent ten napoleons that he might not see again. Staniford watched the steamer uneasily, both from the Aroostook and from the shore, where he strolled languidly about with Dunham part of the day. When she sailed in the evening, he felt that Hicks's absence was worth twice the money.

XVIII.

The young men did not come back to the ship at night, but went to a hotel, for the greater convenience of seeing the city. They had talked of offering to show Lydia about, but their talk had not ended in anything. Vexed with himself to be vexed at such a thing, Staniford at the bottom of his heart had a soreness which the constant sight of her irritated. It was in vain that he said there was no occasion, perhaps no opportunity, for her to speak, yet he was hurt that she seemed to have seen nothing uncommon in his risking his own life for that of a man like Hicks. He had set the action low enough in his own speech; but he knew that it was not ignoble, and it puzzled him that it should be so passed over. She had not even said a word of congratulation upon his own escape. It might be that she did

not know how, or did not think it was her place to speak. She was curiously estranged. He felt as if he had been away, and she had grown from a young girl into womanhood during his absence. This fantastic conceit was strongest when he met her with Captain Jenness one day. He had found friends at the hotel, as one always does in Italy, if one's world is at all wide, — some young ladies, and a lady, now married, with whom he had once violently flirted. She was willing that he should envy her husband. That amused him in his embittered mood; he let her drive him about; and they met Lydia and the captain, walking together. Staniford started up from his lounging ease, as if her limpid gaze had searched his conscience, and bowed with an air which did not escape his companion.

"Ah! Who's that?" she asked, with the boldness which she made pass for eccentricity.

"A lady of my acquaintance," said Staniford, at his laziest again.

"A lady?" said the other, with an inflection that she saw hurt. "Why the marine animal, then? She bowed very prettily; she blushed prettily, too."

"She's a very pretty girl," replied Staniford.

"Charming! But why blush?"

"I've heard that there are ladies who blush for nothing."

"Is she Italian?"

"Yes, — in voice."

"Oh, an American *prima donna*!" Staniford did not answer. "Who is she? Where is she from?"

"South Bradfield, Mass." Staniford's eyes twinkled at her pursuit, which he did not trouble himself to turn aside, but baffled by mere impenetrability.

The party at the hotel suggested that the young men should leave their ship and go on with them to Naples; Dunham was tempted; but Staniford overruled him, and at the end of four days they went back to the Aroostook. They said it was like getting home, but in fact they felt the change from the airy heights and breadths of the hotel to the small cabin and the closets in which they

slept; it was not so great alleviation as Captain Jenness seemed to think that one of them could now have Hicks's state-room. But Dunham took everything sweetly, as his habit was; and, after all, they were meeting their hardships voluntarily. Some of the ladies came with them in the boat which rowed them to the Aroostook; the name made them laugh; that lady who wished Staniford to regret her waved him her handkerchief as the boat rowed away again. She had with difficulty been kept from coming on board by the refusal of the others to come with her. She had contrived to associate herself with him again in the minds of the others, and this, perhaps, was all that she desired. But the sense of her frivolity — her not so much vacant-mindedness as vacant-heartedness — was like a stain, and he painted in Lydia's face when they first met the reproach which was in his own breast.

Her greeting, however, was frank and cordial; it was a real welcome. Staniford wondered if it were not more frank and cordial than he quite liked, and whether she was merely relieved by Hicks's absence, or had freed herself from that certain subjection in which she had hitherto been to himself.

Yet it was charming to see her again as she had been in the happiest moments of the past, and to feel that, Hicks being out of her world, her trust of everybody in it was perfect once more. She treated that interval of coldness and diffidence as all women know how to treat a thing which they wish not to have been; and Staniford, a man on whom no pleasing art of her sex was ever lost, admired and gratefully accepted the effect of this. He fell luxuriously into the old habits again. They had still almost the time of a steamer's voyage to Europe before them; it was as if they were newly setting sail from America. The first night after they left Messina Staniford found her in her old place in the waist of the ship, and sat down beside her there, and talked; the next night she did not come; the third she came, and he asked her to walk with him. The elastic touch of

her hand on his arm, the rhythmic movement of her steps beside him, were things that seemed always to have been. She told him of what she had seen and done in Messina. This glimpse of Italy had vividly animated her; she had apparently found a world within herself as well as without.

With a suddenly depressing sense of loss, Staniford had a prevision of splendor in her, when she should have wholly blossomed out in that fervid air of art and beauty; he would fain have kept her still a wilding rosebud of the New England wayside. He hated the officers who should wonder at her when she first came into the Square of St. Mark with her aunt and uncle.

Her talk about Messina went on; he was thinking of her, and not of her talk; but he saw that she was not going to refer to their encounter. "You make me jealous of the objects of interest in Messina," he said. "You seem to remember seeing everything but me, there."

She stopped abruptly. "Yes," she said, after a deep breath, "I saw you there;" and she did not offer to go on again.

"Where were you going, that morning?"

"Oh, to the cathedral. Captain Jenness left me there, and I looked all through it till he came back from the consulate."

"Left you there alone!" cried Staniford.

"Yes; I told him I should not feel lonely, and I should not stir out of it till he came back. I took one of those little pine chairs and sat down, when I got tired, and looked at the people coming to worship, and the strangers with their guide-books."

"Did any of them look at you?"

"They stared a good deal. It seems to be the custom in Europe; but I told Captain Jenness I should probably have to go about by myself in Venice, as my aunt's an invalid, and I had better get used to it."

She paused, and seemed to be referring the point to Staniford.

"Yes, — oh, yes," he said.

"Captain Jenness said it was their way, over here," she resumed; "but he guessed I had as much right in a church as anybody."

"The captain's common sense is infallible," answered Staniford. He was ashamed to know that the beautiful young girl was as improperly alone in church as she would have been in a café, and he began to hate the European world for the fact. It seemed better to him that the Aroostook should put about and sail back to Boston with her, as she was, — better that she should be going to her aunt in South Bradfield than to her aunt in Venice. "We shall soon be at our journey's end, now," he said, after a while.

"Yes; the captain thinks in about eight days, if we have good weather."

"Shall you be sorry?"

"Oh, I like the sea very well."

"But the new life you are coming to, — does n't that alarm you sometimes?"

"Yes, it does," she admitted, with a kind of reluctance.

"So much that you would like to turn back from it?"

"Oh, no!" she answered quickly. Of course not, Staniford thought; nothing could be worse than going back to South Bradfield. "I keep thinking about it," she added. "You say Venice is such a very strange place. Is it any use my having seen Messina?"

"Oh, all Italian cities have something in common."

"I presume," she went on, "that after I get there everything will become natural. But I don't like to look forward. It — scares me. I can't form any idea of it."

"You need n't be afraid," said Staniford. "It's only more beautiful than anything you can imagine."

"Yes — yes; I know," Lydia answered.

"And do you really dread getting there?"

"Yes, I dread it," she said.

"Why," returned Staniford lightly, "so do I; but it's for a different reason, I'm afraid. I should like such a voyage as this to go on forever. Now

and then I think it will; it seems always to have gone on. Can you remember when it began?"

"A great while ago," she answered, humoring his fantasy, "but I can remember." She paused a long while. "I don't know," she said at last, "whether I can make you understand just how I feel. But it seems to me as if I had died, and this long voyage was a kind of dream that I was going to wake up from in another world. I often used to think, when I was a little girl, that when I got to heaven it would be lonesome — I don't know whether I can express it. You say that Italy — that Venice — is so beautiful; but if I don't know any one there" — She stopped, as if she had gone too far.

"But you do know somebody there," said Staniford. "Your aunt" —

"Yes," said the girl, and looked away.

"But the people in this long dream, — you're going to let some of them appear to you there," he suggested.

"Oh, yes," she said, reflecting his lighter humor, "I shall want to see them, or I shall not know I am the same person, and I must be sure of myself, at least."

"And you would n't like to go back to earth — to South Bradfield again?" he asked presently.

"No," she answered. "All that seems over forever. I could n't go back there and be what I was. I could have stayed there, but I could n't go back."

Staniford laughed. "I see that it is n't the other world that's got hold of you! It's *this* world! I don't believe you'll be unhappy in Italy. But it's pleasant to think you've been so contented on the Aroostook that you hate to leave it. I don't believe there's a man on the ship that would n't feel personally flattered to know that you liked being here. Even that poor fellow who parted from us at Messina was anxious that you should think as kindly of him as you could. He knew that he had behaved in a way to shock you, and he was very sorry. He left a message with me for you. He thought you would like

to know that he was ashamed of himself."

"I pitied him," said Lydia succinctly. It was the first time that she had referred to Hicks, and Staniford found it in character for her to limit herself to this sparse comment. Evidently, her compassion was a religious duty. Staniford's generosity came easy to him.

"I feel bound to say that Hicks was not a bad fellow. I disliked him immensely, and I ought to do him justice, now he's gone. He deserved all your pity. He's a doomed man; his vice is irreparable; I suppose it's inherited; he can't resist it." Lydia did not say anything: women do not generalize in these matters; perhaps they cannot pity the faults of those they do not love. Staniford only forgave Hicks the more. "I can't say that up to the last moment I thought him anything but a poor, common little creature; and yet I certainly did feel a greater kindness for him after — what I — after what has happened. He left something more than a message for you, Miss Blood; he left his steamer chair yonder, for you."

"For me?" demanded Lydia. Staniford felt her thrill and grow rigid upon his arm, with refusal. "I will not have it. He had no right to do so. He — he — was dreadful! I will give it to you!" she said, suddenly. "He ought to have given it to you. You did everything for him; you saved his life."

It was clear that she did not sentimentalize Hicks's case; and Staniford had some doubt as to the value she set upon what he had done, even now she had recognized it.

He said, "I think you overestimate my service to him, possibly. I dare say the boat could have picked him up in good time."

"Yes, that's what the captain and Mr. Watterson and Mr. Mason all said," assented Lydia.

Staniford was nettled. He would have preferred a devoted belief that but for him Hicks must have perished. Besides, what she said still gave no clue to her feeling in regard to himself. He was obliged to go on, but he went on as

indifferently as he could. "However, it was hardly a question for me at the time whether he could have been got out without my help. If I had thought about it at all — which I did n't — I suppose I should have thought that it would n't do to take any chances."

"Oh, no," said Lydia, simply, "you could n't have done anything less than you did."

In his heart Staniford had often thought that he could have done very much less than jump overboard after Hicks, and could very properly have left him to the ordinary life-saving apparatus of the ship. But if he had been putting the matter to some lady in society who was aggressively praising him for his action, he would have said just what Lydia had said for him, — that he could not have done anything less. He might have said it, however, in such a way that the lady would have pursued his feigned retreat from her praises with still fonder applause; whereas this girl seemed to think there was nothing else to be said. He began to stand in awe of her heroic simplicity. If she drew every-day breath in that lofty air, what could she really think of him, who preferred on principle the atmosphere of the valley? But it was very possible. "Do you know, Miss Blood," he said gravely, "that you pay me a very high compliment?"

"How?" she asked.

"You rate my maximum as my mean temperature." He felt that she listened inquiringly. "I don't think I'm habitually up to a thing of that kind," he explained.

"Oh, no," she assented, quietly; "but when he struck at you so, you had to do everything."

"Ah, you have the pitiless Puritan conscience that takes the life out of us all!" cried Staniford, with sudden bitterness. Lydia seemed startled, almost shocked, and her hand trembled on his arm, as if she had a mind to take it away. "I was a long time laboring up to that point. I suppose you are always there!"

"I don't understand," she said, turn-

ing her head round with the slow motion of her beauty, and looking him full in the face.

"I can't explain now. I will, by and by, — when we get to Venice," he added, with quick lightness.

"You put off everything till we get to Venice," she said, doubtfully.

"I beg your pardon. It was you who did it the last time."

"Was it?" She laughed. "So it was! I was thinking it was you."

It consoled him a little that she should have confused them in her thought, in this way. "What was it you were to tell me in Venice?" he asked.

"I can't think, now."

"Very likely something of yourself — or myself. A third person might say our conversational range was limited."

"Do you think it is very egotistical?" she asked, in the gay tone which gave him relief from the sense of oppressive elevation of mind in her.

"It is in me, — not in you."

"But I don't see the difference."

"I will explain some time."

"When we get to Venice?"

They both laughed. It was very nonsensical; but nonsense is sometimes enough.

When they were serious again, "Tell me," he said, "what you thought of that lady in Messina, the other day."

She did not affect not to know whom he meant. She merely said, "I only saw her a moment."

"But you thought something. If we only see people a second we form some opinion of them."

"She is very fine - appearing," said Lydia.

Staniford smiled at the countrified phrase; he had observed that when she spoke her mind she used an instinctive good language; when she would not speak it, she fell into the phraseology of the people with whom she had lived. "I see you don't wish to say, because you think she is a friend of mine. But you can speak out freely. We were not friends; we were enemies, if anything."

Staniford's meaning was clear enough to himself; but Lydia paused, as if in

doubt whether he was jesting or not, before she asked, "Why were you riding with her then?"

"I was driving with her," he replied, "I suppose, because she asked me."

"*Asked you!*" cried the girl; and he perceived her moral recoil both from himself and from a woman who could be so unseemly. He thought how delicious that lady would have found it if she could have known that a girl placed like Lydia was shocked at her behavior. But he was not amused. He was touched by the simple self-respect that would not let her suffer from what was not wrong in itself, but that made her shrink from a voluntary semblance of unwomanliness. It endeared her not only to his pity, but to that sense which in every man consecrates womanhood, and waits for some woman to be better than all her sex. Again he felt the pang he had remotely known before. What would she do with these ideals of hers in that depraved Old World, — so long past trouble for its sins as to have got a sort of sweetness and innocence in them, — where her facts would be utterly irreconcilable with her ideals, and equally incomprehensible?

They walked up and down a few turns without speaking again of that lady. He knew that she grew momentarily more constrained toward him; that the pleasure of the time was spoiled for her; that she had lost her trust in him; and this half amused, half afflicted him. It did not surprise him when, at their third approach to the cabin gangway, she withdrew her hand from his arm and said, stiffly, "I think I will go down." But she did not go at once. She lingered, and after a certain hesitation she said, without looking at him, "I did n't express what I wanted to, about Mr. Hicks, and — what you did. It is what I thought you would do."

"Thanks," said Staniford, with sincere humility. He understood how she had had this in her mind, and how she would not withhold justice from him because he had fallen in her esteem; how rather she would be the more resolute to do him justice for that reason.

XIX.

He could see that she avoided being alone with him the next day, but he took it for a sign of relenting, perhaps helpless relenting, that she was in her usual place on deck at night. He went to her, and, "I see that you have n't forgiven me," he said.

"Forgiven you?" she echoed.

"Yes," he said, "for letting that lady ask me to drive with her."

"I never said" — she began.

"Oh, no! But I knew it, all the same. It was not such a very wicked thing, as those things go. But I liked your not liking it. Will you let me say something to you?"

"Yes," she answered, rather breathlessly.

"You must think it's rather an odd thing to say, as I ask leave. It is; and I hardly know how to say it. I want to tell you that I've made bold to depend a great deal upon your good opinion for my peace of mind, of late, and that I can't well do without it now."

She stole the quickest of her bird-like glances at him, but did not speak; and though she seemed, to his anxious fancy, poising for flight, she remained, and merely looked away, like the bird that will not or cannot fly.

"You don't resent my making you my outer conscience, do you, and my knowing that you're not quite pleased with me?"

She looked down and away with one of those turns of the head, so precious when one who beholds them is young, and caught at the fringe of her shawl. "I have no right," she began.

"Oh, I give you the right!" he cried, with passionate urgency. "You have the right. Judge me!" She only looked more grave, and he hurried on. "It was no great harm of her to ask me; that's common enough; but it was harm of me to go if I did n't quite respect her, — if I thought her silly, and was willing to be amused with her. One has n't any right to do that. I saw this when I saw you." She still hung her head,

and looked away. "I want you to tell me something," he pursued. "Do you remember once — the second time we talked together — that you said Dunham was in earnest, and you would n't answer when I asked you about myself? Do you remember?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"I did n't care, then. I care very much now. You don't think me — you think I can be in earnest when I will, don't you? And that I can regret — that I really wish" — He took the hand that played with the shawl-fringe, but she softly drew it away.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "You can't believe in me. You don't believe that I can be a good man — like Dunham!"

She answered in the same breathless murmur, "I think you are good." Her averted face drooped lower.

"I will tell you all about it, some day!" he cried, with joyful vehemence. "Will you let me?"

"Yes," she answered, with the swift expulsion of breath that sometimes comes with tears. She rose quickly and turned away. He did not try to keep her from leaving him. His heart beat tumultuously; his brain seemed in a whirl. It all meant nothing, or it meant everything.

"What is the matter with Miss Blood?" asked Dunham, who joined him at this moment. "I just spoke to her at the foot of the gangway stairs, and she would n't answer me."

"Oh, I don't know about Miss Blood — I don't know what's the matter," said Staniford. "Look here, Dunham; I want to talk with you — I want to tell you something — I want you to advise me — I — There's only one thing that can explain it, that can excuse it. There's only one thing that can justify all that I've done and said, and that can not only justify it, but can make it sacredly and eternally right, — right for her and right for me. Yes, it's reason for all, and for a thousand times more. It makes it fair for me to have let her see that I thought her beautiful and charming, that I delighted to be with her, that I — Dunham," cried Staniford, "I'm in love!"

Dunham started at the burst in which these ravings ended. "Staniford," he faltered, with grave regret, "I *hope* not!"

"You hope not? You — you — What do you mean? How else can I free myself from the self-reproach of having trifled with her, of" —

Dunham shook his head compassionately. "You can't do it that way. Your only safety is to fight it to the death, — to run from it."

"But if I don't *choose* to fight it?" shouted Staniford, — "if I don't *choose* to run from it? If I" —

"For Heaven's sake, hush! The whole ship will hear you, and you ought n't to breathe it in the desert. I saw how it was going! I dreaded it; I knew it; and I longed to speak. I'm to blame for not speaking!"

"I should like to know what would have authorized you to speak?" demanded Staniford, haughtily.

"Only my regard for you; only what urges me to speak now! You *must* fight it, Staniford, whether you choose or not. Think of yourself, — think of her! Think — you have always been my ideal of honor and truth and loyalty — think of her husband" —

"Her husband!" gasped Staniford. "Whose husband? What the deuce — *who* the deuce — are you talking about, Dunham?"

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Mrs. Rivers? That flimsy, feather-headed, empty-hearted — eyes-maker! That frivolous, ridiculous — Pah! And did you think that I was talking of *her*? Did you think I was in love with *her*?"

"Why," stammered Dunham, "I supposed — I thought — At Messina, you know" —

"Oh!" Staniford walked the deck's length away. "Well, Dunham," he said, as he came back, "you've spoilt a pretty scene with your rot about Mrs. Rivers. I was going to be romantic! But perhaps I'd better say in ordinary newspaper English that I've just found out that I'm in love with Miss Blood."

"With *her*!" cried Dunham, springing at his hand.

"Oh, come now! Don't *you* be romantic, after knocking *my* chance."

"Why, but Staniford!" said Dunham, wringing his hand with a lover's joy in another's love and his relief that it was not Mrs. Rivers. "I never should have dreamt of such a thing!"

"Why?" asked Staniford, shortly.

"Oh, the way you talked at first, you know, and" —

"I suppose even people who get married have something to take back about each other," said Staniford, rather sheepishly. "However," he added, with an impulse of frankness, "I don't know that I should have dreamt of it myself, and I don't blame you. But it's a fact, nevertheless."

"Why, of course. It's splendid! Certainly. It's magnificent!" There was undoubtedly a qualification, a reservation, in Dunham's tone. He might have thought it right to bring the inequalities of the affair to Staniford's mind. With all his effusive kindliness of heart and manner, he had a keen sense of social fitness, a nice feeling for convention. But a man does not easily suggest to another that the girl with whom he has just declared himself in love is his inferior. What Dunham finally did say was: "It jumps with all your ideas — all your old talk about not caring to marry a society girl" —

"Society might be very glad of such a girl!" said Staniford, stiffly.

"Yes, yes, certainly; but I mean" —

"Oh, I know what you mean. It's all right," said Staniford. "But it is n't a question of marrying yet. I can't be sure she understood me, — I've been so long understanding myself. And yet, she must, she must! She must believe it by this time, or else that I am the most infamous scoundrel alive. When I think how I have sought her out, and followed her up, and asked her judgment, and hung upon her words, I feel that I ought n't to lose a moment in being explicit. I don't care for myself; she can take me or leave me, as she likes; but if she does n't understand, she mustn't be left in suspense as to my meaning." He seemed to be speaking to Dunham, but he was

really thinking aloud, and Dunham waited for some sort of question before he spoke. "But it's a great satisfaction to have had it out with myself. I have n't got to pretend any more that I hang about her, and look at her, and go mooning round after her, for this no-reason and that; I've got the best reason in the world for playing the fool, — I'm in love!" He drew a long, deep breath.

"It simplifies matters immensely to have reached the point of acknowledging that. Why, Dunham, those four days at Messina almost killed me! They settled it. When that woman was in full fascination it made me gasp. I choked for a breath of fresh air; for a taste of spring-water; for — Lurella!" It was a long time since Staniford had used this name, and the sound of it made him laugh. "It's droll — but I always think of her as Lurella; I wish it *was* her name! Why, it was like heaven to see her face when I got back to the ship. Mrs. Rivers was very hot upon the scent, after we met her that day at Messina. She tried her best to get out of me who it was, and where I met her. But I flatter myself that I was equal to *that* emergency."

Dunham said nothing, at once. Then, "Staniford," he faltered, "she got it out of me."

"Did you tell her who Lu— who Miss Blood was?"

"Yes."

"And how I happened to be acquainted with her?"

"Yes."

"And that we were going on to Trieste with her?"

"She had it out of me before I knew," said Dunham. "I did n't realize what she was after; and I did n't realize how peculiar the situation might seem" —

"I see nothing peculiar in the situation," interrupted Staniford, haughtily. Then he laughed, consciously. "Or, yes, I do; of course I do! You must know *her* to appreciate it, though." He mused a while before he added: "No wonder Mrs. Rivers was determined to come aboard! I wish we had let her, — confound her! She'll think I was

ashamed of it. There's nothing to be ashamed of! By Heaven, I should like to hear any one" — Staniford broke off, and laughed, and then bit his lip, smiling. Suddenly he burst out again, frowning: "I won't view it in that light. I refuse to consider it from that point of view. As far as I'm concerned, it's as regular as anything else in life. It's the same to me as if she were in her own house, and I had come there to tell her that she has my future in her hand. She's such a lady by instinct that she's made it all a triumph, and I thank God that I have n't done or said anything to mar it. Even that beast of a Hicks did n't; it's no merit. I've made love to her, — I own it; of course I have, because I was in love with her; and my fault has been that I have n't made love to her openly, but have gone on fancying that I was studying her character, or some rubbish of that sort. But the fault is easily repaired." He turned about, as if he were going to look for Lydia at once, and ask her to be his wife. But he halted abruptly, and sat down. "No; that won't do," he said. "That won't do at all." He remained thinking, and Dunham, unwilling to interrupt his reverie, moved a few paces off. "Dunham, don't go. I want your advice. Perhaps I don't see it in the right light."

"How is it you see it, my dear fellow?" asked Dunham.

"I don't know whether I've a right to be explicit with her, here. It seems like taking an advantage. In a few days she will be with her friends" —

"You must wait," said Dunham, decisively. "You can't speak to her before she is in their care; it would n't be the thing. You're quite right about that."

"No, it would n't be the thing," groaned Staniford. "But how is it all to go on till then?" he demanded desperately.

"Why, just as it has before," answered Dunham, with easy confidence.

"But is that fair to her?"

"Why not? You mean to say to her at the right time all that a man can.

Till that time comes I have n't the least doubt she understands you."

"Do you think so?" asked Staniford, simply. He had suddenly grown very subject and meek to Dunham.

"Yes," said the other, with the superiority of a betrothed lover; "women are very quick about those things."

"I suppose you're right," sighed Staniford, with nothing of his wonted arrogant pretension in regard to women's moods and minds, — "I suppose you're right. And you would go on just as before?"

"I would, indeed. How could you change without making her unhappy — if she's interested in you?"

"That's true. I could imagine worse things than going on just as before. I suppose," he added, "that something more explicit has its charms; but a mutual understanding is very pleasant, — if it is a mutual understanding." He looked inquiringly at Dunham.

"Why, as to that, of course I don't know. You ought to be the best judge of that. But I don't believe your impressions would deceive you."

"Yours did, once," suggested Staniford, in suspense.

"Yes; but I was not in love with her," explained Dunham.

"Of course," said Staniford, with a breath of relief. "And you think — Well, I must wait!" he concluded, grimly. "But don't — don't mention this matter, Dunham, unless I do. Don't keep an eye on me, old fellow. Or, yes, you must! You can't help it. I want to tell you, Dunham, what makes me think she may be a not wholly uninterested spectator of my — sentiments." He made a full statement of words and looks and tones. Dunham listened with the patience which one lover has with another.

XX.

The few days that yet remained of their voyage were falling in the latter half of September, and Staniford tried to make the young girl see the surpassing loveliness of that season under Ital-

ian skies; the fierceness of the summer is then past, and at night, when chiefly they inspected the firmament, the heaven has begun to assume something of the intense blue it wears in winter. She said yes, it was very beautiful, but she could not see that the days were finer, or the skies bluer, than those of September at home; and he laughed at her loyalty to the American weather. "Don't you think so, too?" she asked, as if it pained her that he should like Italian weather better.

"Oh, yes, — yes," he said. Then he turned the talk on her, as he did whenever he could. "I like your meteorological patriotism. If I were a woman, I should stand by America in everything."

"Don't you as a man?" she pursued, still anxiously.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. "But women owe our continent a double debt of fidelity. It's the Paradise of women, it's their Promised Land, where they've been led up out of the Egyptian bondage of Europe. It's the home of their freedom. It is recognized in America that women have consciences and souls."

Lydia looked very grave. "Is it — is it so different with women in Europe?" she faltered.

"Very," he replied, and glanced at her half-laughingly, half-tenderly.

After a while, "I wish you would tell me," she said, "just what you mean. I wish you would tell me what is the difference."

"Oh, it's a long story. I will tell you — when we get to Venice." The well-worn jest served its purpose again; she laughed, and he continued: "By the way, just when will that be? The captain says that if this wind holds we shall be in Trieste by Friday afternoon. I suppose your friends will meet you there on Saturday, and that you'll go back with them to Venice at once."

"Yes," assented Lydia.

"Well, if Dunham and I should come on Monday, would that be too soon?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. He wondered if she had been vaguely hoping that he might go directly on with her to Venice. They were together all day,

now, and the long talks went on from early morning, when they met before breakfast on deck, until late at night when they parted there, with blushed and laughed good-nights. Sometimes the trust she put upon his unspoken promises was terrible; it seemed to condemn his reticence as fantastic and hazardous. With her, at least, it was clear that this love was the first; her living and loving were one. He longed to testify the devotion which he felt, to leave it unmistakable and safe past accident; he thought of making his will, in which he should give her everything, and declare her supremely dear; he could only rid himself of this by drawing up the paper in writing, and then he easily tore it in pieces.

They drew nearer together, not only in their talk about each other, but in what they said of different people in their relation to themselves. But Staniford's pleasure in the metaphysics of reciprocal appreciation, his wonder at the quickness with which she divined characters he painfully analyzed, was not greater than his joy in the pretty hitch of the shoulder with which she tucked her handkerchief into the back pocket of her sack, or the picturesqueness with which she sat facing him, and leant upon the rail, with her elbow wrapped in her shawl, and the fringe gathered in the hand which propped her cheek. He scribbled his sketch-book full of her contours and poses, which sometimes he caught unawares, and which sometimes she sat for him to draw. One day, as they sat occupied in this, "I wonder," he said, "if you have anything of my feeling, nowadays. It seems to me as if the world had gone on a pleasure excursion, without taking me along, and I was enjoying myself very much at home."

"Why, yes," she said, joyously; "do you have that feeling, too?"

"I wonder what it is makes us feel so," he ventured.

"Perhaps," she returned, "the long voyage."

"I shall hate to have the world come back, I believe," he said, reverting to the original figure. "Shall you?"

"You know I don't know much about it," she answered, in lithe evasion, for which she more than atoned with a conscious look and one of her dark blushes. Yet he chose, with a curious cruelty, to try how far she was his.

"How odd it would be," he said, "if we never should have a chance to talk up this voyage of ours when it is over!"

She started, in a way that made his heart smite him. "Why, you said you" — And then she caught herself, and struggled pitifully for the self-possession she had lost. She turned her head away; his pulse bounded.

"Did you think I would n't? I am living for that." He took the hand that lay in her lap; she seemed to try to free it, but she had not the strength or will; she could only keep her face turned from him.

XXI.

They arrived Friday afternoon in Triste, and Captain Jenness telegraphed his arrival to Lydia's uncle as he went up to the consulate with his ship's papers. The next morning the young men sent their baggage to a hotel, but they came back for a last dinner on the Aroostook. They all pretended to be very gay, but everybody was perturbed and distraught. Staniford and Dunham had paid their way handsomely with the sailors, and they had returned with remembrances in florid scarfs and jewelry for Thomas and the captain and the officers. Dunham had thought they ought to get something to give Lydia as a souvenir of their voyage; it was part of his devotion to young ladies to offer them little presents; but Staniford overruled him, and said there should be nothing of the kind. They agreed to be out of the way when her uncle came, and they said good-by after dinner. She came on deck to watch them ashore. Staniford would be the last to take leave. As he looked into her eyes, he saw brave trust of him, but he thought a sort of troubled wonder, too, as if she could not understand his reticence, and suffered

from it. There was the same latent appeal and reproach in the pose in which she watched their boat row away. She stood with one hand resting on the rail, and her slim grace outlined against the sky. He waved his hand; she answered with a little languid wave of hers; then she turned away. He felt as if he had forsaken her.

The afternoon was very long. Toward night-fall he eluded Dunham, and wandered back to the ship in the hope that she might still be there. But she was gone. Already everything was changed. There was bustle and discomfort; it seemed years since he had been there. Captain Jenness was ashore somewhere; it was the second mate who told Staniford of her uncle's coming.

"What sort of person was he?" he asked vaguely.

"Oh, well! *Dum* an Englishman, any way," said Mason, in a tone of easy, sociable explanation.

The scruple to which Staniford had been holding himself for the past four or five days seemed the most incredible of follies, — the most fantastic, the most cruel. He hurried back to the hotel; when he found Dunham coming out from the *table d'hôte* he was wild.

"I have been the greatest fool in the world, Dunham," he said. "I have let a quixotic quibble keep me from speaking when I ought to have spoken."

Dunham looked at him in stupefaction. "Where have you been?" he inquired.

"Down to the ship. I was in hopes that she might still be there. But she's gone."

"The Aroostook gone?"

"Look here, Dunham," cried Staniford, angrily, "this is the second time you've done that! If you are merely thick-witted, much can be forgiven to your helplessness; but if you've a mind to joke, let me tell you you choose your time badly."

"I'm not joking. I don't know what you're talking about. I may be thick-witted, as you say; or you may be scatter-witted," said Dunham, indignantly. "What are you after, any way?"

"What was my reason for not being explicit with her; for going away from her without one honest, manly, down-right word; for sneaking off without telling her that she was more than life to me, and that if she cared for me as I cared for her I would go on with her to Venice, and meet her people with her?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Dunham, bewildered. "We agreed that there would be a sort of — that she ought to be in their care before" —

"Then I can tell you," interrupted Staniford, "that we agreed upon the greatest piece of nonsense that ever was. A man can do no more than offer himself, and if he does less, after he's tried everything to show that he's in love with a woman, and to make her in love with him, he's a scamp to refrain from a bad motive, and an ass to refrain from a good one. Why in the name of Heaven *should n't* I have spoken, instead of leaving her to eat her heart out in wonder at my delay, and to doubt and suspect and dread — Oh!" he shouted, in supreme self-contempt.

Dunham had nothing to urge in reply. He had fallen in with what he thought Staniford's own mind in regard to the course he ought to take; since he had now changed his mind, there seemed never to have been any reason for that course.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it is n't too late yet to see her, I dare say. Let us go and find what time the trains leave for Venice."

"Do you suppose I can offer myself in the *salle d'attente*?" sneered Staniford. But he went with Dunham to the coffee-room, where they found the Osservatore Triestino and the time-table of the railroad. The last train left for Venice at ten, and it was now seven; the Austrian Lloyd steamer for Venice sailed at nine.

"Pshaw!" said Staniford, and pushed the paper away. He sat brooding over the matter before the table on which the journals were scattered, while Dunham waited for him to speak. At last he said, "I can't stand it; I must see her.

I don't know whether I told her I should come on to-morrow night or not. If she should be expecting me on Monday morning, and I should be delayed — Dunham, will you drive round with me to the Austrian Lloyd's wharf? They may be going by the boat, and if they are they'll have left their hotel. We'll try the train later. I should like to find out if they are on board. I don't know that I'll try to speak with them; very likely not."

"I'll go, certainly," answered Dunham, cordially.

"I'll have some dinner first," said Staniford. "I'm hungry."

It was quite dark when they drove on to the wharf at which the boat for Venice lay. When they arrived, a plan had occurred to Staniford, through the timidity which had already succeeded the boldness of his desperation. "Dunham," he said, "I want you to go on board, and see if she's there. I don't think I could stand not finding her. Besides, if she's cheerful and happy, perhaps I'd better not see her. You can come back and report. Confound it, you know, I should be so conscious before that infernal uncle of hers. You understand!"

"Yes, yes," returned Dunham, eager to serve Staniford in a case like this. "I'll manage it."

"Well," said Staniford, beginning to doubt the wisdom of either going aboard, "do it if you think best. I don't know" —

"Don't know what?" asked Dunham, pausing in the door of the *fiacre*.

"Oh, nothing, nothing! I hope we're not making fools of ourselves."

"You're morbid, old fellow!" said Dunham, gayly. He disappeared in the darkness, and Staniford waited, with set teeth, till he came back. He seemed a long time gone. When he returned, he stood holding fast to the open *fiacre*-door, without speaking.

"Well!" cried Staniford, with bitter impatience.

"Well what?" Dunham asked, in a stupid voice.

"Were they there?"

"I don't know. I can't tell."

"Can't tell, man? Did you go to see?"

"I think so. I'm not sure."

A heavy sense of calamity descended upon Staniford's heart, but patience came with it. "What's the matter, Dunham?" he asked, getting out tremulously.

"I don't know. I think I've had a fall, somewhere. Help me in."

Staniford got out and helped him gently to the seat, and then mounted beside him, giving the order for their return. "Where is your hat?" he asked, finding that Dunham was bareheaded.

"I don't know. It does n't matter. Am I bleeding?"

"It's so dark, I can't see."

"Put your hand here." He carried Staniford's hand to the back of his head.

"There's no blood; but you've had an ugly knock there."

"Yes, that's it," said Dunham. "I remember now; I slipped and struck my head." He lapsed away in a torpor; Staniford could learn nothing more from him.

The hurt was not what Staniford in his first anxiety had feared, but the doctor whom they called at the hotel was

vague and guarded as to everything but the time and care which must be given in any event. Staniford despaired; but there was only one thing to do. He sat down beside his friend to take care of him.

His mind was a turmoil of regrets, of anxieties, of apprehensions; but he had a superficial calmness that enabled him to meet the emergencies of the case. He wrote a letter to Lydia which he somehow knew to be rightly worded, telling her of the accident. In terms which conveyed to her all that he felt, he said that he should not see her at the time he had hoped, but promised to come to Venice as soon as he could quit his friend. Then, with a deep breath, he put that affair away for the time, and seemed to turn a key upon it.

He called a waiter, and charged him to have his letter posted at once. The man said he would give it to the *portier*, who was sending out some other letters. He returned, ten minutes later, with a number of letters which he said the *portier* had found for him at the *post restante*. Staniford glanced at them. It was no time to read them then, and he put them into the breast pocket of his coat.

W. D. Howells.

THE SECOND PLACE.

Unto my loved ones have I given all:
 The tireless service of my willing hands,
 The strength of swift feet running to their call,
 Each pulse of this fond heart whose love commands
 The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
 Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
 They give, with gracious hearts and tenderly,
 The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense
 They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
 The grief that comes despite my frail defense
 They seek to soothe upon a dearer breast.

Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade, when I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 't is sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granted me
The second place.

Susan Marr Spalding.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BY JUDICIAL DECISION.

WITHIN the past year the old question of copyright has been revived on the other side of the Atlantic, and has engaged the attention of an English commission and a continental congress. In their discussions, as in most of those in which the matter has been brought up in the United States, the aim of reformers has been generally to effect some changes through legislation. Most of their efforts have been directed towards the abolition of the practice of international piracy, which the United States has done so much to encourage, and from which in turn we are now beginning to suffer. It must be confessed that so far as the relations between England and the United States are concerned, these attempts have in the main been productive of little good; it has probably impressed those who have examined the subject casually that the copyright agitation is a rather remarkable illustration of an ineffective agitation. No international agreement has been reached, and piracy still flourishes as a profitable branch of trade. It would certainly be singular, however, if all the energy devoted by speakers and writers to this subject within the past fifty years had been absolutely wasted, and as a matter of fact it has not. Although property in ideas

has not by any means yet secured that international and universal recognition which other kinds of property enjoy, it has, during the last half century, made gains; and these seem to point to further advances in the not distant future. The legislation of both England and the United States has extended the protection first granted to authors to painters, sculptors, and composers, and it may be said that the legislation of each country, considered separately, is founded on the recognition of the general right which is still internationally denied. While this progress has been made in the tendency of legislation, what has been the course of judicial decision on the subject? It might perhaps be expected that copyright, since it has been made the subject of legislative treatment, would have received but little consideration from the courts. But, on the contrary, some of the best discussions of property in ideas are to be found in the pages of legal reports. The subject has engaged the attention of the most eminent judges in England and America, so that there is to-day probably no branch of the law of property which has been as thoroughly and exhaustively investigated. Nor has this investigation been devoid of practical results. It is the peculiarity of the

English and American system of law that its principles are supposed to have remained unchanged from time immemorial, and are merely applied by judges to new cases as these arise. This assumption, however, does not alter the fact that each new decision is really a new addition to the law, made by the judge who decides it, quite as much as a new act of Parliament or of Congress. Hence, even of subjects which the legislature undertakes to regulate, the courts in a measure retain control, and not uncommonly, in the course of time, establish principles as novel as any that have been introduced by legislation. This has certainly been the case with one branch of copyright, which has received a development in the courts of a surprising character. In the following pages it is not proposed to go into minute legal distinctions, or to undertake to state what the law on the subject of stage-right actually is, but merely to call attention to the practical tendency of the treatment the subject has received in the courts, where it will be found that judges have accorded to literary property of a certain restricted kind a protection which goes far beyond the wildest dream of agitators for international copyright, and where principles which seem at first to be fatal to the enjoyment of ownership in ideas have been, by a peculiar course of judicial decision, developed into most effectual safeguards for its protection. More remarkable still, this protection has been secured for a sort of literary property which is in principle not more deserving of protection than any other, and it derives its complete protection from a mere accident in no way connected with any principle of property or of public advantage.

When we speak of copyright, we generally have in mind copyright in books, and the word is unfortunately chosen to express the notion of property in ideas, because the only sort of ownership it suggests is that which may be enjoyed through the *multiplication of copies*. But it is apparent that this is an accidental result of the process of manufacture used for books. The art of printing

enables any one who has a book to multiply identical copies to an unlimited extent; hence the only way of protecting the author is by preventing this. But if there is some other way of making use of the ideas contained in a book, the mere prevention of printing will not meet the difficulty at all. Now it so happens that there are, with a certain sort of literary composition, two ways of making use of the ideas. A play may be either printed or acted, and the latter of the two methods of deriving profit from it is in the case of most plays much the most important. This fact, however, though it is now obvious enough, does not seem to have occurred at all to the lawyers who drew up the first English copyright statute, and it is only in comparatively recent times that the important consequences that flow from it have been fully recognized.

By the mere accident to which we have just referred, while copyright in books fell, in the beginning of the last century, into the hands of the legislature, stage-right fell chiefly into those of the courts, and the different manner in which the two rights have fared might be cited—at least by those who think that literary property needs all the protection it can get—as a strong instance of the superiority of “judge-made” over statutory law. Copyright has been restricted to a brief number of years in the period of enjoyment, and internationally (unlike all ordinary kinds of property) is not recognized except by virtue of special treaties; stage-right, on the other hand, has received from courts of high standing a position which apparently makes its enjoyment perpetual and universal, restricted by the limits of no country, and impaired by no lapse of time.

The first copyright act passed in England for the protection of authors became a law in the eighth year of Queen Anne’s reign, but no case of importance on the subject was decided in the English courts till half a century later. The act, but for the peculiar wording of which the great copyright discussion that has agitated the whole English-speaking race

for the past century would perhaps never have arisen, begins with a preamble declaring that books are frequently printed by persons without authority, to the very great detriment of "the authors or proprietors," and "too often to the ruin of them and their families;" and then provides that after a specified date, "the author of any book or books already printed who hath not transferred to any other the copy or copies of such book or books, share or shares thereof, or the book-seller or book-sellers, printer or printers, or other person or persons who hath or have purchased or acquired the copy or copies of any book or books in order to print or reprint the same, shall have the sole right and liberty of printing such book and books for the term of one and twenty years, to commence from the said tenth day of April, and no longer." With regard to books not yet printed and published, or not yet written, the act gave the author and his assigns the sole right of printing and reprinting for the term of fourteen years, and at the expiration of this period for an additional fourteen years, if the author should be then living. Stringent provisions for the enforcement of these clauses were added.

In 1766, Andrew Millar sued Robert Taylor in the court of King's Bench for a piracy of Thomson's Seasons, the right to publish which Millar had purchased of Thomson in the year 1729. It appears from the report given of this *cause célèbre* by Sir James Burrow¹ that at the trial the jury rendered a special verdict that "before the reign of her late majesty, Queen Anne, it was usual to purchase from authors the perpetual copyright of their books, and to assign the same from hand to hand, for valuable considerations; and to make the same the subject of family settlements, for the provision of wives and children." The time secured by the statute had expired, and therefore the question was whether Millar's purchase from Thomson had invested him with the copyright in the book, independently of the statute; or, in other words, whether he

possessed a perpetual copyright at common law. Some idea of the extreme importance of this case, which was decided when Lord Mansfield was chief-justice, may be gathered from the space devoted to it in Burrow's reports (it occupies more than one hundred octavo pages), and the almost pathetic account given by Lord Mansfield in his opinion of the ineffectual attempts made by the judges to reach a unanimous opinion. "This is the first instance," he declares, "of a final difference of opinion in this court, since I sat here. Every order, rule, judgment, and opinion has hitherto been unanimous. . . . We have all equally endeavored at that unanimity upon this occasion; we have talked the matter over several times. I have communicated my thoughts at large, in writing, and I have read the three arguments which have now been delivered. In short, we have equally tried to convince, or be convinced; but in vain. We continue to differ." Of the judges of the King's Bench, three were in favor of the plaintiff; one, Mr. Justice Yates, took the opposite view. This case would therefore appear to have settled the law on the side of perpetual copyright at common law, or the complete recognition of literary property; but the same question came up in the House of Lords in 1774, when all the judges delivered their opinions separately. Their decision was to the effect that an author had at common law perpetual copyright; but that it was taken away by the statute of Anne, and that therefore the statutory right is substituted for the common law right.

At first sight this decision may seem very simple and natural. At common law perpetual copyright existed. The statute of Anne took it away. But it may be doubted whether another instance is to be found in which a right of property, admitted to have been in existence for hundreds of years, has been by means of this sort wiped out of existence. The report of the decision omits to give the reasons on which the judges rested their answers. There is no question that the statute was devised

¹ Millar v. Taylor, 4 Burr., 2303.

by its promoters for the better security of authors. Yet the result of it is that a perpetual right is changed into one lasting only for a limited number of years. There is no question, of course, that Parliament was competent to make such a change, and the decision of the judges must be considered as conclusive proof that it did so; but the singular thing concerning the matter is the high-handed manner in which we find an acknowledged right treated. If English legislation has one peculiarity more marked than another, it is its respect for vested rights of property; yet here we find an admitted right, said to have existed from time immemorial, swept away in the very act of protecting it. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that literary property was, even by those who looked upon it with favor, regarded in 1774 as differing in many essential respects from other sorts of property. An examination of the opinion of Mr. Justice Yates, in the case of *Millar v. Taylor*, furnishes ample grounds for this inference.

The conception of "property" or "ownership" in a literary composition is now so familiar that it costs an effort to imagine a state of mind in which it is not recognized. Yet nothing is more certain than that it is a conception of a very advanced character. The difficulty of framing and applying it when literary production first becomes common is in the dissimilarity between this and most other species of property. Lands, houses, money, horses, and cattle have corporeal substance, — are visible, tangible objects; the idea of property in them is consequently comparatively easy to grasp. But with regard to ideas, the difficulty consists in the fact that there is no visible corporeal object over which the rights of ownership can be exercised; and that while the value of most kinds of property consists in its use, the value of literary property consists, in a certain sense, in the ability to prevent its use. Turning now to the opinion of Mr. Justice Yates, who must be taken, from what Lord Mansfield states, to have brought the best energies of an unusu-

ally able mind to bear upon the question before him, we find that the idea of perpetual literary property is totally unintelligible to him. That a literary composition (that is, the manuscript) is the property of the author until he publishes it he admits to be plain; but this, he says, "holds good no longer than while it is in manuscript." Property, he continues, is "founded on occupancy," but "how is possession to be taken, or any act of occupancy to be asserted, on mere intellectual ideas? All writers agree that no act of occupancy can be asserted on a bare idea of the mind. Some act of appropriation must be exerted to take the thing out of a state of being common, to denote the accession of a proprietor; for otherwise how should other persons be apprised they are not to use it? These are acts that must be exercised upon something. The occupancy of a thought would be a new kind of occupancy indeed." Again, at what time could an author's property arise? In other cases it dates from the time of possession; but an author is fully possessed of his ideas when they arise in his own mind; yet the same ideas may occur to another, and in such a case how shall it be determined which is the owner of them? By publication the author makes his ideas common property. How can he, after publishing his work, confine it to himself? If he had kept the manuscript from publication, "he might have excluded all the world from participating with him, or knowing the sentiments it contained; but by publishing the work the whole was laid open, — every sentiment in it made public forever; and the author can never recall them to himself, — never more confine them to himself, and keep them subject to his own dominion." It has been a maxim of the law for two thousand years that "nothing can be an object of property which has not a corporeal substance." Nothing can be an object of property, either, that is not "capable of distinguishable proprietary marks;" and where are the *indicia* or distinguishing marks of ideas? "What distinguishing marks can a man fix upon a set

of intellectual ideas, so as to call himself the proprietor of them? They have no ear-marks upon them, — no tokens of a particular proprietor.”

These quotations show that Mr. Justice Yates had very clear and definite notions as to the limits of property, but a reference which he makes to the civil law throws a stronger light on his view of the whole subject than any of his direct reasoning. What the Institutes have to say relating to “wild animals,” he observes, “is very applicable to this case.” And he then proceeds to draw a comparison between these two singularly related subjects. Animals *feræ naturæ* are yours “while they continue in your possession, but no longer.” So those wild and volatile objects which we call ideas are yours as long as they are properly kenneled in the mind. Once unchain or publish them, and they “become incapable of being any longer a subject of property; all mankind are equally entitled to read them; and every reader becomes as fully possessed of all the ideas as the author himself ever was.”

If a judge were to-day racking his brain to discover an analogy in the law of property that should strike every one as forced and unnatural to the point of grotesqueness, it may be doubted whether a parallel between copyright and the law relating to wild animals would occur to him; and its use by Mr. Justice Yates is peculiarly interesting because its casual introduction in his argument proves conclusively that to his mind there was nothing forced about it. His opinion, singular as it appears to us at the present day, is full of evidence of his learning and his acuteness, and of his conception of property being such as to make the inclusion of literary property in it an impossibility. In the copyright cases which have subsequently arisen we shall find his ideas, in one form or another, continually recurring, and interfering with the adoption of what we are now accustomed to consider the natural view of the subject, until, at least with regard to stage-right, it substantially disappears, and in this restricted but important field perpetual copyright

as it existed before the statute of Anne is reestablished.

It will be seen that the two difficulties which appear to have stood most in the way of the recognition of copyright as a species of property were, first, that the subject of the property is not visible or tangible; and, second, that from analogy with other kinds of property, if literary ideas are within the exclusive ownership of the person who originates them, they remain so only as long as he retains them in his possession, or in other words until he publishes them, and that *publication* is a virtual abandonment to the public. Now, as suggested above, there is one species of literary property which admits of two sorts of publication: a dramatic composition may be made public by its appearance in a printed volume, or it may be given to the public on the stage. The latter method is that usually adopted, and is, strictly speaking, the analogue of the multiplication of printed copies in the case of a novel or poem. But it is apparent at the same time what great obstacles at the end of the last century stood in the way of the recognition of this fact. If perpetual copyright in books could be reduced to a short term of years by an act for the better protection of literary property, what chance was there for the right of representing plays on the stage? A playwright might own, as he undoubtedly would, his manuscript; but the moment he represented his play on the stage, that was a “publication,” and a publication meant a dedication to the public. In his case there was not even an immemorial custom of stage-right, as there had been of copyright in books.

The first case involving dramatic copyright in England — at least the first of any importance — was that brought in 1770 by Macklin, the author of a farce called *Love à la Mode*, against Richardson and Urquhart, the owners of a magazine of the day. They had employed a person to take down the words from the mouths of the actors, and published the first act in their magazine, giving notice that the second act would be published the succeeding month. (It may

be interesting to know that the sum paid this reporter was one guinea.) Macklin applied for and obtained a perpetual injunction against their doing so. The author, in this case, had used every precaution. The play had never been acted without his permission. After every performance he had taken away the copy from the prompter. He made two actors who desired to have it performed at their benefits pay twenty and thirty guineas for one night's performance of it. In this case, as in *Millar v. Taylor*, we find the notion of publication at once making its appearance. The counsel retained by Richardson and Urquhart argued that the acting of the play was tantamount to a dedication to the public, and it may be inferred from the very few words of the decision that if the piracy complained of had consisted of a representation at another theatre the decision might have been in favor of the proprietors of the Court Miscellany. But representation was one thing, and printing was another, and whatever might have been done with regard to the former, there was no doubt that the author had never published the play as a book is published. It should be observed here, perhaps, with reference to publication, that the right of authors in their manuscripts, or original unmultiplied copies of works of all sorts, has always been recognized by the courts, and one of the curiosities of copyright has been that a right should be universally recognized until the possessor attempts to render it of value to himself, and should at that critical moment disappear altogether.

In 1793 a case was decided in the King's Bench which has proved the germ of much discussion, although it is difficult to see how any doubt as to its proper decision could ever have arisen. The copyright statute of Anne provided penalties, as has been already stated, against the publication of any works protected by it. Coleman, the manager, had purchased the copyright of an entertainment, called *The Agreeable Surprise*, from O'Keeffe, and had it represented on his stage at Richmond, when it was unexpectedly brought out by one Wathen

at a rival theatre. Coleman brought an action to recover the penalty provided by statute. The question on which the case turned was simply whether the representation was a publication within the meaning of the act. The language of the statute throughout excludes the possibility of such an interpretation; its framers had in mind the multiplication of copies of books, or other writings, by the process of printing. Coleman's counsel, however, advanced an argument which was, to say the least, highly ingenious: that the representation was sufficient evidence for the jury to conclude that there had been piracy within the statute, because it was inconceivable that the performers could by any other means than the use of a copy have exhibited so perfect a representation of the work. The case, however, was considered by Lord Kenyon, then chief-justice, and Mr. Justice Buller too plain for argument, and they did not think it necessary to hear the defendant's counsel. Lord Kenyon said, "There is no evidence to support the action in this case. The statute for the protection of copyright only extends to prohibit the publication of the book itself by any other than the author or his lawful assignees. It was so held in the great copyright case by the House of Lords. But here was no publication." Mr. Justice Buller added, "Reporting anything from memory can never be a publication within the statute. Some instances of strength of memory are very surprising, but the mere act of repeating such a performance cannot be left as evidence to the jury that the defendant had pirated the work itself."

It will be seen that there was no evidence that the play had actually been reproduced by memory, and Mr. Justice Buller's reference to surprising instances of strength of memory was evidently thrown out as a mere suggestion. The fact on which the case was decided was that there was no evidence of publication within the meaning of the statute. If Wathen had reprinted the play, he would clearly have been liable to the penalties provided in the act; but to argue that a representation on the stage

involved a previous reprint were to beg the whole question. The statement, therefore, that "reporting anything from memory can never be a publication within the statute" was wholly unnecessary to the decision of the case, and was what lawyers know as an *obiter dictum*.

Notwithstanding this, however, from the time of this decision, the notion that piracy by means of memory differs from other sorts of piracy has repeatedly made its appearance, the view taken of the law, rather by tacit assumption than by any actual decision, being somewhat as follows: The author of a play, kept in manuscript, undoubtedly owns the manuscript, just as he owns his clothes, or his house. He may sell it, or leave it by will, or suppress it altogether. Moreover, he may have it represented on the stage; but if he does this, he must be very careful how he does it. If he represents it to indiscriminate audiences, as Mr. Justice Yates might have said, those who witness it are not at liberty to take it down by short-hand; but they cannot be prevented from using their memory, and if they carry it away in their memory they may themselves represent it elsewhere. It is evident that this view of memory really rested on a denial of stage-right, properly so called. The manuscript was looked upon before as the thing actually owned, but the ideas contained in it were *feræ naturæ*, — liable to capture by the exercise of that faculty of the mind peculiarly adapted to the intellectual sport of piracy, the memory.

In this peculiar sort of limbo stage-right remained for nearly a century, and it was not relieved from it even when, in 1854, the whole subject of literary property again came up for discussion in the English House of Lords, in the case of *Jefferys v. Boosey*.¹ The composer Bellini, author of *La Sonnambula*, living at Milan and having a Milanese copyright of some sort, the exact nature of which did not appear in the case, assigned it to another Milanese citizen, who, in London, transferred it, in accordance with the forms of English

law, to Boosey. The opera was unpublished, and the assignment transferred the right to publish in Great Britain only. Jefferys published an air from the opera, *Come per me Sereno*, and the question was whether this was an infringement. The case was decided in favor of the defendant, on grounds which it is not necessary to state here; it is chiefly interesting for the opinions of the judges, and of Lord St. Leonards (then lord chancellor) and Lord Brougham. It is impossible in this place to give extracts from these opinions, but any one who will read them will find them a mine of information on the subject of the legal aspect of property in ideas.

The further investigation of the question of piracy by memory was, however, not destined to be the work of English judges. Owing to another of the singular accidents of which the history of stage-right has been full, — the fact that most plays which are acted in the United States are produced in Europe or England, — the work of giving the final touches to the development of stage-right, and placing it on what seems destined to be a secure basis, was left to the courts of this country; and in order that the irony of fate upon our national pursuit of piracy might be complete, the play which was first to produce this result was designed and written as a satire upon American life, and was called *Our American Cousin*.

The play of *Our American Cousin*, described in one of the cases to which its representation in this country gave rise as a play "presenting, in suitable situations, those eccentricities usually attributed on the stage to Yankees," was written in 1852 by Tom Taylor. Whether the author had looked up the law of the subject as to the effect of publication, or was influenced by other reasons, the play was not printed; the manuscript, after going through several changes and vicissitudes, was in 1858 sold to Laura Keene, the well-known actress and manager, the transfer embracing the author's dramatic rights within the United States; Miss Keene, with the assistance of Joseph Jefferson, altered and adapted it for her

¹ 4 H. L., 815.

theatre in New York. The play, thus changed, was brought out for the first time on any stage in October, 1858, and proved a great theatrical success. Wheatley and Clarke were at this time lessees and managers of a theatre in Philadelphia, and they, in a singular manner, had become possessed of a copy of the play. It had been written originally for representation at the Adelphi Theatre in London, of which Mr. Benjamin Webster was manager, and where Joshua Silsbee, an American actor, had an engagement. A copy of the manuscript came into Silsbee's hands, and he retained it, brought it back to the United States, and at his death, in California, in 1855, it came to his widow, from whom Wheatley and Clarke finally got it. From Jefferson they afterwards procured the additions and alterations he had made, and they immediately produced it at their theatre in Philadelphia. It should be stated also that before this both Wheatley and Clarke, and the actress of their company who performed the principal female character, had witnessed the performance in New York, but there was no pretense that they had been enabled to reproduce it through an effort of the memory. They succeeded in producing a close imitation of Laura Keene's play, who brought a suit for the infringement in the United States circuit court for the eastern district of Pennsylvania.

At about the same time Our American Cousin was brought out at the Boston Museum, and Laura Keene also brought a suit against Moses Kimball, the manager of that theatre, in the Massachusetts supreme court. These two suits were identical in character and object, but they differed in one particular: in the first, the fact that the imitation was obtained through a surreptitious copy came out; in the second, this did not appear, nor did it appear by what means Kimball had obtained the play, unless it was through sending persons to see it and commit it to memory. Owing to this difference, the two cases were decided differently, though both decisions recognized the same principle with regard to dramatic property.

In the first case¹ it was at the outset decided that Laura Keene had no rights under the United States statutes relating to copyright, and the only remaining inquiry was whether her suit could be maintained independently of any such statutes; in other words, the old question of literary property at common law and the effect of publication upon such property came up. It was decided that by her purchase from Taylor she had acquired the full ownership of the play; that she also owned the changes incorporated in it by Jefferson, who had acted in the matter as her employee. But as to the question of publication, it may be inferred from what has gone before that considerable difficulty was found. Here was a case in which a play, not protected by any statute, had been publicly represented to indiscriminate audiences in New York, night after night. Is there any method of making a play more public than this? If, as Mr. Justice Yates had argued in 1770, there were a legal resemblance between intellectual ideas and wild animals, could there be a clearer case of escape from the control of their owner than this? But here, strange as it may seem, the suggestion of the court of King's Bench, in 1793, on the subject of the astonishing performances of the human memory made its appearance again, this time, however, not to impair but to strengthen the foundations of literary property. Laura Keene had clearly made a publication of the play; and in the opinion of the court, in such a case, "other persons acquire unlimited rights of republishing in any modes" in which the publication "may directly or secondarily enable them to republish." Therefore, "the literary proprietor of an unprinted play cannot, after making or sanctioning its representation before an indiscriminate audience, maintain an objection to any such literary or dramatic republication by others as they may be enabled, either directly or secondarily, to make from its having been retained in the memory of any of the audience." But if the republication is made, not through retention in the mem-

¹ *Keene v. Wheatley*, 9 Am. Law Reg., 33.

ory, but through a surreptitious copy, it is not a republication *in a mode which the original publication had directly or secondarily made possible*. On the strength, therefore, of the old principle with regard to memory, Miss Keene maintained her suit.

We must be permitted to doubt whether this reasoning is not in a vicious circle. The question is whether the dedication to the public by representation is complete (so as to entitle all the world to represent it) or limited (so as to entitle only those persons who have carried it away in their memories to the right); and it is said to be limited, because only those persons who have carried it away in their memories are entitled to reproduce it, while the sole reason that the right is restricted to them is that the dedication was limited. The idea that the owner had any *intention* of making either a limited or unlimited dedication is of course out of the question.

But it will be seen that this case introduced a very important modification or restriction of the doctrine of "dedication" of unpublished plays. And the other suit brought by Miss Keene to prevent an infringement of *Our American Cousin*, though decided against her, recognized this modification as sound. The suit against Wheatley had been decided when the suit against Kimball was tried. The Massachusetts supreme court expressly refer to it in their opinion. But owing to the fact that in the one case the court found that the surreptitious copy had been the means of reproduction, while in the second the court felt itself constrained to exclude all considerations of the kind, one suit was decided in Miss Keene's favor, and the other against her.

The result of these two last cases would be, practically, that the author of an unpublished play could produce it on the stage whenever he pleased, and sell the right to produce it in different places (as patent rights are sold), and that he, or those to whom he might sell such rights, could protect their property against unlicensed representations

so long as it could be shown that these had not been the result of an exercise of the memory; but that if it could be shown that it was by memory that the unlicensed representations had been produced, the protection ceased. In 1870, however, a case was decided in the United States circuit court for the northern district of Illinois which showed that the position assigned to memory as a faculty peculiarly consecrated to piracy was to be still further weakened. It had been decided or conceded in a dozen cases, which it is unnecessary to cite here, that the purchase of a theatre ticket gave the buyer no right to take down phonographically the words of a play, for use elsewhere; and yet he could, if he confined himself to his memory, use as much as he could carry away. Here were two principles of law difficult to reconcile. In Illinois, the questions which arose turned upon the representation of another of Tom Taylor's dramas, entitled *Mary Warner*. The play was written by Mr. Taylor for Miss Kate Bateman, an actress of note, and after it was written he transferred all his right in the play and the manuscript, together with the exclusive right to its representation in the United States, for five years, to Miss Bateman's husband. The play was always kept in manuscript. One Aiken, the manager of a theatre in Chicago, produced *Mary Warner* there, and Crowe, the husband, brought a suit against him. In order to bring the question of memory before the court, it was alleged, on the plaintiff's behalf, that the defendant did not produce the play by that means, but by a surreptitious copy. It does not appear that the plaintiff succeeded in proving the use of any such copy; but the judge who decided the case was inclined to look at the question of memory from a new point of view. "There are cases," he said, "in some of the courts of this country, which hold that the representation of a play is a qualified publication, namely, to the extent in which the memory of the auditors can retain its language, scenery, or incidents, and if it is reproduced only in that way

the author of the work has no remedy. Of these cases it may perhaps be said that, in some instances, the court has not looked very rigidly into the proofs, considering the intrinsic difficulty of the subject. Indeed, as some of the affidavits in this case show, and as all experience proves, to write out a play from memory alone is well-nigh impossible. . . . I am of opinion that upon principle and authority the author, or his assignee, of an unpublished play has a right of property in the manuscript and its incorporeal contents; that is, in the words, ideas, sentiments, characters, dialogue, descriptions, and their connection, independent of statutes, and that a court of equity can protect it. I am also of opinion that, as the law now exists in this country, the mere representation of a play does not of itself dedicate it to the public, except, possibly, so far as those who witness its performance can recollect it, and that the spectators have not the right to secure its reproduction by phonographic or other verbatim report, independent of memory. . . . I cannot doubt that DeWitt obtained the copy of the play of Mary Warner, which he furnished to the defendant in this case, either in whole or in part, through a short-hand reporter, or in some other unauthorized or wrongful way, and not by memory only."¹ It will be noticed that the substantial difference between the case in Massachusetts and this is that in the former the court declined to assume that the means of representation was anything but memory; in the latter, the court declines to assume that the means of representation was memory. There can hardly be a doubt as to which of the two positions is more in accord with the actual probabilities.

We now come to the case of *Palmer v. DeWitt*, in which the infringement complained of, instead of being the reproduction of an unpublished play on a rival stage, was the printing of an edition of the unpublished manuscript. In 1868, T. W. Robertson, the English dramatist, sold to Henry D. Palmer the right of performing *Play upon the stage*,

and of printing and publishing it within the United States. *Play* was first brought out on the 15th of February, 1868, in London. The defendant, Robert M. DeWitt, without Palmer's knowledge or consent, published and offered for sale printed copies. The defense to the action was that the play had been dedicated to the public by frequent representations; that the tickets admitting spectators to the performance "contained no notice or prohibition against carrying the said comedy away by memory or otherwise, and using, printing, or publishing the same;" that no notice to that effect was "posted in any of the theatres, in view of the spectators;" and that the defendant procured the play "from one or more persons, who obtained the same from its performance on the stage at such public representations, while witnessing the same as such spectators." The case came up in the New York superior court, but the judge who tried it dismissed the complaint. It was then appealed, and a decision was rendered reversing this action. It was again taken up to the New York court of appeals, the highest court of the State, where the same conclusion was reached. Here again the question of memory was discussed, and the remarks of the court which reversed the first decision are interesting. After admitting that in previous cases learned judges had inclined to the opinion that an auditor might "use his memory as a means of procuring a represented play," and might then "lawfully print and publish it," the court says: "The reason seems to be that as there can be no power over or restriction of the use of memory, therefore such use is not unlawful. It is enough, however, perhaps, for the present case to say that even if it is true that an auditor at a public representation may lawfully carry away the play in his memory, and afterwards put it in writing, and from such writing print and publish, there was no evidence in this case to bring it within that rule. The finding of the court is that the defendant received the words of the comedy, etc., from one or more persons who had seen or heard it

¹ *Crowe v. Aiken*, 2 *Bla.* 208.

performed. That finding is not enough to justify the conclusion that the person or persons who saw or heard the public performance had brought it in their memories from the theatre. The burden of proving the manner in which the play was procured was upon the defendant, and he was bound to show that he had obtained it in a *lawful* way. There are no presumptions in his favor. The right of the plaintiff as owner before publication was absolute, and could be defeated only by showing that the defendant had obtained the play through the memory of an auditor." The judge who delivered the opinion then went on to say that he felt compelled to dissent from the doctrine that a spectator may, "upon witnessing the public performance of a play, rightfully commit it to memory, and then publish it to the world." He proceeded to give his view of the law of the subject in the following: "It seems to me that any surreptitious procuring of the literary property of another, *no matter how obtained*, if it was unauthorized and without the knowledge or consent of the owner, and obtained before publication by him, is an invasion of his proprietary rights, if the property so obtained is made use of to his injury." He then pointed out that it is admitted that "a play cannot lawfully be taken down by a short-hand writer from the lips of the actors during a public performance," and asked, "If taken thus by a stenographer, is it different in its legal effect and resulting consequences from committing to memory and afterwards writing it out? In principle it is not. They are only different modes of doing the same thing, and if without the author's consent are alike injurious to his interests. The objection is not to the committing a play to memory, for over that no court can exercise any control, but in using the memory afterwards as the means of depriving the owner of his property. Such use, it seems to me, is as much an infringement of the author's common-law right of property as if his manuscript has been feloniously taken from his possession. I can see no difference." With regard to the fact

that no warnings against infringement were printed on the tickets or posted in the theatre, he said: "Whatever means a prudent man may adopt to prevent his property from being feloniously taken from him, it cannot, I think, be successfully contended that if he chooses to take the risk he may not have it exposed without mark or other sign to designate it as his property; or that by thus exposing it he would lose his title, and could not afterwards recover it, or its value, from one who tortiously took it. A wrong-doer cannot get title to property, or escape the responsibility of his tortious or felonious act, merely because the owner has failed to give public notice or warning that it was not to be stolen. If carrying away in the memory of a spectator, or otherwise surreptitiously obtaining the contents of a play, is without the consent of, or unauthorized by, the owner, and therefore an infringement of his property in the play, the act is not caused by the omission of the owner to notify the audience that they will not be allowed or are forbidden to carry it away in that manner."

In the foregoing quotations from the decisions of the courts on the subject of stage-right, no attempt has been made to ascertain the exact state of the law; but enough has been said to show a prevailing tendency to the complete and absolute protection of a particular kind of literary property. Practically, although it would be difficult for a lawyer to advise a dramatic author exactly what the legal boundaries of his stage-right are, the right is now recognized so generally that, as we have seen, it has become the custom for foreign dramatists to sell the right to act their plays in the United States, unprotected by any international treaty or act of Congress. An American citizen may copyright a play for a limited number of years, under the laws of the United States, and the copyright protects him as well against piracy by the printing of his play as piracy by acting it; but stage-right is a protection above and beyond either of these, which protects the foreign author no less than the domestic, enabling him to prevent

the representation of his play for profit in any country in which the common law is recognized, and investing him with a right of property as sacred as any recognized in houses, lands, or chattels.

If Lord Mansfield's view of the subject of copyright had prevailed a hundred years ago in the House of Lords, all literary property would probably now stand upon the same footing that stage-right does. The author of a book would thus enjoy an ownership absolute, exclusive, and perpetual. The English author would be protected in America, and the American author in England. But owing to the decision then arrived at, all property in books is confined in its enjoyment to a limited period of years, while even for this period it is protected only scantily. The right to depredate upon it (which is recognized in reference to no other species of property) has been elevated to the dignity of a national privilege, and piracy to the standing of a respectable branch of trade. By a singular accident of the law, the right of representing a drama on the stage has escaped spoliation, and thus, in the course of a hundred years, a peculiar kind of copyright has well-nigh established for itself a position accorded to no other kind of intellectual property. A successful play is to-day perhaps the most valuable sort of literary property that a writer can produce. Owing to the unqualified protection afforded it, it can be disposed of to far greater advantage than any ordinary copyright, and of course its value must increase with its popularity. On this point the conclusion to which the law on the subject of dramatic copyright tends is amply confirmed by well-known facts. A curious letter has recently been published in a New York paper, giving an account of an interview of the writer with the head of a dramatic agency in London. It is part of this gentleman's business to sell in the United States the right to act foreign plays, which are, as we have seen, absolutely unprotected except by the decisions of our own courts. The following extracts from the conversation of the correspondent with the agent will be in-

teresting reading to authors of books not capable of being put upon the stage.¹

Correspondent. While benefiting your own house, you hold, then, you are a benefactor to authors?

Agent. Certainly I do. Take the Celebrated Case as an example. It was played over one hundred nights in New York. We paid the author in France several thousand dollars. It was infringed upon by Gilmore in Baltimore; we protected it, and got a decision in our favor. By this success we and others are enabled to make handsome offers to French authors for other plays.

Corr. Who adapted the Celebrated Case for America?

Ag. A New York author.

Corr. To what English authors have you paid most for American representations?

Ag. Byron, Gilbert, and Wills.

Corr. For what pieces most?

Ag. Our Boys, Charity, and Olivia.

Corr. To whom have you paid most?

Ag. Byron.

Corr. May I ask what you have paid him in fees for Our Boys?

Ag. Over five thousand dollars.

Now it will certainly be admitted that there is no reason for this anomaly, and that it was never anticipated as a desirable or probable consequence of the copyright laws. There can be no reason why dramatic production (no matter how elevated a view we take of the drama) should be favored beyond all other kinds of literary property. If copyright laws are passed for the encouragement of authorship, there can be no good ground for selecting dramatic authors as more deserving than all others, and enabling them to reap a richer harvest than historians, poets, or novelists. Our American Cousin is a very amusing play; but it is certainly not so valuable a contribution to human thought as Macaulay's histories or Lowell's poetry; and the mere accidental fact that one of them can be used in manuscript profitably, while the other must be multiplied in print, surely ought not to make any difference. If perpetual copyright

¹ New York Times, September 30, 1878.

is good for the stage, is it not good for all literature?

And this brings us to the important point recently mooted in a European congress. Has not the time come for a new consideration of the question of perpetual copyright in all literary property? It has been tacitly assumed now for a long time that authors ought to derive an advantage from their books only for a limited period of years. The reasons for this limitation are usually stated to be that the public also have an interest which is hostile to that of authors; that "monopolies are odious;" and that the perpetual ownership of copyrights would involve confusion between the rights of rival publishers and the holders of the copyright. These reasons have hitherto seemed sufficient to justify the limitation of copyright to a short period (in this country to twenty-eight years, with a liberty of renewal for fourteen more). As to the first of these reasons, the supposed hostility of interest between the public and authors, the theory appears to be that there is a danger lest an author should suppress his ideas, or lest the copyright of valuable books should be bought up for the sake of driving them out of the market. This argument would be entitled to more consideration if any startling instances of this sort of danger could be adduced. The question is not as to the possibility of such an occurrence, but as to its probability. Against its probability there is the universal motive of authors to derive as much from their books as they can. Without adopting Dr. Johnson's opinion that "nobody but a fool ever wrote for anything but money," it is certainly fair to say that no one ever writes without having money before him as one of the inducements to writing; and it is out of the question that any sane author shall not desire to derive as great a profit as possible from the sale of his works. Therefore, if he were to enjoy a perpetual copyright, he would be no slower in disposing of it to a publisher than he is now; the only difference would be that he would profit more by the arrangement. The price of his

book would be regulated, as it is now, by economic laws. The notion that the public has a right, after a certain time, to the ideas of the author without payment, or, to put it in another way, that the author has the right to profit by his intellectual labor only for a limited period, appears to rest on a communistic basis. Why have the public any greater, or the producer any less, rights with regard to this species of property than with regard to any other? If the public have rights hostile to those of the producer of books, have they not the same rights hostile to the accumulator of lands, or houses, or grain, or railroad securities? It is impossible that ideas can be of more immediate importance to the public than food and clothing; and if we are entitled to appropriate the ideas of an author after forty-two years, why should we not have the rest of his property? Of course, communists may consistently hold this view of literary as of any other property; but it is difficult to see how any one not a communist can distinguish between property acquired by literary, and that acquired by any other kind of labor.

The second reason, that monopolies are objectionable, would certainly be valid if copyright was a monopoly in the ordinary sense of the word. But it is no more so than all property is. There are of course monopolies which it may be for the interest of the state to grant for a limited time only; but these are privileges which are given to individuals, and secured against competition, where no original property existed. But in the case of literary ownership there is no monopoly at all; there is an accumulation of original ideas, the result of individual labor, and the only question is how far it is to be protected. There is no ground for calling perpetual copyright a monopoly which will not apply to any recognized form of individual property.

The last difficulty, that the perpetual ownership of ideas will be likely to cause practical confusion, may safely be left, one would think, to be dealt with when it arises. Exactly what the nature of

the difficulty is to be has never been clearly stated; and an argument in favor of destroying or seriously curtailing a right of property, on the ground that its enjoyment may give rise to difficulties not explained, would probably, if we were not accustomed to seeing literary property treated with savage disregard of right, strike us with amazement.

The attitude of the United States on the subject of copyright is more remarkable than that of any other modern country. Professing a desire to foster science and literature, it has passed innumerable laws giving protection to all kinds of intellectual property. It has at the same time, however, studiously fostered international piracy, and refused to foreigners the benefits of its copyright law; while in the development of stage-right, as sketched above, its courts have shown a tendency to recognize, in a more thorough way than the most advanced reformers could have desired, a kind of literary property which none of those who have discussed the subject have thought deserving of especial protection. It would seem as if the time had come when this country could with advantage engage in the work of a re-examination of the whole subject, such

as has been going on in England and Europe.

Perhaps this is too much to hope for just now. But it is the object of the present article to call attention to the facts that in one branch of intellectual property perpetual and universal copyright is now actually in the progress of establishing itself in the American courts; that this is the work of judges, who are simply applying to literary property of a peculiar kind the principles which the enlightenment produced by the copyright discussion of the past century has shown must be applied to all such property; and that therefore those who are opposed to perpetual or international copyright, instead of reproducing the abstract arguments that have been repeated by rote from Mr. Justice Yates's time until to-day, ought to devote all their energies to discovering whether abuses and dangers to the rights of the public grow up from stage-right. If stage-right is a bad thing, it ought itself to be abolished. If it is good, it is difficult to perceive any reason why legislation should not be directed to extending a protection equal to that which it affords to dramatic authors to all literary producers.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

LONDON STREETS.

I LIVED in London. I did not merely pass through it on my way elsewhere, stopping for two or three days at a hotel while I drove about the vast den of lions; nor was I content with passing a longer time in the same way. After a week or so of hotel life and sight-seeing, I sought diligently, and found not easily, lodgings in which I established myself as if I had been a bachelor born within the sound of Big Ben. Hence I made excursions on foot or by rail, but usually by both ways of travel, into the neighboring country, and chiefly into that which lies around

the upper waters of the Thames. Into the great city itself, however, I made daily excursions; for so the walks by which I explored the various regions, far and near, of that thickly peopled region of bricks and stones might well be called. I set out sometimes with an end to my journey clearly in mind, but oftener without one, wandering on over the vast distances, watching the people that I met, and scanning the houses and them that looked from the windows. But I never got to the end of London unless I took a steam-engine into service. Cabs and

omnibuses were of no avail. I used them, but generally I walked, following no guide but my curiosity.

I never felt so lonely as I did in these solitary rambles in London, — never so much cut off from my family and my home, I may almost say from humankind. In mid-ocean I did not feel so far removed from living contact with the world. Within these boundless stretches of streets, and of houses so same, and yet each with a physiognomy of its own, like the same number of men and women, — and I came to look at them as if they were human, and in the poor parts, which are of astonishing extent, where they stand crowded together as far every way as the eye can reach, to pity them for the gloomy life they led there, with the sweat and dirt oozing from their sad faces, — within these precincts, made oppressive, if not melancholy, by the apparently endless repetition of units, it seemed to me farther than I could conceive, not only to where I had come from, but to any other place out of my range of vision. I could not take in even London; and what was out of London was beyond beyond.

After I had walked about it enough to have in my mind a loose, exaggerated apprehension of distance, like that we have in childhood, and was yet not so much at home in the place as to become familiar with it and to lose its impression of strangeness, the thought of its vastness became vague and unmeaning, like that of astronomical distances, which are so far beyond apprehension that a change in them by the addition or subtraction of a million of miles or so is of no significance. And the feeling that the rest of the world was very far removed from me transferred itself afterward to England, with some variation. England began to seem to me the one place that I knew upon all the earth: out of England was out of the world. What we call "America," although I had come from there in ten days, and although my eyes hungered for the sight of faces and my ears thirsted for the sound of voices there, took on a nebulous shape and substance not much more cog-

nizable than any other inchoate body within or without the solar system; and I began to understand the long indifference, and the ignorance, indifference-born, of Englishmen to the country which lay beyond the horizon edge of the ocean.

There is little architectural beauty in London, besides that wondrous beauty of the nave of the great Abbey church. Externally, even that venerable and most interesting structure is so marred by Wren's towers that the feeling which it excites is one of constant regret. Within, a very considerable part of it is defaced with ugly monuments, chiefly to titled nobodies; and the more insignificant the body and the grander the title, the more pretentious and ugly the monument. It is offensive to see the statues of great men jostled by such a crowd of vulgar marbles. St. Paul's, outside and inside, is the ugliest building of any pretension that I ever saw. A large inclosed space is always impressive; and the effect thus produced is all of which St. Paul's can boast. Its forms are without beauty, its lines without meaning; its round windows are ridiculous. Its outside is not only ugly in form, a huge piece of frivolity, but its discoloration by the black deposit from the London atmosphere, and the after-peeling-off of this in patches, give it a most unpleasant look, like that of a great black mangy dog.

The public buildings in the City, the Bank and the Mansion House and the Post-Office, and so forth, have the beauty of fitness; for they look just like what they are, — the creations, the abode, and the stronghold of British Philistinism; rich, substantial, tasteless, and oppressively respectable. The new Houses of Parliament present a succession of faint perpendicular lines in stone; even distance cannot make them imposing. Only the Victoria tower, whence Big Ben utters, four times hourly, his grand, sweet voice, has beauty for the eye as well as for the ear. The parish churches are mostly by Wren, or in his style, and are ugly with all the ugliness possible to a perversion of the forms of classic architecture.

My search for lodgings, in which I had not even the help of advice, took me over no small part of London, and into many London houses of the middling order. It extended from Covent Garden to South Kensington, and from Euston Square to the Thames, and even across it; for I was led off into Surrey by advertisements of the locality, of which I knew nothing. As to the lodgings that I saw, they had for the most part a tendency towards the suicide of the lodgers; so gloomy were they, so dingy, so stuffy, and so comfortless. On inquiry as to what rooms there were to let, I was generally told that there was "the dron-room floor;" and when I replied that I did n't want a whole floor, but a room or two, I was also generally told that there was a room to let "at the top o' the aouse." I found that these rooms were literally at the top of the house. In those which I looked at I found an iron bedstead with a bulgy bed, the stuffiness of which I smelt as soon as the door was open, and upon which was a dingy brown coverlet drawn over the pillow. A small wash stand with small ewer and basin, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, and one or two not very robust chairs completed the furniture of the apartment, which always looked out upon the windows of like apartments, and the roofs above and the chimneys around them. For these rooms the price demanded was almost invariably "a paound a week." In Surrey and some other places it was somewhat less, — from fifteen to eighteen shillings. Bath-rooms were unknown, but "the servant would bring me a can of hot water in the morning."

I spent the greater part of four days in this search, not altogether unwillingly, because of the places into which it took me and the people with whom it brought me into contact. With some of these places I seemed to myself not unacquainted, so familiar was I with their names and their locality. This was particularly the case with the smaller streets around the lower end of St. James's Park. The houses in these, — old-fashioned and yet not old enough to

be venerable or even antiquated, — with their plain, sombre brick fronts, the look of character and respectability which lingered about them, although they had long been deserted as the dwelling-places of people of condition, and the elaborate iron-work on the steps and before the areas of many of them, in which I noticed large conical iron cups, set at an angle, which, strangely never mentioned by any writer that I remember, I saw at once were huge extinguishers into which the link-boys thrust their links, — all these seemed to me like respectable, decorous old friends of my family who had been waiting to see me, and who now looked at me with serious and yet not unkindly eyes.

The newer part of London, near South Kensington, and by Hyde Park Gate and Prince's Gate, did not interest me so much externally; although some of the houses were made delightful to me by friends who had really been waiting to give me welcome. The houses here are very handsome. The talk that I have heard about houses in Fifth Avenue leads me to say that there are hundreds, almost thousands, of houses in the best parts of London — around Hyde Park, on Carlton Terrace, and in other like places — which are far finer, much more noble, as Pepys would have said, than any that are to be found in New York, in Boston, or in Philadelphia. I except some of the old houses in Philadelphia, — those built in the beginning of this century, in which, although there is little show of gilding, color, and French polish, there is that far higher beauty in domestic architecture which is given by ample and well-ordered space. I was in many of these houses in Mayfair; in not a few into which I was not invited; for if I passed a house which I saw was undergoing repairs, and the family was absent, I entered, and inquiring for the person in charge, I was generally able to go through it at the cost of a shilling or half a crown to my attendant. Sometimes houses were thrown open to workmen, and these I always went through unquestioned. The difference between houses of this class and those which may

be regarded as of a corresponding class in New York is that the former, while less showy than the latter, are more spacious, and have more of the dignity which accompanies large and well-proportioned size. The entrances, the passage-ways, and the staircases are very much larger; the halls in some are large enough to admit of support with pillars. The drawing-rooms are spacious and well-proportioned, and are not directly accessible to the front door. Both a drawing-room and a parlor are common in these houses, and two drawing-rooms and a parlor are not rare. But what is known in New York as an English basement house must be so called because there are none such in England. I did not see one in London, or in Liverpool, or in Birmingham, or in Oxford, or in any other English town that I visited. The notion also that rows of houses all alike are not found in England is altogether wrong. In the new part of London such rows, and of very handsome houses, are common; while in the new parts of smaller towns the houses built for people of moderate means stand in rows of from a dozen to two dozen, as like each other as one brick is like another. The pretense, and the consequent misrepresentation, of some British travelers on this score is like much more of their pretension, simply absurd. There is, however, a monotonous effect given to a long row of houses in New York by the hideous device known as a "high stoop," which is much more oppressive than that which could be produced by the indefinite repetition of any house that I saw in London. This and the absence of the mellowing, toning effect of the English atmosphere makes a row of "brown stone fronts" in New York the most unattractive and the most aggressively unhome-like-looking structures that the mind of man ever conceived.

Two simple contrivances are found in almost all moderately fine London houses which might be adopted with great advantage elsewhere. The first is a handsome square lantern, which is set in the wall over the street-door, and

which lights from one side the vestibule and from the other the porch and steps. The comfort of this lighting is very great, as every one accustomed to our dark steps and porches sees immediately. The other is two bells, one marked "visitors" and the other "servants;" the convenience of which in the daily working of a household need not be told to any housekeeper. And much more numerous as servants are in London (and as much better as they are more numerous) than here, there is more pains taken there to save their labor and their steps than is taken by us. Over the street-door bell-pulls, or over the letter-boxes, of the best houses, it is common to see on bronze plates, "Please do not ring unless an answer is required." These little precautions tend much to the common comfort of master and mistress, and of servants.

There is a remarkable absence of show and pretension in the shops of London. Even in Regent Street and New Bond Street and St. James's Street there is little display, and almost nothing is done merely to catch the eye. And even in these quarters the shops are comparatively small. You may find the most splendid jewels, the richest fabrics, and treasures of art and of literature in little places that would provoke the scorn of the smallest dealer in Broadway. The publishers make no show at all. The greatest of them are to be found in unpretending quarters, with little display of their literary goods, which are stored elsewhere. The principals are in their counting-rooms or their parlors up-stairs, and quite inaccessible, except when they choose to see those who send up their names. The book-sellers are hardly more expansive. I found that, with one or two exceptions, the men from whom I had received, when I was a book-buyer, catalogues of books of great rarity and price were in small, unpretending shops which in New York would attract no attention. But a glance at their shelves was provocative of a woful sense of imppecuniosity; and I found them intelligent, and with a notable knowledge of their business and of the literary world,

and also of the why and the wherefore of the value of their books. They were not all William Pickerings; still they were generally men of whom Pickering was in some degree the type and the model.

One day, as I turned the corner of a little street not far from Covent Garden, my eye and my admiration were attracted by a pair of little old yellow and blue vases which stood in a window among some other articles of the same sort, and I wished to inquire the price. The entrance to the shop or sales-room was in the cross-street, and proved to be merely the somewhat imposing door of a large, old-fashioned dwelling-house. I rang the bell; which seemed to be rather an odd way of getting into a place where articles were exposed to public sale. The door was opened. I ventured to say that I wished to know the price of a pair of vases in the window, speaking, I am sure, with some shyness and hesitation; for I felt rather as if I were intruding upon household privacy. This feeling was not diminished by the sequel. First, a stout, middle-aged man appeared descending the stairs. He was in a dressing-gown and slippers, with a smoking-cap on his head. He was closely followed by a middle-aged woman, plainly his wife, also stout, and clad in dingy garments of heterogeneous fashion. I was received with great distinction, almost with ceremony; and while I was repeating my simple wish to know the price of those vases, a young woman, doubtless the daughter of the respectable persons before me, descended the stairs, and taking up a position in the rear, joined her parents in looking at me. After her came a blowsy little Scotch terrier, who trotted to the front of the group, and stood, with nervous nostrils, looking up into my face through the chinks in his soft shock of hair. The servant who opened the door withdrew slowly and by stages, facing about like the rear-guard of a retreating army; and thus she, for a while, was added to the group. And all this merely because I wished to know the price of a pair of vases, — vases put in the window to catch

the eye of the passer-by. I was marshaled into the show-room. I walked across it at the head of the party, keeping my countenance and pretending, impostor that I was, to take the whole performance as a matter of course, when in fact I felt as if I were making believe that I was a Highland chief with his tail on. I pointed out the pottery, whereupon my host — for such I felt he was — bowed, and blandly smiling said, "Hah! yessur, yessur; most helegant vawses; quite rococo, indeed; hin the Rennysawnce style; *hand* only sixty guineas." The stout wife repeated, "Quite hin the Rennysawnce style." The daughter did not speak, but I saw that she longed to do so; and if the terrier could have barked Rennysawnce I am sure he would, and perhaps would have pronounced it after another fashion, for he seemed by far the most intelligent of the party. I thanked my host, and said I would think about it, — another base imposture on my part, for I could not afford to give sixty guineas for a couple of little blue and yellow pots. But what was I to do when a man turned out the guard as if I were officer of the day making grand rounds, and all just because I wished to know the price of a pair of vases? I was about to withdraw promptly, feeling very much ashamed of myself; but I was not allowed to do so. I was asked to look at the rest of the stock, and with such heartiness of manner that I saw plainly that, altogether apart from the question of present purchase, they would all like to have me examine what they had for sale. I made the round of two rooms, escorted by the family; and after seeing many beautiful things, I bade good-morning to my entertainers, who courteously attended me to the door in a body, and stood there until I turned the corner; and all because I wished to inquire the price of a pair of vases.

I did not have quite such a formidable reception at any other of the many little shops which I entered to buy, or to make inquiries; but this instance is indicative of the style which I found in vogue. On the first occasion or two

when I did not buy, I felt quite ashamed of myself for putting such very polite people to so much trouble; but I soon got used to the fashion, and liked it. For indeed it is pleasanter than that carriage of the salesman or the saleswoman (who advertises herself as a "sales-lady") which seems to say, "I would die on the spot, or ruin my employer, rather than show you the least deference, or take any trouble to please you." I was struck by the readiness to sell to me, a perfect stranger and chance passer-by, and to send home my purchases without even asking payment. These good people could not have been readier to supply my wants if I had been an old customer. I remember buying an umbrella in Regent Street, and ordering my name to be engraved upon the handle. It was on my second day in London. I had given my address, but I expected to stop at the shop on my return, look at the engraving, and pay for the whole, and have it sent home. This I did not do, wandering back by another way. On reaching my hotel, there I found my umbrella, with the engraving nicely done, but not even a bill. The next morning I went and paid for it, and thanked the shop-keeper for sending it to me, a perfect stranger, and jestingly added, "How did you know I should come back again?" The answer, with a smiling shake of the head, was, "Oh, sir, we don't lose much money in that way." There was always a readiness to "book" anything I liked, but seemed reluctant to buy. Once, when the keeper of an old curiosity shop, a woman, earnestly suggested that she should send me home a magnificent pair of fire-dogs, which I lingered over in admiration, the dog part being reduced copies in bronze of Michael Angelo's Day and Night on the Tomb of the Medici, and, the price being eighty guineas, I had replied rather curtly, "Thanks, but I can't afford it; I've no money," the answer was, immediately, "Oh, sir, we'd book it for you with pleasure." This readiness was but one mode of the manifestation of a general confidence which seemed to me remarkable, and the existence of

which was a most pleasing social trait. If I had been a resident of London, and these good people had known but my name, the matter would have had a different aspect; but in every case it was my first visit to the shop. And when bills do come in with goods, or afterwards, they are sent "with the compliments" of Messrs. So-and-So, and with a request for further orders and the honor of your recommendation. If you express a wish to examine anything, it is sent to you for approval with compliments. If it is desirable that you should inspect anything which is in making for you, you have a respectful note asking you to do Messrs. So-and-So the favor of calling at your convenience; and this although your order may be only a matter of a pound or two, and Messrs. So-and-So may be able to "buy you" a thousand times over, and know it. If this is a result or a necessary accompaniment of aristocratic institutions, they certainly in one respect have a wholesome and elevating influence.

London shop-streets are in a great measure free from the abominable defacement of what we now call signs. Even in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and in Edgeware Road, where the shops are second-rate, there are few such great, glaring, gilded boards as affront the eye in every trading quarter of New York. There are signs, but they are comparatively few and small and inoffensive; and of flag-staffs and transparencies and other rag-fair appurtenances, there are none. This is one characteristic of London streets that makes walking through them a pleasant and a soothing process. And this unmarring modesty of outward show involves no inconvenience. I never had the least difficulty in finding any shop to which I wished to go, but once; and in that case the fault was my own. But there is one peculiarity of London streets which is somewhat embarrassing to a stranger: they are not, the long ones at least, numbered regularly from end to end, with the odd numbers on one side and the even on the other, but very irregularly and in sections; the sections being those parts of the street which run

through certain quarters; and the same street has different names in different quarters. The quarter in which a house or shop stands is generally named, as well as the street itself. This produces those double designations which strike us in London addresses; for example, "Bedford Street, Covent-Garden;" "Wellington Street, Strand;" and even "Bond Street, Regent Street." The complication makes no difficulty when once you are used to it; and it has a picturesqueness and individuality which seemed to me far preferable to the right-angled and numerical street arrangement which rules off a city in square blocks, and numbers the houses in one block 100, those in the next 200, and so on. It is difficult to attach any idea of personal possession or peculiarity to such an address as No. 1347 Chestnut Street, or No. 100 West Fifty-First Street. How much more character there is in the Black Swan without Temple Bar, the Queen's Head against St. Dunstan's Church, the Golden Ball in St. Paul's Churchyard, or the Kings Arms in Little Britain!

What we call signs, nowadays, are really not signs, but quite the contrary. A sign is a symbol, — a thing of one kind which represents or indicates something of another kind, or which is adopted as a designation for a particular place or person. Indeed, a sign is not a description in words, but, as Bardolph might say, a sign is — something — which — whereby — we make a sign of something. Thus we read in old books of such addresses as those mentioned above, and of the sign of the Bible, or of the Crown, or of the Rising Sun, or of the Cock, or of the Eagle, or of the Red Lion, or what not. These were really signs, and they came into use to designate shops or inns in times when few people could read. A board on which is written the name of the person over whose door it is, with a description of his business and the number of the house, is not properly a sign; although when these descriptions took the place of the old signs the name of the latter was naturally transferred to the former.

A few of the old sort of signs remain in London, and in some instances the name of an old sign remains as the designation of the house. One of these is the famous hostelry, The Cock, in Fleet Street, hard by Temple Bar. But lately Temple Bar has been removed from Fleet Street, and I believe the Cock itself has come down from the old perch, and crows no more. I took my luncheon there one day. It was a low, dark room, with a sanded floor. There were boxes, with little dingy green curtains along the top; the seats were as comfortable as those of a pew in an old New England meeting-house. It was probably in the same condition when Dr. Johnson, who lived not far off, took his dinner there. I observed that the score was still kept with chalk. The waiters were very sad and solemn. But for their black swallow-tailed coats and neckties that had once been white, you might have supposed them the very waiters that had just heard the news of the death of Queen Anne. The spirit of British Philistinism was concentrated in the place. The beef and the beer were indeed supremely good; but notwithstanding this and the interest attaching to the place, my luncheon was a rather doleful and depressing performance. What is to be done without Temple Bar across Fleet Street who shall say? I had thought that this obstruction, architecturally not very admirable, had its title to respect in some close connection with the British constitution, which is of about the same age; and this notion was not unsettled when I saw the props and make-shifts by which it was kept from falling into disastrous ruin. Its removal shows how, at the last moment, the English mind can rise to the emergency of a great reform; and its preservation in one of the parks shows equally that respectful consideration for the memory of the past which is one of the estimable and lovable traits of the national character.

Nothing is more remarkable in London than the suddenness with which you may pass from a street thronged and bustling with the business of the modern world into quiet and silence and verdure

and venerable memories. Out of Fleet Street you go through a gate-way that you would hardly notice, and a narrow, dim passage which promises nothing, into the Temple Gardens, where, hearing no sound but that of leaves rustling lazily and a fountain plashing drowsily, you may walk, on such a beautiful day as that on which I walked there, and muse amid a sweet stillness that could not be more undisturbed if you were in the rural heart of England. If you know one of the resident benchers or barristers, and choose to visit him, you will find his name painted in small black letters at the lintel of a door; and you will go up a rude staircase with a heavy beam hand-rail that will remind you of the stairs at Harvard and Yale in the halls that are the most old-fashioned and the rudest. You will find your friend's card upon the outside of a plain, dingy deal door; but that passed, you are likely to find yourself in chambers that are the perfection of unpretending luxury and comfort; and your friend's talk and the wine that he will offer you are likely to be such that you would gladly sit the whole day enjoying both, quite oblivious of London, the hum of which steals so lightly to your ears in the pauses that it seems less a thing of time present than a dim memory.

Stretching down to the Thames for half a mile below Charing Cross are little streets with narrow entrances which suddenly widen, and on either side of which are old houses now mostly let out in lodgings. They lead to gardens by the river-side; and there, too, you may walk or sit in silence, while just behind you roars the Strand. These streets bear the names of great families whose city residences were built there when the Strand was a suburban road by the river-side. These great houses have disappeared, most of them long ago; but the last of them, Northumberland House, was taken down quite lately. Two years ago its dilapidated basement and foundations still stood just beyond Trafalgar Square, the last ragged remnant of feudal magnificence in London.

From the upper end of Trafalgar

Square, out of which issues Pall Mall, the street of the great clubs, and hard by which are the public offices of Downing Street, it is not five minutes' walk to St. James's Park, with its long stretches of green turf, its great trees and its water, where wild fowl dive and flit into hiding. Here Dorimants and Bellairs might make appointments, and keep them unobserved, just as they did in the days of Charles II. and of Etherege; although, indeed, prying eyes might look down from the gardens of the noble houses on Carlton Terrace, built in the reign of a king who had all of Charles's vices without any of his wit. Beyond St. James's, Green Park stretches along the unbuilt side of Piccadilly to Hyde Park, which is a wilderness of arboreal beauty, and where, if you prefer silence and solitude to the throng and display of Rotten Row, you may sit under the branches of great trees, and fancy yourself in the Forest of Arden, although cabs and omnibuses are dashing along within half a mile of you. London seems bound together less by its close-built streets than by its open spaces.

The London omnibus, or 'bus as it is universally called, is a much less pretentious vehicle than that which plies up and down Broadway and the Fifth Avenue; and in some respects it is much less comfortable. It is small, sober in color, and in form a mere ugly square box on wheels. It is in constant use as an advertising van. Its windows are immovable. At the upper end there is no window or aperture at all, nor is there any in the roof; the only means of ventilation being the window through which you see the conductor standing upon the step, where, like the head-waiter at the Cock, he keeps his score, or sometimes, at least, in chalk. On a muggy day one of these air-tight London 'buses, filled with the Queen's liege subjects, not of the upper classes (who rarely or never enter one), is not pervaded with the odors of Ceylon, or with the freshness of the breezes on the top of Mount Washington. If you use an omnibus, ride upon the outside; and this is something to do; for you have not seen London streets

unless you have looked down upon them from the top of an omnibus.

There is one comfort in the London 'bus which distinguishes it and all other public vehicles in England from those in the United States. They are not overcrowded. No one is permitted to enter a full 'bus or tramway car and stand up in it to the annoyance of other persons. Neither in London nor in any other part of England did I see this offense against good manners committed even once. If an omnibus were full, the conductor took up no more passengers. And yet the street travel in London is of course much greater than it is in New York, where omnibus proprietors and the managers of street railways, practicing for their profit upon the supineness of one part of the public and the dull perceptions and rude manners of another part, are permitted to carry people packed so closely together that they are pressed into a semblance of sameness, like the cells of wax in a bee-hive. Entering a car once on a tramway in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, I found every seat occupied. I purposely stood up to see what would come of it. I had found all sorts of public servants, guards on railways, beadles in churches, and vergers in cathedrals, very considerate and accommodating; but I had not stood a moment when the conductor of this car came to me, and said, with that mixture of deference and firmness which I have mentioned before, "Beg pardon, sir, but you can't stand here." I yielded, of course, immediately, and went out; but stopped, again purposely, upon the platform. "Beg pardon, sir," immediately said my conductor, "but you know no one is allowed to stand upon the platform. Please go on top; plenty of room there." And thither I went, where I had intended to go from the first.

Everything in the England of to-day is bound by visible links to the England of the past. This is manifest even on the railways, as I have before remarked; and the very omnibuses in London preserve these signs of the continuity of English national, municipal, and social life. London, from the time when it

was a little walled city, has always had suburbs lying within a mile or two of the compact town, and these suburbs it has gradually absorbed; being in this respect like, but only in a certain degree, other great cities in other countries. No other great city has had so many suburban villages around it. But though London has taken them to itself, it has not destroyed them; they preserve their names, and still to a certain degree their individual existence. Thus Charing Cross, Kensington, Paddington, Putney, Hackney, Bayswater, Brompton, etc., more or less new quarters of metropolitan London (not the city proper), were once villages and parishes, separated from the city by green fields. Of this fact the London omnibus is a daily witness and record. It is not quite a mere public vehicle running through streets to take up chance passengers, but is still a sort of stage-coach plying between stage and stage, stopping regularly at each to take up passengers who assemble there. The fares are determined by this custom. They are not so much for the whole distance run by the 'bus, or for any part of it, but twopence from one stage to another, or threepence for a longer trip. Chance passengers are of course taken up and set down at any point; but much the greater number are taken up at these distinct stages, and leave the 'bus at some one of them. The various stages are set forth, with their proper fares, on a board at the upper end of the vehicle.

The practice in the United States has been just the reverse of this, and deliberately so. For example, omnibuses began to run in New York just as they did in London, between the centre of trade and suburbs which had become attached to the city. Greenwich and Chelsea were suburban villages, to the first of which people fled from New York, when the city was visited by yellow fever, some fifty and odd years ago. Fifteen or twenty years afterwards the first line of omnibuses was set up to ply between Wall Street and Greenwich, and "Greenwich" was painted on the 'bus, as Charing Cross, or Hammersmith, or The Elephant and Castle, is upon a 'bus

in London. But what trace of Greenwich is there now in New York? The name is never seen nor heard, and few New York people know that there ever was such a village at a place on the west side, not quite half-way from the Battery to Central Park. So Williamsburgh, a considerable town, has been united to Brooklyn within the last twenty-five years; but its old name is rapidly fading away before the glories of its new appellation, "Brooklyn East District," for which its real name has been changed, with conspicuous loss of convenience, individuality, and dignity. Names of streets are changed in the most ruthless manner. We have in New York not only the destruction of history long ago in the change of Queen Street into Pearl Street, and the late snobbish and silly change of Thompson Street to South Fifth Avenue, but within a year or two Amity Street has been made into Third Street; and there has been an attempt to wipe away the name of Lord Chatham from the thoroughfare to which it was given in honor of his protest against the oppression of the American colonies.

This foolish and vulgar fashion cannot rightly be called "American." It belongs chiefly to New York, the most characterless place in every respect that is known to me; but I am unacquainted with any of its Western imitations. In Boston they do not thus blot out all memories of the past, nor at the South. I have a friend in Annapolis who lives in Duke of Gloucester Street; and there is comfort in the date of her letters. But the New York numerical system will probably prevail until States and counties and cities are subjected to it, — why not? — and we shall have letters addressed to No. 243½ West 1279th Street, City Seven, County Twenty-Three, State Five. A lovely arrangement this will be, when it takes place. But it is merely a consistent carrying out of the plan already adopted. What associations of home or of happiness can there be with a number? With what face can a man speak of the time when he lived in dear old One Hundred and

Seventy-Fifth Street? For my part, I would rather than this go back to the old addresses of London, and live over against the sign of the Black-Boy and Stomach-Ache in Little Britain. London does not retain these old names and things in their old form and force; but she does not wipe them out as with a wet sponge, and begin the world anew every generation. As to finding one's way about in London, there is no difficulty in it whatever; at least I had none, although I was a perfect stranger, and generally — because I preferred to be so — without a guide.

I saw no beggars in London streets. Even in the poorest quarters, where, but for the half-drunken look of half the people, it seemed to me that the very tap-rooms must have shut up for want of custom, and where I felt as if I were five miles from decency, so long had I walked without seeing a clean shirt upon a man or a clean face upon a woman, I found no beggars. This was not peculiar to London. In all England, town and country, I was begged of but once, and that was in effect for food, not money. Having at home every day, and many times a day, proof that there is nothing about me to forbid the asking of alms, I was soon struck by this absolute absence of beggars, and I threw myself in the way of solicitation, but with no success. I thought once that I should succeed with a poor woman who had a few faded little nosegays for sale, and who importuned me to buy. I said no, that I could do nothing with her flowers, but spoke kindly. She entreated me to buy, and followed me out of Bond Street into a little cross-street, holding out her sickly little bouquets, which I thought might be like the wan, feeble children she had left at home. I still shook my head, but did not tell her to go away, and I am sure must have looked the compassion that I felt. I meant to buy a nosegay, but I thought, Surely this woman will ask me to give her something. But no; she even followed me to the very door of the house where I was going, thrusting the flowers almost into my face, and saying, "Only sixpence, sir; please buy

one:" but she did not beg. I remained obdurate in vain, until the door opened, and then I took her nosegay, and put something into her hand which, little as it was, brought joy into her face, and the door closed upon her looking on her palm and making a half-dazed courtesy.

It was in the Strand, about nine o'clock in the evening, that I met my only beggar. As I walked leisurely through that thronged thoroughfare, suddenly I was conscious of a woman's presence, and a woman's voice asking, "Please, sir, would you give me tuppence to buy one of those pork pies in that shop? I'm so hungry." I paused. The face that was looking up into mine with entreaty in the eyes was that of a young woman about twenty years old, not at all pretty, but with that coarse comeliness of face and figure which is not uncommon among lowly born Englishwomen. Her dress was neat and comfortable, but not at all smart. As I looked at her doubtingly, she said, "You think I want it for drink; but indeed, indeed, I don't, sir. You need n't give me the tuppence; you may come and buy the pie yourself, sir, and see me eat it, if you will." She pointed across the street to a little shop where pastry and other viands were in the window. I had no doubt that her object in walking the Strand at that hour in the evening was not to beg for pork pies, but I decided to do as she suggested. We crossed the street and entered the shop. It was a very small place, humble and rude; much more so than I expected to find it from the look of the window. However, it seemed perfectly quiet and respectable, — merely a tiny eating-house that lived by the chance custom of the poorest wayfarers along the Strand. Behind the little counter stood a woman so fat that she looked like a huge pork pie in petticoats. I said to the girl, "Never mind the pie; call for what you like." "May I?" she cried, her eyes brightening wide with pleasure; and then, turning to the little counter she said, with a largeness of manner and an intensity of satisfaction the sight of which was worth a Cincin-

nati of pork-pies, "Stewed tripe and potatoes!" We sat down in a little pen upon deal seats and at a deal board that had once been painted, but, I think, never washed. Stewed tripe was manifestly a standing dish; for we had hardly taken our seats when a plate, a soup plate, of it came up through a sort of trap-door just outside our pen, with two large potatoes on a smaller plate. My companion made a hasty plunge outside, and set them smilingly upon the table. The principal dish looked like a bucket of bill-sticker's paste, into which a piece of a bill had fallen, as sometimes happens, and become thoroughly soaked. It was steaming hot, and gave out a faint, sickening smell, in which I detected an element that reminded me of an occasion when, upon the recommendation of a professed good liver, I vainly tried to eat a little tripe broiled after some wonderful fashion. The girl seized upon the potatoes; and although they were so hot that she plainly could not touch them without pain, she squeezed them out of their skins into the pasty fluid in which the tripe was wallowing. At once she began to eat the grumous mess, and ate so hastily, almost voraciously, that she burnt her mouth. I told her not to eat so fast, but to take her time, and let the stuff cool. "But I'm so hungry," was her reply. She abated but little of her eagerness, and soon finished her portion to the last morsel and the last drop. Upon my invitation she ate some trifle more; but when I asked her if she would have some beer, to my surprise she said no, adding, "They've no tap here." This is the case in many eating-houses in London, of the better as well as of the lower order. At one where, early in my London experience, I had ordered and was eating a particularly juicy, high-flavored chop, I was asked if I would like anything to drink, and ordering a pint of half-and-half, I was surprised at the waiter's saying, "Please to give me the money." To my look of inquiry, he replied, "We've no license, sir, and we send out." This just reverses the practice in New York, where the keeper of a bar will add a skeleton restaurant and

two beds to his establishment for the purpose of making sure his license to sell beer and spirits. I suppose that there are not half a dozen restaurants in New York where ale and beer may not be had for the asking.

When the girl had stayed her hunger, I led her to talk, to which she seemed not at all unwilling. She proved to be one of those simple, good-natured, common-sensible, but not quick or clever, women who abound in England. She told me a story, — with a man in it, of course. When was a woman's story without one? A man's story sometimes, although rarely, may have no woman in it; but a woman's without a man, — never. This one had no incident, no peculiarity, which gave it the slightest interest. It was the baldest possible narration of fact. She had been at service, and her child was born about four months ago; that was all. But there was also an entire absence of the pretensions and the complaints common in such cases; universal in the United States, but more rarely heard in England, I believe, where there is less sham upon all subjects. In this case, at least, there was not a word of reproach, and no talk of betrayal or of ruin. On the contrary, she said frankly, "I've no call to find any fault with him." I respected the girl for this candor. "But," she added, "I did think he need n't have run away just before my baby was going to be born. The poor little kid would n't have done him any harm." I more than heartily agreed with her here, when I found that she had neither seen the father of her child nor heard from him for nearly six months. But I could not but respect her simplicity, her uncomplaining endurance, and her cheerfulness; for she spoke hopefully, and with such slight but loving reference to her baby that I was sure that when it left her breast she

would hunger before it did. To be sure, she had health and strength and youth and courage, and some humble friends who did not cast her off; but for all that that selfish and cowardly fellow knew, she might have been dead, or worse, lying ill and starving with his child on straw in a garret. Her feeling toward him seemed to be that of mild contempt, because he had lacked the manliness to face the consequences of his own conduct. She made no claim upon him whatever. From what I saw and heard I came to the conclusion that an unmarried mother is not in general treated so cruelly by her friends among the lower classes in England as in corresponding circumstances she is with us. As I made a slight contribution to the comfort of the little one, she begged me to go home with her and "see the little kid," with regard to whose prettiness she gave me very confident assurances. But although it was stipulated on her part that my proposed visit was to be one of domiciliary inspection merely, to this invitation I did not seriously incline. We went out into the glaring, gas-lit, bustling Strand. She shook hands with me in a hearty way, and with no profusion of thanks from her we parted. I turned after I had walked a few steps, and saw her standing still amid the hurrying throng, looking earnestly after me. I nodded to her, went on my way, and saw her no more.

I observed, as she was talking with me, that she did not maltreat her *h's*. I found other instances of a like correctness of speech among people of her low condition of life in England; but they are very rare; rarest of all in London. The others that I met with were, if I remember rightly, chiefly in Kent and in Lancashire.

But here I must stop, and leave my tale of London streets half told.

Richard Grant White.

REMINISCENCES OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

I MET Bayard Taylor first in 1848. We were both young men, for we were born in the same year, 1825, he in January and I in July, and we both had one thing in common,—a love of poetry and a belief that we were poets. We may have doubted some things, but that supreme thing we did not and would not doubt. It was a consolation to me, and a glory to him. I was familiar with his writings before he could have been with mine, and, knowing something of his history from the newspapers, I was prepared to like him, if we should ever meet. He had been to Europe, and had published his *Views Afoot*, which had made his name widely known, while I had merely printed a few verses in the magazines. The *Union Magazine*, which had been started in New York a year before, was the immediate cause of our acquaintance. It was edited by Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, an estimable woman and a charming writer, who had read a little manuscript volume of verse which I had inflicted upon her good nature, who had kindly loaned me books from her library, and who had accepted some of my verses for her periodical. She was the most judicious friend whom I had yet made, and she was also a friend of Bayard Taylor, who was one of her most valued contributors. She talked with me about him, and just before she went to Europe, leaving him to fill her editorial chair, she advised me to call upon him during her absence.

I have tasked my memory to recover the reason of my first calling upon Bayard Taylor, and I believe I may say that it was to learn the fate of a manuscript which he had received either from Mrs. Kirkland or from myself. I found him in the editorial room of the *Tribune*, which, I think, was on the same floor as the composing-room. It was certainly on an upper floor of the *Tribune* building, if not the uppermost floor of all. Compositors were at work close by the

desk at which he was seated, which was lumbered with books and newspapers, not forgetting the necessary editorial shears. It was one of two desks which were placed back to back, for the accommodation of himself and a fellow-editor, who was charged with the shipping news of the paper. "Is Mr. Bayard Taylor here?" I asked, in a general way, of the two persons who were occupying these desks. The one who was nearest me looked up from his work, and replied, "I am he." "My name is Stoddard," I said, "and I have come to see whether you can use —." Here I named an early production of mine, which, I believe, was addressed to Oblivion (if so, it has reached its destination), and he assured me that he not only could use it, but that it would appear in a certain number of the *Union Magazine*, which he specified, and which I was glad to learn was not a remote one. He must have risen during his conversation, for I saw that he was taller than myself. I have before me now a vision of him in his young manhood,—tall, erect, active-looking, and manly, with an aquiline nose, bright, loving eyes, and the dark, ringleted hair with which we endow, in ideal, the heads of poets. There was a kindness and a courtesy in his greeting which went straight to my heart, and assured me that I had found a friend. What conversation other than that I have indicated passed between us I have forgotten, though I know that he must have asked me to come and see him, both in the editorial room and at his own room, for I visited him at both places soon afterward.

Bayard Taylor and I met at night generally, for neither could call the day his own; he had his work to do on the *Tribune*, and I had mine to do in a foundry. Apart from politics, his was the cleaner of the two, but not the least laborious, I am sure. He wrote fifteen hours a day, he told me, scribbling book notices,

leaders, foreign news, reports, — turning his hand and pen to everything that went to the making of a newspaper thirty years ago. There was but one night in the week when he could do what he pleased, and that was Saturday night, which we always spent together when he was in town. I looked forward to it as a school-boy looks forward to a holiday, and was happy when it came. I have forgotten where his rooms were, but as near as I can recollect they were in a boarding-house on Murray Street, not far from Broadway. They were sky parlors, as the saying is, for he liked a good outlook; and besides, they suited his purse, which was not plethoric with shekels. In the first of these rooms, which was set apart for his books, there was a little table, at which he wrote late into the night, resting his soul with poetry after the prosaic labors of the day. It was poetry which had made us friends, and we never spent a night together without talking about it, and without reading the poems we had written since our last meeting. If the Muses had favored me, I brought their favors with me, and mouthed them out in innocent audacity. I thought well of my attempts, no doubt, but never in my wildest moments did I dream of comparing myself with him. He had an imagination which surpassed mine, a command of the fervors and splendors of language, and an intuitive knowledge of rhetoric and of sonorous harmonies of rhythm. I have been looking over his poetical works, and I find that there are but few of his early poems which I did not read, or which he did not read to me, in manuscript. His mind was so fertile and his execution so rapid that he generally had one or more new poems to show me when we met. I sit with him now in thought, and hear him read the *Metempsychosis* of the Pine, Hylas, Kubleh, and Ariel in the Cloven Pine. The last impressed me so deeply that I wrote a companion piece, in which I tried to embody the personality of Caliban.

The conversation and the poetic practice of Bayard Taylor were the only intellectual stimulant I had, and if I wrote

better than I had done previous to making his acquaintance I felt that it was largely due to him. There was an enthusiasm about him which was contagious. We were a help to each other, and we were a hindrance, also, I can see now, for we admired too indiscriminately, and criticised too tenderly. My favorite poet was Keats, and his was Shelley, and we pretended to believe that the souls of these poets had returned to earth in our bodies. My worship of my master was restricted to a silent imitation of his diction; my comrade's worship of his master took the form of an Ode to Shelley, which I thought, and still think, the noblest poem that his immortal genius has inspired. It is followed in the volume before me (*Poems of Home and Travel*, 1855) by an airy lyric on Sicilian Wine, which was written out of his head, as the children say, for he had no Sicilian wine, nor, indeed, wine of any other vintage. He had cigars, however, and he tempted me into the use of the Indian weed. He tempted me, also, into the eating of oysters before we parted for the night, and it was our custom to repair to a restaurant near by, and to supply ourselves with that succulent brain food. These Saturday nights of ours were more to me, I think, than they could possibly have been to Bayard Taylor; for if his days were passed in mental drudgery, they were passed in the society of gentlemen, while mine were passed in hard, physical labor amongst common workmen and apprentices. I had no friend except himself, and no companionship but that of books and my own thoughts. If I had not enjoyed myself at those seasons, I must have been more or less than human. As Cowley said of Hervey: —

"To him my *Muse* made haste with ev'ry Strain,
Whilst it was *New*, and *Warm* yet from the
Brain.

He loved my worthless *Rhymes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out something to *Commend*.

Hence now, my *Muse*, thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest Verse

With which I now Adorn his *Herse*,
And this my *Grief* without thy Help shall write."

If Bayard Taylor had been in easy

circumstances in 1849, I hardly think he would have gone to California as the correspondent of the Tribune. But his circumstances were not easy, so he went manfully, and wrote a capital book about his experiences in the new Eldorado, and, better still, a number of California ballads, of which any poet might have been proud. They were so popular, I remember, that one of the best of them, *Manuela*, provoked an amusing parody from Phebe Cary, which delighted the parodied poet, who was good-natured enough to take as well as to give.

The American Parnassus was a Bedlam in the autumn of 1850, and Bayard Taylor was the innocent cause of its madness. The Prince of Showmen had imported Jenny Lind to sing before his admiring countrymen, and, to flatter their national vanity, he offered a prize of two hundred dollars for an original song for her. All the versifiers in the land set at once to work to immortalize themselves and to better their fortunes, and as many as six hundred confidently expected to do so. Bayard Taylor came one afternoon early in September, and confided to me the fact that he was to be declared the winner of this perilous honor, and that he foresaw a row. "They will say it was given to me because Putnam, who is my publisher, is one of the committee, and because Ripley, who is my associate on the Tribune, is another." "If you think so," I answered, "withdraw your name, and put my name in place of it. You shall have the money, and I will bear the abuse." He laughed, and left me, as I thought, to do what I had suggested; but he concluded to acknowledge the authorship himself, and stand the consequences. The decision of the committee was published next day, and the indignation of the disappointed competitors was unbounded. They rushed to all the editors whom they knew, or could reach, and these sharp-witted gentlemen, having an eye for mischief as well as fun, published their prose and their verse, which ranged from an epigram up to an epic. The choice of the committee had fallen upon only two out of the

whole number of manuscripts which had been sent to them, and being in some doubt as to which of the two was the most suitable for the occasion, they showed both to Jenny Lind, who chose the shortest one, as containing the feeling she wished to express in her greeting to America. It happened to be the one that Bayard Taylor had written, and it was accordingly set to music by Jules Benedict, and sung by her at her first concert in Castle Garden. I have recovered this unfortunate lyric, but I shall not quote it here, for Bayard Taylor desired to have it forgotten. "Did you see the Brooklyn announcement of my lecture?" he wrote to me in November. "('Bayard Taylor, the successful competitor of the Jenny Lind prize.')" Is that song to be the only thing which will save my name from oblivion?"

I have been reading over the letters that Bayard Taylor wrote me at this time, and have been pained almost as deeply as when I first read them. They are darkened by the sickness and death of the woman he loved. Her health began to decline after his return from California. She was so ill in June that her physician had no hope, but in August she was able to make a summer trip with her parents. "Mary seems much improved by the mountain air," he wrote from New York, "and has herself strong hopes of her recovery. I dare not see anything but darkness yet, — I will not hope against hope and be deceived at last. We went to West Point, which was distractingly noisy and unpleasant; but, by a special godsend, Willis touched there accidentally the same day, and took us to a farm-house back of the Highlands, where his family was staying, — a beautiful, quiet spot. I stayed two days, and then came here. I was up again yesterday, and will go again on Tuesday, when they think of leaving. Mary has agreed with me that it is best for us to be married at once, so that she can be with me here. The winter will not be so hard in the city as in the country, and then if she is to be taken from me we will at least have a few days together. It will be a sad bridal day, I fear."

He mentioned one of her relatives who was opposed to their marriage, and added, "But were we to die for it we could not do otherwise." He wrote me again in October from Kennett Square. There was no hope; the worst was certain. She might linger, but death was the end. "What agony we have endured in talking all this over I can never tell, but we now look to the end with calmness, if not with resignation." He visited her again in November. She was very weak when he reached home, and had been growing weaker ever since. "I found it a hard trial to see her going from me with so slow and certain a decay. My own health is already shattered, and if this were to last much longer it would kill me outright." As the end drew near, he strove to console himself by looking forward to what we might accomplish in the future. "We must both cling the closer to that worship which is the consecration of our lives,—the unselfish homage of that spirit of art and beauty which men call Poetry. Without that, I should be nothing in my present desolation. Let us work our way, whatever the toil and sorrow, from vestibule to chancel, from chancel to shrine, from the lowest footstool of the temple to the high priest's place beside the altar. The same incense that reaches us will sanctify and embalm our griefs: they will share in our canonization." Twelve days later (December 27, 1850) she passed through the valley of the shadow of death. "It is over. Perhaps you may already know it, but I wish to tell you so before we meet. She died on Saturday last, and was buried in the midst of that cruel storm on Monday. She is now a saint in heaven. She had no foes to pardon, and no sins to be forgiven."

Such was the close of this brief episode in the early love-life of Bayard Taylor. How deeply he was moved by it the readers of his poetry know, for in spite of his profound reticence it would force itself into his remembrance. It found a voice in that saddest of all dirges, the unnamed lyric, beginning, "Moan, ye wild winds, around the pane,"

in his *Autumnal Vespers*; and in *The Phantom*, where he describes himself sitting in the old homestead, where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other over the carpet at his feet. The arms of the sweet-brier have wrestled upward in the summers that have gone, and the willow trails its branches lower than when he saw them last. They strive to shut the sunshine out of the haunted room, and to fill the house with gloom and silence. Remembered faces come within the door-way, and he hears voices that remind him of a voice that is dumb.

"They sing, in songs as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

"And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

"And, all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

"She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair:
I hear the rustle of her garments,—
Her light step on the stair!

"O fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

"She tarries long; but lo! a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

"Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

"But my heart grows sick with weary waiting
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er."

Bayard Taylor sailed for Europe in the summer of 1851, and we corresponded, until his return, towards the close of 1853. He wrote me from Constantinople on July 21, 1852, and wished that I might enjoy with him the superb view of two continents and their proudest city, which he saw whenever he lifted his head, and that he might relieve his heart by letting loose a fountain of talk

which had been sealed up for months. He had met with no one to whom he could speak of poetry and be understood, and was like a lover who had no confidant. "God be with us all, and speed the time when I may see you, and we may gossip away the midnights in my lofty attic. Fields promises to have copies of both our books waiting for me in London, so that I shall see something of you before I reach home."

I must have been the most negligent of letter-writers, for I see that Bayard Taylor wrote me nearly a year later, from China (August 13, 1853), and declared that he almost vowed never to write me again. "What a long, long time has passed since you last sat till the small hours in my attic! Was it in this life, or a former one, that I knew you? I shall be ready to greet you as a ghost, when I get home again, for you oblige me to think of you as I knew you in the past." He was curious (though he need not have been) to see what I had written during his absence, and whether I had not taken a different direction from what he had anticipated. As for himself, he feared he should return to me the same mere lyrist as of old, with a few orientalisms in his imagery, an additional glow and color, perhaps, in his cup of wine, but nothing else. "I have relapsed into a traveler and adventurer; seeking the heroic in actual life, yet without attaining it; satisfied with the sensation of animal existence; and more admiring and more thinking of the lusty joys of living and breathing among my fellow-men than of the glorious art to which I once devoted myself. It has repaid me, however, by inspiring me with a warm sympathy with all kinds and classes of men, and I shall have, for some years to come, friends in the deserts of Nubia, the mountains of Spain, and among the hardy seamen of our navy, who, I am sure, will remember me with kindly feeling. The experience of the last two years has been most valuable to me, in every respect. It has vastly increased my sum of mere knowledge, and most of all my knowledge of human nature. I have a rich

store of material to work up in after-life, if I live, and my art does not forsake me."

During his absence abroad I gave a hostage to fortune in the person of a wife, and on his return to America he found two friends where he had left but one. We no longer met at night in his lofty attic in Murray Street (if it was Murray Street), but in my cosy rooms in Third Street, where we had oysters when we wanted them, besides whatever beverage was in the house. He came to us one night in high glee, with a flask of wine which he had obtained on board of a Greek vessel. He said that Homer had drank of it, and when it was opened, and we had tasted it, I wondered at the taste, not to say the courage, of Homer, for "the Homeric beverage," as he named it, was execrable. He stood up for it as long as he could, and tried to persuade himself that he liked it, but we laughed him out of his supposed liking, and made him confess that it was horrid stuff. He had his little enthusiasms, which he insisted on my sharing with him, though I fought against them strenuously. I tried once to smoke a nargileh in his room, but I could not do it; neither could he, when he set about it seriously, so I had the laugh against him. He brought me all the poems that he had written while abroad, and I was delighted at their excellence. If I had not been aware of the ease with which he wrote, I should have been surprised at the rapidity with which these poems succeeded each other.

He had copied them out, in the order in which they were composed, in a blank book, which he presented to me after they were fairly written out for the press, — "to keep when he was dead." ("Ah, woful when!") They are before me now, in his perfect manuscript, and as I turn the leaves slowly, the winter nights in which I first read them return, and the quarter of a century which has intervened rolls lightly away.

The first of these Poems of the Orient, the sonnet entitled *Smyrna*, is dated October, 1851; the last, *Jerusalem*, December, 1853. The *Nilotic Drinking-Song*

was written on the Nile, Ethiopia, and Kilimandjaro on the White Nile, Central Africa, both in January, 1852. Arab Prayer, Requiem in the South, Nubia, The Birth of the Horse, and Charmian were written in September; and the Ode to Indolence, A Lament, The Angel of Patience, Desert Hymn to the Sun, Hymn to Air, Gulistan, Saturday Night at Sea, Voyage of a Dream, The Sheik, The Mid-Watch, and the glorious Bedouin Song, in October, 1853. I doubt whether the genius of Byron ever produced more and better poetry than that of Bayard Taylor within the space of a single month. The manuscript readings of these poems, and others which I might name, differ but little from the printed versions of to-day. A few lines have been omitted here and there, and one stanza (the third, as it was originally written) has been dropped from the Ode to Indolence.

"Where thou dost sit the shadow of Despair
Fell never; Hate and Envy thence depart.
Turn from thy gate the baffled hounds of Care,
And the great strength of slumber fills the heart.
Even Love himself, far-exiled, in thy bower,
From the bright paths of rapture which he trod,
Folds up his wing; in Indian Song, the god
Was born beneath the sleepy lotus-flower.
The only fugitive escaped the riot,
His presence glorifies thy deep Elysian quiet."

I have found a Persian Serenade, which is not included in the poems of Bayard Taylor (1865), and which I copy from his manuscript. Whether it has been printed before, I have forgotten. It was written at Granada, Spain, in November, 1852.

PERSIAN SERENADE

HARK, as the twilight pale
Tenderly glows, —
Hark, how the nightingale
Wakes from repose!
Only when, sparkling high,
Stars fill the darkling sky,
Unto the nightingale
Listens the rose.

Here, where the fountain-tide
Murm'ringly flows,
Airs from the mountain-side
Fan thy repose;
Eyes of thine, glistening,
Look on me, listening:
I am thy nightingale,
Thou art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves,
Fainter it flows
Now, as her balmy leaves
Blushingly close.
Better than minstrelsy,
Lips that blush kissingly;
Silence thy nightingale —
Kiss me, my rose!

I thought, and I think so still, when I read these spirited and picturesque poems that Bayard Taylor had captured the poetic secret of the East as no English-writing poet but Byron had; and I rejoiced heartily that they would add fresh laurels to his wreath. He knew the East as no one can possibly know it from books, or Moore would have reflected it with greater fidelity in *Lalla Rookh*. "I am quite Turkified in my habits," Bayard Taylor wrote me from Constantinople (July 21, 1852), "sitting cross-legged, smoking pipes, swearing by Allah, and wearing a big white turban. In Asia Minor I frequently went into mosques, and was looked upon as a good Mohammedan." That he was not so Turkified as he would have had me suppose was evident to me while I read the *Winter Solstice*, the *Requiem* in the South, and *The Mystery*, three touching and beautiful poems, which no Eastern poet could have imagined, much less written, and no Western poet, unless his soul had been touched to fine tones by a great loss and a mournful remembrance.

I recall many nights which Bayard Taylor passed in our rooms, and especially one when he made me proud and happy by reading me a poem about our poetic friendship, written in Greece, and inspired, I assured him, by a warmer and richer draught than the Homeric beverage! Great was our merriment; for if we did not always sink the shop, we kept it for our own amusement solely. Fitz James O'Brien was a frequent guest, and an eager partaker of our merriment, which somehow resolved itself into the writing of burlesque poems. We sat around a table, and whenever the whim seized us, which was often enough, we each wrote down themes on little pieces of paper, and putting them into a hat or a box we drew out one at

random; and then scribbled away for dear life. We put no restriction upon ourselves: we could be grave, or gay, or idiotic even; but we must be rapid, for half the fun was in noting who first sang out, "Finished!" It was a neck-and-neck race between Bayard Taylor and Fitz James O'Brien, who divided the honors pretty equally, and whose verses, I am compelled to admit, were generally better than my own. Bayard Taylor was very dexterous in seizing the salient points of the poets we girded at, and was as happy as a child when his burlesques were successful. He reminded me, I told him once, of Hatterfelts,

"with his hair on end
At his own wonders."

He blushed, laughed, and admitted that his cleverness pleased him, and he was glad that it pleased us, also. "It is good sport," he remarked; "but poetry, — that is a very different and very serious matter." I mention these trifling intellectual duels, because they were afterwards a continual source of amusement among our common friends, and because the practice which he thus acquired stood Bayard Taylor in good stead when he was preparing *The Echo Club*, which grew out of these early wit combats of ours.

When Bayard Taylor returned from abroad he found a great many invitations to lecture awaiting his arrival, and he concluded to gratify those who wished to hear and see him, for seeing had much to do with lecturing twenty-four years ago. Bating the inconvenience and occasional hardship of winter travel, it was an easy way of earning money, but it was not a way that he liked: he was naturally averse to crowds and strange faces, and eager for leisure in which to write poetry, which literally haunted him like a passion. We tracked him through his letters, which were very amusing. He was at Buffalo on the 5th of March, 1854. "I have lectured nine times since I saw you," he wrote, "and have had great success everywhere: crammed houses; women carried out fainting; young ladies stretching their necks on all sides, and crying, in breathless whispers,

'There he is! *That's him!*' etc. Believe me, Stoddard, it is a miserable business, this lecturing. There is some satisfaction in finding so many persons that have known you, and read what you have written, and feel a sincere interest in you, and are kind and hospitable towards you; but oh, the vanity and vexation of hearing the same remarks twenty times a day, and being obliged to answer questions that have become hideous by endless repetition! I wonder how I retain my patience under it all. Sometimes I snap them rather short off, but they think it is my way of talking, and are not offended. I find that this business of traveling has entirely swamped and overwhelmed my poetical reputation, except with a few sensible people here and there. People can't see that if I had not been a poet, I should never have had such success as a traveler. Then to hear remarks made about me and my lectures, in the cars and hotels, by people who don't know me personally; it's amusing, yet humiliating, for I am not flattered by the value they put upon me. There is not the least fragment of discrimination in it. Most of them admire me hugely for having gotten over so much ground, and some are inclined to envy because the others admire. Altogether the experience is interesting and useful, but I foresee that I shall soon get enough of it." He sent me a song which he had written that morning, — an attempt at expressing a very vague and unsubstantial melody which had been dodging about his brain for some days. It will be found in the collected edition of his *Poetical Works* ("Now the days are brief and drear"), but shortened by the following stanza, which was inserted between the first and second stanzas as in the printed copy: —

"Balm and brightness, bloom and glee,
Filled the land from sea to sea;
But the heavens grew dim with rains,
Sunshine left the autumn plains,
And the night sank down with snow,
For the summers come and go."

Bayard Taylor departed for Europe the second time in the summer of 1856, accompanied by his sisters, to whom he

played the cicerone. "I never saw England so beautiful," he wrote to us from Paris. "The weather was clear and warm, and the country greener (if possible) than the fields of Kennett. I saw the loveliest ivy-grown cottages (Anne Hathaway's among the rest), the fairest meadows, the most dazzling poppy-fields, the picturesquiest elms and oaks, but no trees, I swear (not even the venerable oaks of Carlicote, where Shakespeare poached), equal to my own. Kennett went with us through Warwickshire, a journey of four days; it was 'eavenly.'" He had made the acquaintance of Thackeray during the previous year, while he was delivering those famous lectures which we all remember so well, and had given him a breakfast at Delmonico's, where I had my first and last sight of that great writer. They became friends and bosom cronies, as the old rooms of the Century could testify, if walls had tongues; it was natural, therefore, that they should soon meet again. "Thackeray was in London," he went on to say, in the letter from which I am quoting, "and I found him as jovial and tender-hearted as ever. His daughters came to see the girls, took them out driving a whole afternoon, and we all dined together in the evening. The T.'s are good girls, charmingly honest, naive, and original. The dinner came off on the 1st according to promise: present, Thackeray, Mark Lemon, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Leach, Bradbury and Evans, Hurlbert, Story, Olmstead, and myself.

"I breakfasted with Barry Cornwall and Browning. Dear old Barry! I loved him from the first minute. He is reputed silent, but he opened his heart to me, like an uncle. He showed me all his manuscripts, — lots of unpublished poems, etc., — and talked out of the abundance of his golden nature. Browning was most cordial."

Bayard Taylor spent the winter of 1856-57 in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, from which countries I presume he wrote me, though I do not find his letters. In the autumn of the latter year, we learned (not directly, I think) that

Benedict was about to become a married man, and the date of his marriage having been made known to his friends, we celebrated it, and drank his health over three thousand miles of sea. He was married at Gotha, Germany, in October, 1857, to Marie Hansen, daughter of Geheim-Regierungs-rath P. A. Hansen, the distinguished astronomer. The Taylors proceeded to Athens, where they remained until May, 1858.

Bayard Taylor returned to America in the autumn of 1858, and after a short visit to his beloved Kennett concluded to reside in the same house with me and mine in Brooklyn, and we spent our first Christmas under the same roof. Twenty years have passed since then, and we have never failed to celebrate the day together, when he was in town, either at his house or mine, — never till the Christmas which has just gone, the last sad Christmas since his taking off. If he had been a delightful companion as a bachelor, he was no less so as a married man: his love of poetry was as ardent as ever, his heart as warm and tender, and he was as ready to sit up and talk and smoke into the small hours of the morning. He brought from the Old World the receipt of a wonderful punch, which was concocted of champagne and claret, pounded ice and oranges or pineapples, and which was christened cardinal punch. The bowl of it which graced our table that first Christmas Eve quickened the memory of the happy poet, who referred to a lyric of Kenyon's on Champagne Rose, which he admired greatly, and could repeat by heart. "Lily on legend roses floating," he began, and went through the poem without missing a word of it. We argued that the third stanza was the best, though we disclaimed the imputation in the first two lines: —

"And true it is they cross in pain
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry;
But only make our Styx champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!"

I told him I thought I could beat that, and I read him a song in praise of claret, written over two hundred years before, by Alexander Brome, the lawyer

poet. The closing lines, I remarked, were prophetic of what was before us: —

“Since we’re to pass through this Red Sea,
Our noses shall our pilots be,
And every soul a swimmer.”

“Crown the bowl with flowers of soul,” quoted the merry bard, as he handed me a goblet of punch.

We saw less of Bayard Taylor than we had hoped during the winter, for he was away from home most of the time lecturing. When spring came he determined to remove to New York. We must live together, he said; as he was more prosperous than I he would pay the rent of the house. It would be so jolly to have a library in which we could write. And how we would write! They would soon cease to call us “younger poets,” and we should take our proper places among the Old Masters. Young, quotha? Why, we were thirty-four! It was impossible to resist his enthusiasm, or to refuse his generosity. I could do neither, so we set up our two households in one house in Thirteenth Street. It was a risky thing to do, perhaps, for the best of friends can see too much of each other; but we managed to do it, nevertheless, and without adding a fresh chapter to the Quarrels of Authors.

We were scarcely settled in our new quarters before the Taylors were in Kennett again, directing the building of a country-seat. Bayard Taylor was his own architect, and apparently his own superintendent, overlooking brick-makers, stone-cutters, haulers, *et id omne genus diabolorum*. It was a Napoleonic business for a poet. “To-day we placed the great corner-stone of the tower, with all due ceremony,” he wrote on June 7th. “Under it is a box of zinc, containing a copy of Views Afoot; an original poem by me, to be read five hundred years hence by somebody who never heard of me; some coins; a poem by R. H. S. in his own MS.; and various small things. All of us — even Lily — contributed a trowelful of mortar. I broke the neck of a bottle on the stone, and poured oblation to all good Lares and Penates, and then gave the workmen cakes and ale.”

If we had not lived so happily together, in town and country, during the next two years, I should doubtless remember the little events of our common life more clearly than I do. We were all young enough to be merry, and we passed our leisure as Cowper and Thurlow passed theirs when studying law, — in giggling and making giggle. We made the most of what we possessed, and were never so happy as when we had our friends about us. Our home was frequented by artists, by men of letters, and by poets. We were a nest of singing birds, as Dr. Johnson told Mistress Hannah More, when he showed her his old rooms in Pembroke College. We made much of Christmas, which we kept as the poet’s wife had been accustomed to see it kept in her German fatherland. We had a Christmas tree, which was installed in state in the back parlor the day before Christmas, and was decorated with little glass globes, tiny candles, flags, ribbons, and what not, as full as it could hold. The ladies of the household were the only ones who had access to it, and they arranged our Christmas presents on its branches, and on tables and stands around it. The folding doors were closed, and we were not permitted to enter the room until the candles were lighted, and they were ready for us. We were as eager as children in the interim, laughing in our sleeves at the gifts we were to make, and puzzling our heads over the gifts we were to receive. We rode each other’s hobbies, exhausting our ingenuity in selecting oddities to provoke laughter and promote good fellowship. We invited a young poet to spend a Christmas Eve with us, and showered upon him all sorts of musical instruments: drums, trumpets, fiddles, fifes, penny whistles, jew’s-harps, — everything, in short, that would indicate his devotion to the Muse. We made more of our Christmas Eves than of all other nights in the year. And we shall never spend them together again, — never!

“No motion has he now, no force;
He neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth’s diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.”

Bayard Taylor finished his country house, "Cedarcroft," in the summer of 1860, and gave his friends and neighbors a house-warming such as was never before known in Pennsylvania. Our families were together, as in New York, and we, their lords and masters, resolved to surprise them, and ourselves, by writing a play. We went into a quiet room, and sketched out a trifle with which we hoped to amuse the expected visitors. There was but one room in which it could be acted, and as scenery was not practicable we managed to have the action take place in the parlor of a hotel which we named the "Effervescing House," and located at Saratoga. We studied our company, and settled upon the number we thought we could depend upon, and upon the parts which would be likely to suffer least at their hands; then we set to work, and wrote as rapidly as our pens would travel over the paper, and when our company was letter perfect in the text, and in their stage directions, we went to an old disused printing-office in Kennett, and set up the bill of the performance, with flaming head-lines:—

CEDARCROFT THEATRE!
GREAT ATTRACTION!
Saturday, August 18, 1860,
Will be presented for the first time a
NEW COMEDY
In one act, entitled,
LOVE AT A HOTEL!

By the world-renowned dramatic authors, Mr. B. T. Cedarcroft and Mr. R. H. S. Customhouse.

This was followed by the *dramatis personæ*: Mr. Charles Augustus Montmorency, a fast young gentleman, without any visible means of support; Captain Morton Price, U. S. A.; Mr. A. Binks, proprietor of the "Effervescing House;" Barney O'Brien, porter; Miss Araminta Delaporte, a sentimental old maid of French descent, with a nervous dread of boys, mice, etc.; Miss Julia Grindle, her niece; and Mehitable Jones, of Squam Neck, chambermaid. The "comedy" was a great success, and deserved to be (before a country audience), for there was not an original scene, situation, thought, or word in it. It had been played so many times before, in one form or another, that it could not well

have failed now; and it did not fail. We amused our audience in the acting, as we had amused ourselves in the writing, and we parted, on the best of terms.

If I were called upon to single out of my thirty years' reminiscences of Bayard Taylor the one above all others by which I should prefer to remember him, it would be the night on which we celebrated his fortieth birthday (January 11, 1865). His friends prepared for it beforehand, each thinking what would be most absurdly appropriate (or inappropriate) to present him, and all keeping their own counsel, ransacking invention for preposterous mementoes. It fell to my lot to act as the scribe, and as The Century had lately printed a voluminous account of its celebration of the seventieth birthday of Mr. Bryant, I resolved to burlesque that account. I imagined the decoration of Bayard Taylor's chambers, the gathering of his friends, and wrote letters of regret from those who could not be present, but who somehow happened to be present in spite of their letters. The reading of these missives and sundry copies of verse, and the bestowal of our mementoes, provoked more fun than had ever before, or has ever since, distinguished our Taylor nights. It was not so much that they were comical in themselves (though they *were*) as that we were willing to fool and be fooled to the top of our bent. The table was on a roar till long after midnight.

We had a meeting in Bryant's commemoration at the Century in November of the past year, a few nights after what would have been — if he had lived — his eighty-fourth birthday. Mr. John Bigelow, who had known him long, delivered an address, and three Century poets were present, one only in the spirit. Bayard Taylor was represented by an 'Epicedium,' which was read for him, and Mr. Stedman read a noble poem, which the readers of The Atlantic will remember.

Before two months were passed Bayard Taylor had joined the dead master! He is gone; and when I think that I shall never see his face nor take his hand

again, I am feelingly reminded of what we are. "There's nothing serious in mortality."

As I have mentioned Bayard Taylor's friend Thackeray, let me close my imperfect tribute to his memory by reading a little sermon by that great lay preacher, which was a favorite with us, and which has now a melancholy interest for me. "I mind me," he says, in the person of his *alter ego*, Mr. Brown, "I mind me of many a good fellow who has laughed and talked here, and whose pipe is put out forever. Men I remember as dashing youngsters the other day have passed into the stage of old fogies; they have sons, sir, of almost our age, since first we joined the 'Polyanthus.' Grass grows over others in all parts of the world. Where is poor Ned? where is

poor Fred? Dead rhymes with Ned and Fred too. Their place knows them not; their names one year appeared at the end of the Club list under the dismal category of 'Members Deceased,' in which you and I shall rank one day. Do you keep that subject steadily in your mind? I do not see why we should not meditate upon Death in Pall Mall as well as in a howling wilderness. There is enough to remind one of it at every corner. There is a strange face looking out of Jack's old lodgings in Jermyn Street; somebody else has got the Club chair which Tom used to occupy. He has been sent for, and has not come back again. One day Fate will send for us, and we shall not return; then people will come to the Club as usual, saying, 'Well, and so poor old Brown is gone.'"

R. H. Stoddard.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE French must be changing; that is, the Parisians, — for in matters of literature and art Paris is France. London is by no means England, and New York not quite America; but Paris is France. A little while ago we had their *Dosia*, as mild a book as ever was written; and yet it had been "crowned" by the French Academy. Now we have *L'Idée de Jean Téterol*, and are told that it has attained in Paris "*un succès énorme*." Yet there is in it nothing "sensational," nothing "epigrammatic," nothing "wickedly witty," nothing "out of the way," although these terms have been considered the proper adjectives to apply to French novels from the earliest days of their yellow covers down to now; those covers which, by the way, have done so much to jaundice the minds and eyes of good people against them, — good people who cannot read French! Can it be, then, that the wicked Parisians are becoming simple and idyllic under our very eyes, while we, the English-

speaking puritanic peoples (to use Robert Browning's collective plural), with our Mallocks and our Ouidas, have not perceived it?

Jean Téterol is so unlike Cherbuliez's last that one wonders if he wrote it as a contrast. The plot of Samuel Brohl et Cie was intricate, and, in my opinion, excellent, — the only plot (by a good writer) which has really taken me by surprise in ten years. I say "by a good writer," because many plots by inferior writers would surprise even Solomon himself, if he could come back to earth, and be induced to read them; of course, when no attention is paid to probability or even possibility, the range of surprises is unlimited. In Jean Téterol there is no plot; there is only the "idea"! And even this is plainly stated in the very first chapter. A young assistant gardener, a slow, industrious fellow, at work trimming a pear-tree, is scolded unjustly and finally kicked, by his employer, a French baron, who happens to be out

of temper, and finds the gardener impertinent. Jean leaves his work, goes off, cuts a stick, sits down, looks at it, thinks, and finally comes to the following decision: he will go away, and become rich, — richer than this Baron de Saligneux, who permits himself the pleasure of kicking. Then he will come back to the village, and have his revenge. And — people will see!

That is the whole book. He does it, and people do see!

He amasses a large fortune, and returns to his native hamlet. Unfortunately the old baron is dead, but he buys up all the land sold off by his son, the prodigal younger baron, builds a great white house that cuts off his view, and finally manages to get possession of all the claims against him, and present them in a lump. The baron, a spendthrift man of the world, is at his wits' end; having tried all his methods of procuring money in vain, he goes to see the ex-gardener in his new mansion, preserving, however, throughout the interview his own grand air of the *ancien régime*. The ex-gardener meets him with an ultimatum: your daughter, Claire de Saligneux, aristocrat to the tips of her fingers, shall marry my son, Lionel Téterol. *Voilà!* The two fathers at last arrange it. Lionel Téterol, meanwhile, has had an excellent education, and has been brought up among gentlemen. He falls in love with Claire honestly; but when he discovers that she is, as it were, being sold to pay her father's debts, he tears the paper which binds the baron before his father's astonished eyes, and, barely escaping being strangled by him, flees to Paris, where he begins to earn his living as a writer (how easily they do that in books!). Of course, the moment Claire (who has been very scornful all along) finds him really gone, she turns around and now begins to love him of her own accord. An uncle fortunately dies and leaves her his estate, so that the throttling money obligation is ended. And then the two young people come together again, and the idea is carried out. The old baron is supposed to turn in his grave when the bells ring to celebrate

the marriage of his own granddaughter to the son of the man whom he had "permitted" himself to kick.

Now, what is there in this tale to interest us? — for it does interest. What holds the attention, when Lionel is a shadow, Claire not much more, and her father, the baron, a mere figure-head, brought on labeled, "This is a nobleman and a spendthrift"? It is the intensity of the character of the ex-gardener that is the whole, — the intensity and the simplicity. He works night and day, he toils immensely, first with his hands, then with his head, through thirty-seven long years; he cares nothing for Paris, nothing for his daily life, nothing for himself, nothing for his great fortune, save for his one object, namely, to return to his little native village and revenge himself on the man who had treated him unjustly when he was a boy. It is the type of the "man of one idea," carried out to its fullest extent, painted in the strongest colors. And it is this that holds us. For it touches a fact of which we have a vague consciousness, although we are not willing always to admit it, namely, that many of the remarkable men of the world have been men of one idea. Columbus had but one, Martin Luther had but one; Elias Howe had but one, John Brown had but one. Now, in real life, we are apt to call men of this sort "narrow-minded," "enthusiasts," "fanatics." They wear us out with their one idea. But it is probable that in the beginning Luther wore out his friends, too; and without doubt many men thought Columbus a terrible bore. Although the power of one fixed idea is enormous, it is fortunately a gift granted to but few; otherwise, what a world we should have!

Cherbuliez's quick words have generally been so eager to bring out the stirring story they had to tell that they have taken no time to tell the public whether they had "a charming style" in reserve, or not. But in Jean Téterol they have taken the time. What can be nicer than this? When Téterol comes back to his native village, carrying in his hand the very same stick with which

he set out (he had preserved it carefully for the purpose), he is annoyed to find that there have been changes. Some new houses have been built, and he does not recognize the faces of the girls washing linen at the public basin. "Ce qui le consola, c'est que des vaches vinrent à passer et qu'il put croire que c'étaient les mêmes qu'il avait rencontrées jadis dans cet endroit. Toutes les vaches se ressemblent; elles portent toutes dans leurs yeux quelque chose de fixe et d'éternel, un rêve silencieux d'herbe fraîche." Then, again, when, after the baron's promise that Claire shall marry Lionel, the ex-gardener, accompanied by his son, pays his first formal visit at the chateau, as soon as he arrives, after the first formal words have been exchanged, he seeks the spot where once stood the pear-tree upon which he was at work when the old baron administered his famous kick, and, standing there, solemnly relates to his son and the young baron the story of the occurrence in exactest detail. It is the great and triumphant moment of his life, the culmination of his idea. There stands the nobleman's son, and there stands the peasant; and the daughter of one is to marry the son of the other! He concludes as follows, in a triumphant voice, his hands on his hips, his eyes sparkling:—

"Monsieur le baron, qu'aurait pensé monsieur votre père, si, au moment où il m'administrerait cette petite correction, quelqu'un lui avait prédit qu'un jour j'aurais un fils qui épouserait sa petite-fille?"

To which the elegant nobleman replies, with an enchanting smile, "Monsieur Téterol, si mon père avait prévu qu'un coup de pied adroitement donné put avoir un jour pour sa famille de si heureuses conséquences, il aurait sûrement doublé la dose pour être plus certain de son effet."

—I have a question to ask. It is frivolous, I admit; yet it has been, in a small way (like a wasp in the room), a harassing presence in my mind for some time. The question is as follows: Do the English have beefsteak?

First, on the *pro* side. It has been a

belief of mine, from my earliest babyhood, that if there was any one substance with which the strong white teeth of the English were familiar, it was beefsteak. And I have often found the same belief in French stories, where the Englishman, with his ill-humor and his "bifteck," is a common figure. In addition, although I cannot take time to go through the authorities and quote exactly, I am haunted by the belief that I have seen allusions to beefsteaks in English books also. For instance, does not Crosby, in *The Small House at Allington*, order at an inn "some dinner, — with a beefsteak in it?" And in a recent sketch by Julian Hawthorne, describing a pedestrian tour to Canterbury, he, amid a careful use of such purely English terms as "tubbing," for instance, several times mentions ordering and eating beefsteak, after his thirty miles a day.

And now, *con*. An American family, with whom I am well acquainted, kept house last year in England; or rather they had lodgings, but attended to their marketing themselves. They were in a well-known country town; something of a resort, too. They tell me that beefsteak was unknown there; and that the butchers did not know what they meant when they asked for it. There was beef in abundance, but no steak; that is, nothing resembling our beefsteak. I was greatly surprised; so much so that I asked another friend, who has also been often in England, what he knew on the subject. I thought the absence of beefsteak might possibly have been local in the particular part of England where my other friends were. He reflected. "In London you can of course get anything," he said. "But — yes, they are right. There is no beefsteak in England like ours. They don't have it."

—I have moved into a neighborhood where there is a perambulating Boy. He spends a large portion of his time simply sauntering up and down the street. Such a boy is an advantage to any neighborhood. If land agents only knew it, a boy of this sort might be well set forth in prospectuses. He is a feat-

ure. He is an inducement to persons whose sense of humor needs to be fed; he is worth more dollars a month than a subscription to Punch.

We call this boy "the thirteen-hat boy." I saw him one day swinging his hat recklessly along the top of a picket fence.

"You 'll spoil your hat!" I cried out.

"Lor'," said he, "I spoil thirteen every year; takes thirteen to carry me through."

"No!" I exclaimed, "is that possible?"

"Fact," said he. "You can ask my mother."

After this he used to inform us every few weeks how far along he was in the numeration table of his hats.

"This is the third," he would sing out, as he passed our door. "This is the fourth," and so on. One day he called out, "Well, this is about seven and a half," taking off the hat, and eyeing the frayed brim critically. "About half wore out, I guess: just about seven and a half; next one 'll make eight."

This boy has a readiness, a facility of adaptation to the needs of the moment, which will stand him well in hand all through life. He gave a striking instance of this the other day in the school which he attends. It is a small private school; once a week a young lady goes to teach all the children drawing. Our boy is not fond of drawing; in fact, he cannot draw, will not draw, does not draw. One day, not long ago, his ingenuity in evading the drawing exercise reached its climax as follows:—

"I can't draw to-day; my throat 's too sore. It hurts it." Seeing in the teacher's face some incredulity as to this incapacity, he continued. "Besides, I don't feel like drawing; and my mother said I need n't ever draw, if I did n't feel like it."

"Are you sure your mother said that?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," he said stoutly, "she did. She said I was n't to draw when I did n't feel like it, and I don't feel like it now; my throat 's too sore."

"Very well," replied the teacher, "I

shall go and see your mother. It won't do to have one pupil left out of the class, this way. When the rest of the children draw, you must draw. I shall go and speak to your mother about it."

This was a contingency the boy had not reckoned on. But he rose to the occasion. Quick as a flash, he replied, "Well, if I was you, I would n't take the trouble to go and see her; because, you see, it was way back when we was livin' in Wisconsin that she said that, and as like as not she 's forgot all about it by this time."

—The strong wind which for many years has been blowing against all forms of cant has dissipated a good many absurd notions about the literary profession, but some appear still to flourish in all their pristine vigor. One of these I find thus stated by a very popular author: "The majority of those who write," he says, "are sensitive to a high degree. . . . They have published a book, in which they have incorporated the results of a life of labor and thought and suffering, with the hope of doing good, and of adding something to the literary wealth of their country." In consequence of this, their literary productions are to be treated with a tenderness and reverence which no one would think of employing in the case of a defective plea or the bad law of a lawyer, however famous he might be for purity of morals and dignity of character.

Now, all this seems to me the most undiluted nonsense. It is the goodness of a good man, and nothing else, which makes him worthy of respect. Printed words, like spoken ones, are evidence of some value as to a man's character; but they are not very trustworthy evidence, and they are not proof at all. Industry, again, is an admirable quality, but no more admirable in a historian than in a carpenter. People who love art think its study more ennobling than is the study of physics, but few would say that, other things being equal, an artist is a better man than a physicist. In the same way, a person who writes with a moral purpose may, on non-literary grounds, have a stronger claim upon our respect

than one whose highest aim in writing is to satisfy a cultivated literary sense; still, the writings of neither are to be cited as evidence. Mr. Freeman, for instance, hates, with a deadly hatred, what he calls lies; and Mr. Carlyle, with equal strength, what he calls unvaracities and sham. Shams and lies are very bad things, and whoever abates them does the world a service; but the abaters, as such, are no more deserving of its gratitude than is a renowned artist or sculptor. For the benefit the world gets is indirect and unintended, like the advantage accruing to the working and trading classes by luxurious living and lavish expenditure. Nobody will deny that while the motives of people who write are mixed, the all-predominant causes are need of money, and the hope of some sort of personal advancement; and for neither of these can any credit be taken. But let us suppose that Mr. Carlyle, or Mr. Freeman, or Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Arnold, writes without being moved thereto by either of these considerations, and let us also assume that their writings do good service; are they to be honored on that account, except in the sense that any man who does his work well is to be honored? I think not. The minds of these writers are bent in a particular way, which prescribes the kind of intellectual enjoyment each can best enjoy. In hunting down a sham, or a historical error, or an artistic humbug, or Philistinism, they are not performing a moral duty, but essentially amusing themselves. Every author, be he poet or be he metaphysician, loves some things and hates others. Most flatter themselves that the world would be better if it adopted their ideas; but the non-material cause of their writing is solely the desire for sympathy, or, in other phrase, the love of propagandism.

— Your contributor who discusses Mr. Brooks Adams's article on Oppressive Taxation of the Poor makes his workingman speak as if he had acted upon the "idea so enthusiastically preached that it was an immense advantage to a workingman to own his own house."

But he did not act upon that idea,—there is a bad fallacy here. He paid for one third of his house, and gave a mortgage on the rest. That is, he *really* owned only one third of his house; and that was the most insecure third, for if the property depreciated one third, he would have lost his portion, while the mortgagee would still be secure. The mistake — and it is a fatal one — consists in thinking that you *own* a thing for which you are in debt. The workingman alluded to should have bought a fifteen-hundred-dollar house if he had but fifteen hundred dollars, and not have run at all into debt, or into a mortgage, which is another name for the same thing. Then he would have escaped his excessive taxation and most of his miseries. Debt is a luxury which only the rich can afford; if workingmen indulge in it they must pay the cost, as they must of other luxuries; a financial stoppage is generally the result. If people could only be convinced that owning and owing for the same thing are incompatible, no matter what the law says, there would be much less complaint about taxes; and life would be easier, and business more honest.

— Mr. Crocker, in his careful article in *The Atlantic* for December, has so directly opposed received economic principles as hardly to fail in exciting adverse criticism. Mr. Mill so entirely covered the ground in the question as to whether the poor are benefited by the unproductive expenditure of the rich that there is little room left for further argument on this part of the subject: but there is a point which Mr. Crocker seems to have overlooked. His assertion that it is the duty of the rich, as members of the community, to spend, because by so doing they will supposedly add to the wealth of society, is really a concession of the whole question to socialism. The supposition that by so doing they may add to their own wealth by no means alters the case, for the socialists do not deny at all individual exertion or reward. They only claim that, as things are now, wealth is not distributed fairly, in that labor does not

receive its proper dividend from production; and therefore they call for a new social organization, in which the results shall be differently apportioned. Of course, the basis of the entire scheme is the assertion that wealth belongs to society, to be used for its good; and this is really what Mr. Crocker in effect asserts. Not only is the principle the same in both ideas, but the direct working must be alike. If Mr. Crocker's rich man increases his expenditure, it can only benefit the poor one — unless there is an increase of population — by giving him a larger share of existing wealth or capital than he now possesses. If there is an increase of population, no one is permanently benefited, except to the extent of the pleasure the rich man has received from his prodigality. But in any event the real complaint is that wealth is in few hands, when justice would demand its being in many, and that therefore part should be consumed by the few that a part of the many may thereby get back some of what belongs to them.

— In a contemporary story, one of the characters pronounces modern rural life in our land "the most arid and joyless existence under the sun." He calls attention to the desuetude of ball-rooms and academies, and even to "the decay of the religious sentiment, so that the church is no longer a social centre," and to the dreary gloom of the infrequent rustic assemblies, and ends his tirade by grimly remarking: "Upon the whole, I wonder our country people don't all go mad. They do go mad, a great many of them, and manage to get a little glimpse of society in the insane asylums."

Now this seems to me horribly true and ominous. It is not denied that in many a country town (this is notably true of Vermont within my knowledge) there is an element of vivid interest in nature, in classic and current literature, and even in art which permeates the entire community; so that chance city visitors find themselves, not infrequently, in the attitude of humble-pie eaters, as they hear some low-voiced woman on a hillside farm, or village dress-maker, or wayside smith, or the eager crowd about

the post-office when "the train is in," discoursing of these high themes.

Existence in a community so learned could not be "joyless" except to a hopelessly dull soul, yet I fancy that even here an infusion of *gayety* might be most wholesome, while to the average American settlement it would be life to the dead. There is no doubt that with all our "faculty" we Americans are singularly dense as yet in regard to amusement. It is still a crime in many localities for any mortal who has outlived his sixth year to do anything for mere enjoyment. There is a shame-faced, apologetic air about most of our rural assemblies which is in itself a damper. The people gather, not from love of their kind and a desire to brighten themselves and others by friendly friction, but "to aid" the Five Pointers, or the Good Templars, or whatever the most plausible plea may be just then and there.

One of the most pathetic spectacles I remember to have seen was the persistent effort of one woman, during a long country winter (and I saw only one of a dozen similar seasons on her part), to breast the tide of traditional unsocialness. Born and nurtured in Paris, she found herself, by one of the myriad freaks of chance, a wife and mother (perfect in both relations) in this remote Western village, — one of the most brilliant women I ever knew, rarely accomplished, and with that sturdy good sense which we, in our ludicrous narrowness, claim as of New England growth alone. She being such a woman, and finding herself at home for life in such a place, spent not one breath in bemoaning the lost glories of Paris, but set herself instantly to brighten life around her. Her courage was indomitable, her spirits miraculous to one born American, but, alas, her success was hardly commensurate with even my tempered hopes. "Ah, but you have not the conception how difficult it is made for me!" cried she, after an attempt to introduce some mild sports (cards and dancing were of course tabooed at the outset) into a local temperance organization (shades of Burgundy, what a sacrifice was there!),

which her brave "enthusiasm of humanity" had carried her into. "The men will not come to the women, and the women do not know nor care to bring them; and they amuse themselves as if it were sin, and not a pleasant sin!" Here is indicated, perhaps, one great secret of the dullness of rural assemblies, — the notion of impropriety in the social intercourse of the sexes, particularly the married of both sexes. Only in an unclean novel are there such loathsome uncharitablenesses of opinion in regard to the impossibility of friendly reciprocity between men and women as run riot in some of our most respectable Puritan parishes; and society cannot even begin to be, fairly, until what a beloved old clergyman used to call "horizontal fractures," that is, the dissociation of the young from the middle-aged and old, and of the one sex from the other, be recognized as at the best hazardous. The second step will "count" also, being too long and high to be easily taken by our stiff sinews; the conviction must somehow be extirpated from our souls that *gravity*, no matter "whence it come or where's its home," is virtue, and *vice versa*. One of your Club has elsewhere told the story of a budding polemic who, coming from church, met a playmate who confessed that he had failed to put in an appearance there. "But, you see, I got to reading the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and forgot it was church time." "The Life of Napoleon, on Sunday!" cried the horrified little saint. "Well, I — I don't care," whimpered the sinner, "*it made me feel most as bad as it does to read the Bible.*"

— As I perceive the "aching void" in our language that a common-gender pronoun should fill, the thought comes to me, "Why not make it correct to say, If Mr. or Mrs. Smith will come out on the train, I will meet *them*," — meaning one of the two, parsing *them* as singular number, common gender?

My argument is this: We use *you* in both singular and plural, and our pupils understand by the context which number is meant. A scholar parsing "Mary, study your lesson," says that *your* is

singular because it refers to a singular antecedent; that in "Boys, study your lessons," *your* is plural because it refers to a plural antecedent. Then why not *they*, used of course with a plural verb, in the singular, common gender?

Then to our declensions of personal pronouns would be added: —

Third person, common gender, singular number.

Nom. They,

Poss. Their or theirs,

Obj. Them.

It would be easy to adopt this idiom, for we are continually struggling against its use, and how delightful it would be for once to make wrong right!

— I read *Avis*, and gave thanks. Its feverish intensity and occasionally vicious rhetoric did not escape me, but the brave, clear intent of the book was so all-engrossing to me, as to the author, that I was utterly bewildered by the hue and cry of the critics. Dare I confess it? Even yet I am not quite convinced that this book (of which I had said in my crass ignorance, "If ever I know a young man and maid, worth saving, to be betrothed, I will present each of them with *Avis*, that they may see how sacred a thing is holy matrimony; 'not to be by any enterprised nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly,' as the English service has it") bristles with hatred of marriage *per se*, disdain of homely duties, and all the other ugly appurtenances of a presumed "woman's rights" creation — not quite convinced, I say, that these discoveries in Miss Phelps's book are not wholly evolved from the minds of the critics.

So, in regard to Mr. Henry James's Daisy Miller, I am shocked to find that what I gratefully accepted as an exquisitely loyal service to American girlhood abroad is regarded by some critical experts as "servilely snobbish" and "brutally unpatriotic."

Nevertheless, whenever Mr. James has occasion for a monument, which, however, I devoutly hope may not be while my reading-lamp holds out to burn, I will contribute my humble share towards perpetuating the memory of this

valiant champion (faithful among the faithless found) of the young American What-is-it, whose beauty and whose vagaries are the eighth wonder of the other hemisphere.

— Mr. James calls his short tale, *Daisy Miller*, recently published in the *Cornhill* and the *Living Age*, a study. His longer story of *The Europeans* is a collection of portraits of character carefully studied. It is perfect work of its kind, and delightful reading to those whom such study interests. There is great satisfaction in seeing a thing well done, and both in the substance and in the style of his books Mr. James always offers an intellectual treat to appreciative readers; of course it is obvious that he writes only for the cultivated minority. But among his admirers are many who complain of him as a disappointing author, — one who charms their interest from the first, and keeps it alive to the end, but who, at the end, is apt to leave them somewhat dissatisfied. The conclusions of his novels and tales, they say, seem to them a breaking off rather than a true finishing of the lives and fortunes of the personages he has made them acquainted with. He gives reality and vitality to his characters only to make the reader close the book, asking, Is that all about them? It is not enough, or not the end they should come to. This is a reproach, it seems to me, applicable to many weaker authors, less skilled in their art, but not to Mr. James. In his case the apparent failure to come to anything particular is foreseen by the author himself, because it is inherent in the nature of the theme chosen. It is certainly evident that the author of *Roderick Hudson* and *The American* has not the genuine story-telling gift, the power of inventing a story interesting for its own sake. His talent lies in another field, that of keen observation and fine discrimination of character, which he portrays with a subtle and delicate touch. It is unreasonable, I think, to complain of a writer for not being something else than he is, as it would be to find fault with a figure painter that he was not a landscape art-

ist. When we have once recognized the quality of a man's talent, why not take what he can give, and not ask for something different? Let us do without a story in Mr. James's novels, and enjoy instead something certainly as admirable in its way. Observing the refined skill with which the contrast of typical characters is presented in *The Europeans*, I, for one, was not disposed to demand a more exciting *dénoûment*, the interest of each page as I read it being pleasure sufficient.

— Notwithstanding all that is said about the absurdity of *Macleod of Dare*, it seems to me that Mr. Black deserves great credit for his self-restraint. The temptation must have been almost irresistible to bring Miss White on the deck of the *Umpire* at the moment when the yacht took its final plunge, just to show her, white and blue, in a red light, for an instant, and the lunatic, in kilts, darting upon her with a wild "Ha! ha!" That would have wakened the Dutchman, and called Ulva, and got up a conversation with Fladda, and we might have expected a terrible remark from Lunga and wild laughter from Colonsay. It was too much to expect that the playful Hamish and the rest of that genial crew should tie up the madman when his purpose of murder became evident; that would have broken with all the traditions of the noble tribe. I do not complain of that; but what seems to me inexcusable in an artistic point of view — and I may say this after acknowledging the author's powerful self-control already mentioned — is this: the reader's amusement in the last scenes needs to be toned down by something, and a perfect artist, who knows Gaelic, would have introduced the bagpipe. The absence of Donald and his pibroch at the only time in the story when his efforts would have been in keeping with the general effect must be an oversight. And, besides, it would have enabled the author to bring in, by way of variety, the echoes of Colonsay, Dubh-Artach, Staffa, Fladda, Lunga, Mull, and the rest, and sobbing Ulva answering to the wail of the pipes with a prolonged howl of *Ool-a-va*.

And the bagpipe, which Miss White unreasonably hated, would have added a just element of retribution in the murder.

— Why is it we do not hear more about Thomas Hardy? We discuss Tourguéneff, in translations too, until he is threadbare; we dabble in Cherbuliez, likewise in translations for the most part; but this original Englishman we leave alone. Yet it seems to me that he is well worth attention, and a stronger writer in many respects than either Black or Blackmore. Have n't we all read his five stories? Or what is the trouble?

To my mind, *Far from the Madding Crowd* is as fine a piece of work as anything in fiction we have had from England in ten or fifteen years, — I make no exceptions; *A Pair of Blue Eyes* is an especially sweet little love story; *Under the Greenwood Tree*, a lesser sketch, is a rural picture so realistic that we know all the characters as neighbors, when we have finished it; and, as an offset, *Desperate Remedies* and *The Hand of Ethelberta* are failures. The best one, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, is a sheep story. The few characters, Bathsheba and her lovers and the little knot of farming people, move in a circle of meek sheep-faces from beginning to end. It opens with a vigil among lambs, followed by the tragedy of the ewes, where the young dog, who in his mistaken zeal has chased two hundred of the gentle creatures over the precipice to their death, is discovered standing alone, surveying his work, on the brow of the cliff, "against the sky, dark and motionless as Napoleon at St. Helena." Of the three lovers, one is a shepherd by profession, and comes on and off the scene either with lambs dangling from his shoulders, or grinding shearing-tools, or shearing sheep, or washing them, or something of the kind, from first to last. The second, although not a shepherd, is even more sheep-surrounded, poor fellow! The first time he tries to speak to the dark-eyed Bathsheba (a sheep-like name that too, and not unconnected with the ancient story of "one little ewe lamb," as told

by Nathan the prophet), she is busy with the flock. He offers himself to her at a "sheep-washing," continues his suit at a "sheep-shearing," makes his second offer at a "shearing-supper," and, after she is left a widow, renews his addresses at a "sheep-fair." Times and seasons in this book are stated as follows: "It was now early spring, the time of going to grass with the sheep;" or, "It was the first of June, when the sheep-shearing season culminates." All through the story the mild woolly creatures accompany us. But what a strong tale it is that is set in these pastoral surroundings! The moment Troy, the soldier, steps on the scene, his scarlet coat contrasting with the green fields, we know how it is to be. Here is a man at last who has nothing to do with sheep; but rather "sword exercise," as when he spits the wandering caterpillar, that has crawled by chance across the front of Bathsheba's bodice, on the point of his flying circling sword, or severs a lock of her hair unfelt, with its swift and radiant edge. He tells her openly how beautiful she is! The others have not dared to say it; but Troy dares everything. This handsome soldier, to whom "the past was a yesterday; the future, to-morrow; never, the day after," one who, "perfectly truthful towards men," lies "like a Cretan toward women," wins Bathsheba, of course, from her slow, sheep-entangled suitors. He marries her, and — tires of her. Such men are always tired of their wives up to the age of forty or forty-five, when, if the wife has been patient meanwhile, they come back to her like schoolboys, and are good forever after. But Bathsheba is not patient. Tragedy now appears in the episode of Fanny. It seems to me that the chapter called *On Casterbridge Highway*, describing the inch-by-inch progress on foot of the dying girl, trying to drag herself over the three long miles to the poorhouse, her attempt with the crutches, her encounter with the homeless dog, and especially her woman's invention of pretending that the end of her journey was but five fence-posts distant, and then, having dragged

herself past the five by means of this self-beguilement, pretending it was but five posts more, and so on, is powerfully pathetic. And powerfully dramatic, too, the chapter where, all her sufferings over and in her poorhouse coffin, she comes back to conquer her splendid rival at last, and win again her recreant lover, by achieving "the one feat alone—that of dying"—which could make her powerful.

Hardy's descriptions of scenery are like no others with which I am acquainted, unless Thoreau's; I do not maintain that they are better than others, but they are certainly his own. They are not in the least poetic; nothing could be farther from what is known as "beautiful writing." Here are no "pearly," "opaline," "amethyst" tints at all. He selects generally rather sober times and scenes, and then describes them so that we actually see them. His landscapes have no moral meanings, for one thing. His sunsets and his thunder have no suggestions to offer respecting oblivion, remorse, or the infinite; his storm is simply an atmospheric disturbance, his fog a wet cloud. Here are some Thoreau-like bits. "A list of the gradual changes on a moor betokening the approach and arrival of winter. The retreat of the snakes. The transformation of the ferns. The filling of the pools. A rising of fogs. The embrowning by frost. The collapse of the fungi. An obliteration by snow." And this of the hue of very young tree-leaves: "a yellow beside a green, and a green beside a yellow." Of early morning: "It was so early that the shady places still smelt like night-time." Of night-fall: "He lingered till there was no difference between the eastern and western expanse of sky." The fog described in the *Madding Crowd* makes your own trees drip outside the window. And when this severely plain style rises at all, it is to such fine sentences as these: "To persons standing alone on a hill-top during a clear midnight, the roll of the earth eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars, or

by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding."

But if the descriptions of scenery are good, those of the English farm-laborers are better; they seem to me the best we have had yet. For the dialect here is not simply an uncouth tongue, relying for its effect upon barbarous mispronunciations, but a quaint use of familiar, old-fashioned words and idioms, which seems to be taken bodily from actual life. Note the following: "There, 't is a happy providence that I be no worse, so to speak it, and I feel my few poor gratitudes." And this: "I knowed the boy's grandfather, a truly nervous man even to genteel refinement. 'T was blush, blush with him almost as much as 't is with me—not but that it's a fault in me." "Not at all, Master Poorgrass," said Coggan. "'T is a very noble quality in ye." They discuss church and chapel. "Chapel-folk be more hand-and-glove with them above than we be," said Joseph, thoughtfully. "Yes," said Coggan. "If anybody goes to heaven, they will; they've worked for it. I'm not such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the church have the same chance; but I hate a feller who'll change his ancient doctrine for the sake of getting to heaven! No, I'll stick to my side, and fall with the fallen." When the old master's age is doubted, they soothe the ancient man as follows: "Ye be a very old aged person, master; and ye must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long." The earl's wife dies, and after several hours have passed, they remark musingly, "She must know by this time whether she's to go up or down, poor creature!" And here is an unapproachable bit: "Gabriel Oak is coming it quite the dand! When I see people strut enough to be cut up into bantam-cocks, I stand dormant with wonder, and says no more." The men discuss whether or not their mistress is in love, and one says, "But last Sunday, when we were in the tenth commandment, says she, 'Incline our hearts to keep this law,' says she, when

't was 'laws in our hearts we beseech Thee' all the church through! Her eye was upon *him*, and she was quite lost, no more than a mere shadder at that tenth, a mere shadder!"

If Far from the Madding Crowd is a sheep story, A Pair of Blue Eyes is a tale of tombs. It is too bad to make sport of one of the sweetest little love-stories of the day, but there certainly is an omnipresence of "Jethway's tomb" which is gravely comic. There are three live lovers; and Jethway's tomb. The latter has an unpleasant way of shining "with singular weirdness." The first lover woos Elfride in the churchyard, while sitting on this tomb. The second lover, also with her in the churchyard, observes the tomb, and, after a while, finds out something of the truth. He questions her and she attempts to prevaricate by murmuring that the lover is dead; but, as she has already confessed to the love-making, he not unnaturally wishes to know "how in the name of Heaven a man can sit upon his own tomb!" Upon being informed at last, and falteringly, that there were two, he remarks with gloom that he hardly thinks *he* could have accepted the attentions of a new lover "while sitting upon the poor remains of the old one." He goes alone for an evening walk, again selecting "the churchyard;" he sits and regards "the white tomb." Meanwhile Jethway's mother having appropriately selected that day and spot to come by and be killed, lover number two is the one to discover the body, of course, and end the chapter sepulchraly. When poor discarded number one returns from India, it is in this churchyard again that Elfride promises to meet him. She does not come; but, has he not the companionship of Jethway? At last, when he meets her with number two, and is informed in so many words of their betrothal, the scene this time is a family vault into which by chance they have all descended. There are two fine breezy

descriptions of churchyards in the book, with the merits and demerits of the style of graves in each; and there is a quaint account of masons at work in a vault among ancient coffins, which, in unlettered prose, rivals Hamlet. Last of all, when the two lovers, after long absence and alienation from Elfride, find out their errors, and after attempting to deceive each other by an affectation of utter indifference, meet at the railroad station in the early dawn, each hastening to her on the wings of the wind, they notice a singular dark car attached to their train; and it accompanies them all day. Once, by some mistake, it is detached, and they have to wait for it. "What a confounded nuisance these stoppages are!" one says, fretfully. When they reach the end of their journey, the dark van stops too; it turns out to be a funeral car, and from it is borne a coffin, — the coffin of Elfride. Struck dumb, they follow in silence, two miserable men, each, however, sure in his heart that she loved him to the last; sure! She was such a sweet, loving little creature! And then they learn that it is a countess who is being borne on before them, and that Elfride has been for five months the wife of the earl! The story ends in a vault, — her vault now; they visit it together the day after the funeral, only to find there the earl, who is number three, and before them both, and who loved her better than they all.

Hardy always has one woman and three or four lovers; it is his idea of a story. In Desperate Remedies and The Hand of Ethelberta he has ventured off his ground and into the field where Wilkie Collins' banner, inscribed with the motto, "Plots, not People," floats supreme; and of course he has been slaughtered.

In all his writings he quotes, as far as I can discover, but two American authors, namely, Hawthorne and Walt Whitman.

RECENT LITERATURE.

ESSAYS in Anglo-Saxon Law¹ is a book that deserves more than a passing notice. The essays which it contains are four in number, and treat of The Anglo-Saxon Courts of Law (Henry Adams); The Anglo-Saxon Land Law (H. Cabot Lodge); The Anglo-Saxon Family Law (Ernest Young); and The Anglo-Saxon Legal Procedure (J. Lawrence Laughlin). Besides this there are a number of selected cases, and an index. The table of works cited is five pages in length, and embraces the names of the most authoritative writers on law, and institutions of all ages and countries, from Bracton to Bluntschli, and from Fleta to Freeman.

Anglo-Saxon law is a subject almost necessarily confined to a few specialists. Researches in it can have little or no bearing on any practical questions that advocates or judges discuss in the courts, for a very simple reason: the sources of the law, as we make use of it, must chiefly come from a comparatively civilized state of society. We find such sources in the Roman law, and in the feudal system. The latter, though we are accustomed to regard it as barbarous, was, when compared with the system which it supplanted in England, civilization itself; while the Roman system (though anterior in date) was as much superior to the Saxon as our modern jurisprudence is to it. The lawyer of to-day, in his examination of English authorities, rarely mounts higher than the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, when pure Anglo-Saxon law had long ceased to exist. When he goes behind this period, he reverts at once to the digest and the pandects. The period intervening between the disappearance of the Roman Empire and the establishment of English law in the reigns of Henry III. or Edward I. has been, for practical purposes, a blank. It is not difficult to see from these essays the immediate practical reason of this. We may take two cases from the appendix, cited from Saxon authorities: one set down as belonging to the year 1040, and the other "before 1038." The last of the two is contained in these words: "— Here is made known in this writing that a shire gemot sat at Aylton in King Cnutt's day. There

¹ *Essays in Anglo-Saxon Law*. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co.

sat Bishop Aethelstan, and Ealdorman Ranig, and Eadwine [son] of the ealdorman, and Leofwine, son of Wofsig, and Thurkil White; and Tofig Proud came there on the king's errand; and there was Sheriff Bryning, and Aegelweard of Frome, and Leofwine of Frome, and Godric of Stoka, and all the thanes in Herefordshire. Then came there Eadwine, son of Eanwine, faring to the gemot, and made claim against his own mother for a piece of land; namely, Wellington and Cradley. Then asked the bishop who was to answer for his mother; then answered Thurkil White and said that it was his part [to do so], if he knew the case. As he did not know the case, they appointed three thanes from the gemot, who should ride where she was; namely, at Fawley. These were Leofwine of Frome, and Aegelsic the Red, and Winsie Shipman. And when they came to her, then asked they what tale she had about the lands which her son sued for. Then said she that she had no land that belonged to him in any way, and she was vehemently angry with her son, and called her kinswoman, Leofled, Thurkil's wife, to her, and said to her before them, thus: Here sits Leofled, my kinswoman, whom I grant both my land and my gold, both raiment and garment, and all that I own, after my day. And she afterwards said to the thanes, Do thanelike and well! Declare my errand to the gemot before all the good men, and make known to them whom I have granted my land to and all my property; and to my own son, nothing whatever; and ask them to be witness to this. And they then did so, rode to the gemot and made known to all the good men what she had laid on them. Then Thurkil White stood up in the gemot, and asked all the thanes to give his wife clear the lands that her kinswoman granted her, and they did so. And Thurkil rode then to St. Aethelbert's minister by leave and witness of the whole people, and caused [this] to be recorded in a church book." This is cited as a case of an Anglo-Saxon civil suit and will. In No. 29 we have an Anglo-Saxon criminal prosecution: . . . "He [Harthacnut] was greatly incensed against Earl Godwine and Living, Bishop of Worcester, for the death of his brother Alfred, Aelfric, Archbishop of York,

and some others being their accusers. For this reason he took the bishopric of Worcester from Living and gave it to Aelfric, but the following year he took it back from Aelfric and graciously restored it to Living, who had made his peace with him. Godwine, however, to obtain the king's favor, gave to him an admirably constructed ship which had a gilded prow, and was perfectly fitted out and manned with eighty chosen men suitably armed, each of whom had two golden armlets weighing sixteen ounces on his arms, and wore a triple coat of mail, a helmet, partly gilded, on his head, a sword with gilded hilt girt to his side, a Danish battle-axe adorned with gold and silver hanging from his left shoulder, in his left hand a shield with gilded boss and studs, in the right hand a lance which is called in English *ategar*. Moreover, he made oath to the king, with nearly all the chief men and nobler thanes of England, that it was not by his advice nor by his will that the king's brother had been blinded, but that his lord, King Harold, had commanded him to do what he had done."

Now, we know that a "gemot" was a court, and it is not difficult to arrive at a tolerable degree of certainty as to the functions of a "shire gemot;" with the titles of bishop and sheriff we are perfectly familiar, as with that of "ealdorman." Expurgation by oath, too, is a process which all students of English history know something of. Nevertheless, it is as difficult to imagine this suit of Eadwine against his mother, or this prosecution of Earl Godwin, being used in a modern court of justice to settle a point about a will or an indictment, as to suppose English or American judges and lawyers citing precedents in a contested election contest from the Old Testament.

It is this fact, this lack of immediate practical utility, that has retarded the study of the Anglo-Saxon law in this country. The same devotion to purely practical results which secured from the late John Stuart Mill that concise and frank description of our national life which occurs, if we remember aright, in his *Political Economy*,—"dollar-hunting and the breeding of dollar-hunters,"—has until recently made all re-researches into the primitive institutions of the race seem, even to those who were by training and profession best qualified to make them, almost like a waste of time. In the titles of works cited, to which we have referred above, we do not notice the name of a single American inquirer into

the subjects of which the volume treats, and the only American writer on the list is the learned Lewis H. Morgan, whose investigations into Indian institutions have won him already such a world-wide reputation among scholars. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to suspect that the only work on the subject of primitive law which has yet issued from the American press is to be found in these essays.

In what we have said above of the difficulty of finding a practical use for such researches, we have only aimed at placing in the strongest light the lack of appreciation with which such a book has to contend. There hardly can be said to exist any public for it in this country, and the authors must look to Germany or to England for a proper recognition of their labors. That such a work should have been produced at all in the United States is a surprise, and it is worth while to inquire how such a thing has been possible.

The volume appears, then, to be in a certain sense an academic product. It is dedicated to "Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard College," as a "fruit of his administration," and all the essays are, we believe, the work of persons connected either as students or professors with the university at Cambridge. This is not the place to discuss the present administration of that institution of learning, but it is generally understood that both in the college proper and in its school of law the last few years have developed a new spirit of learning and emulation, which promise everything for the future. In too many of the colleges of the United States is the study of the law regarded in the purely commercial spirit which likens it to any other money-making trade. That higher conception of the subject which regards it as an elevated branch of learning, the most interesting perhaps that can be pursued by man, calling into play his highest faculties, revealing the most precious secrets of the past, and disclosing the immutable order of the development of human societies,—this is the conception which all those who are interested in this science, or in the cause of sound education, must desire to see substituted for the sordid and groveling spirit which sees in law nothing but a pathway for sharp wits to wealth or place. It is this spirit which it is the duty of such a university as Harvard to foster at all points. The unpractical character of such publications, to which we have already adverted,

makes it to the last degree unlikely that the work will be undertaken in a country like the United States, except it be helped forward by institutions having in charge the higher education, and the appearance of a book like these essays shows that one of them at least does not shrink from the task.

To the general reader perhaps the first and second of the essays will be found the most interesting, though to the student all are of equal value. By the "general reader" we mean of course that small but increasing class which has some acquaintance with the development of early institutions, rather than the reading public at large. Many topics besides those of a purely legal character will be found discussed. With regard to that most interesting question, the formation of large estates out of the early communal system, some valuable remarks will be found in Mr. Lodge's essay (p. 81). He points out that the efforts of most writers on the subject have been to support some one special form of organization as the typical Anglo-Saxon community, — Kemble taking the mark, Professor Stubbs rejecting this and adopting the township, as the constitutional unit. Mr. Lodge, however, does not think that the authorities justify us in adopting the mark or any other community as the unit of the land system. "The mark, the township, the vicus, in certain cases the vill, the hundred, the thorpe or dorf, were all what are now termed village communities." Throughout them all ran the great primitive principle of community of land; in all of them it existed in its three divisions, — house land, arable land, and wild land. In its pure form the community had the title vested in itself; but in some cases it grew up on lands of which the title was already vested elsewhere, as in the king, or in some large proprietor. In the last case "the commoners were presumably tenants of the land-owner." This was a direct and obvious cause in hastening the downfall of the independent community. It should be observed that the community land must not be confounded with the folc or public land, and Mr. Lodge points out the difference between the two by means of an example from modern times: "Here in America exist, side by side, the lands of the United States, the lands of the States, and the lands of the municipalities and townships. The land of the State, the municipality, and the township is private, as compared with the land of the United States. As the land of the

State is to that of the United States, as the land of a corporation or township is to that of the single State, so was the land of the Anglo-Saxon community to the folc land." Again, the lands of the folc, or people, were treated as revenue-bearing lands, as a national fund to which no individual had a right of separate enjoyment. On the other hand, the communal lands were enjoyed in common and bore no revenue, every commoner having an inalienable right to the enjoyment of a specific amount of it for a definite time. The process by which these communal lands were absorbed by families and individuals in England must have been the same as that which we know went on on the Continent. First, the house land becomes private property, then the arable, last the waste. "In strict accordance with this order, the ordinary example of the communal system which has survived is in waste or wild lands. A few cases, comparatively speaking, have also remained to us of the community of the arable land. It is perfectly clear that the hereditary right to an allotment for a term of years was easily converted into an hereditary right to a certain parcel of land." The formation of large estates was chiefly brought about by the right of redemption from the waste. There were of course always differences of rank and wealth, and it was natural that the richer members of the community, the owners of many slaves, should redeem land from the waste much faster than the poorer members. "Conquest, too, was an important factor in the problem; for the leaders, the kings, and the crown obtained much larger estates in the conquered territory than the common man. Deeds of lands introduced by the church for its own purposes, and occasionally sales, help to increase the current. The large estates once started grew rapidly. Their development was the development of the estates of individuals, of family estates." This process it was which gradually raised one man above another as a property holder, and "thus developed the lord of the Middle Ages, and destroyed the old Germanic community, based on the system of small free holds and equality before the law."

It will be seen from these extracts that the book is by no means confined to purely technical matter, but ranges over those wide fields of investigation which writers like Sir Henry Maine have already laid open to us. We trust that this pioneer effort may lead to others, and that it may help

to prove that American *Regal* scholarship no longer lags behind that of Germany and England.

— In a small volume¹ of four hundred and thirty-two pages, of rather large type, Dr. Quackenbos has undertaken to give a compact history of Oriental and classical literature, omitting obscure names and wearisome details, giving “some of the most interesting facts of comparative philology,” and explaining “the principles of the Egyptian picture-writing.” Moreover, “the labors of European scholars during the last quarter century have thrown a chain of living interest around the subject [Sanskrit and Persian literature], and awakened on this side of the Atlantic as well a thirst for further knowledge, which it is here attempted to satisfy.” This is undertaking a good deal in a single book, and a small one at that, and the execution is just what one would expect. There is a fluent stream of comment on all the great works of classical and Oriental literature, brief examples, in translation, are given of the different writings mentioned, and all the proper names are divided into syllables, and in every case the accented syllable is marked, for the greater convenience of readers.

“The present volume,” Dr. Quackenbos tells us, “has grown out of the author’s experience in the lecture-room; and in the belief that it is of a scope and grade that will meet the popular want he now offers it to high schools, academies, and colleges. From such institutions he feels that no class should graduate in ignorance either of the Greek and Roman classics . . . or of those precious remains of once great Oriental literature,” etc. Of the scope of this book there can be no question, but the wisdom of supplying the young with the merest smattering of necessary knowledge is more open to doubt. It is like feeding day-laborers with toast-water, by means of a salt-spoon, this giving young men, students by name, the meagrest intellectual fare, the correct pronunciation of well-known proper names (Achilles=*a-kil-leez*), “the latest authorities” in “critical views,” and, in a word, this shameless collection of platitudes, in the place of sound education.

¹ *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical*. By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A. M., M. D., author of *Illustrated School History of the World*. Accompanied with Engravings and Colored Maps. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

² *An Introduction to the Rhythmic and Metric of the Classical Languages*. To which are added the

— Mr. White, by his admirable translation of Schmidt’s *Introduction to the Rhythmic and Metric of the Classical Languages*,² has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in Greek and Latin poetry. The labor of translation has not been confined to an accurate reproduction of the German in good English, but quotations from our well-known poets have been introduced, where German poems came in the original. The most useful additions which have been made are certainly the three indexes, of which there are absolutely no traces in the German book. Finally, the very artistic form of the book contrasts agreeably with the repulsive look of the German publication. To appreciate Dr. Schmidt’s researches it is indispensable to notice what views had been entertained on Greek rhythmic before him. A well-known German authority has said, “The great fault in Greek rhythmic is that it distinguished only one long and one short time. Now every motion involves several kinds of longs and shorts, and even the recitation of a poem, not to speak of singing, in which this is not recognized is unnatural and wearisome.” This condemnation of Greek rhythmic came before Dr. Schmidt had written the laborious works of which this volume is a summary. But now since Hermann’s plan of determining the laws of Greek rhythm by a discriminating application of Kant’s *Categories* has been given up, there is a very simple answer to the accusation above quoted. The Greeks did not confine themselves to the distinction between long and short, but, as Dr. Schmidt shows, had notes of six different values, ranging from five eighths to a sixteenth, — the ordinary short being the eighth. This removes the terrors of scanning, which, as ordinarily practiced, seems rather suited to the capacities of a phonograph than to those of a human being.

On this question Dr. Schmidt agrees with Rossbach and Westphal, whose work, as he acknowledges, first made him sure that there was in Greek rhythm something more than the monotonous clattering of a forge. The absurd theory that all Greek metres were made up of long and short syllables was handed down to us by the indus-

lyric parts of the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with *Rhythmical Schemes and Commentary*. By Dr. J. HEINRICH SCHMIDT. Translated from the German, with the author’s sanction, by JOHN WILLIAMS WHITE, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston: Ginn and Heath. 1878.

trious grammarians of Alexandria. Dionysius, the writer on music, contradicts them, however, and contrasts prose, which makes only this distinction, with rhythmic, which "fits syllables to time and not time to syllables."

The points where Dr. Schmidt does differ from his predecessors, and particularly from Westphal, are these: he does not allow one syllable to be indefinitely extended over many feet, protesting against this as suggesting too forcibly the comic word *εἰ-εἰ-εἰ-εἰ λόγος*, made for Euripides by Aristophanes. The violence which modern composers of songs do to the rhythm of a poem is well illustrated by the translator, who instances Mendelssohn's music for "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast." So far the Greeks did not go. Other points of difference are that Dr. Schmidt rejects as impossible a pause in the middle of a word, and the suppression in a foot of the thesis to be supplied by the musical accompaniment. Thus far all his points are well taken. However, his use of the terms choree, trochee, and iambus seems needlessly confusing. The iambus, which plays so great a part in Greek poetry, he banishes entirely, while he speaks of iambic trimeter, but represents it in his notation as trochaic with anacrusis. When hard pressed he alludes to the iambus as an "inverted choree."

The great merit of this book is that it gives an interest to the subject of classical metres by showing that in this form of art, as well as in the other forms which the Greeks have left for the admiration of posterity, may be traced the same harmonious combination of perfect parts in a perfect whole which Plato so vividly expressed by saying that no sculptor would try to make the eyes of a statue beautiful by putting all his brightest colors on them, but would strive to make them beautiful eyes with due regard to the other parts of the statue. Moreover, in this book, as in no other suited for the use of beginners, the dry nomenclature of metrical forms has its true meaning infused into it, and no longer appeals to the memory alone.

— The preface tells us that this book ¹ "is designed mainly for students at our universities and public schools, and for such as are preparing for the Indian Civil Service or other advanced examinations ;" and there is no doubt that these persons will find here

exactly what they seek, for it would be hard to name an English history of Roman literature that in anything like the same space treats its subject with more thoroughness and exactness. Naturally, the author has taken Teuffel's work for the basis of his own, and since that is unequaled on its own ground even by other German treatises, this slighter production secures accuracy and the last results of scholarship. Brief examples taken from here and there cannot prove the completeness of the book, which has stood well the examination we have given it, for this quality is one that will be best tested by actual use. The literary criticism is very fair, so far as it goes, and is certainly without the dull commonplaces which generally fill up books of this kind. The abstracts of different writings are full and satisfactory. It is not by studying Teuffel alone that the book is made what it is; the author has wisely used the works of other scholars, as his frequent notes show, in preparing this excellent hand-book.

— First, we believe, among the series of hand-books for students and general readers projected by Henry Holt & Co. is a little volume of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled *The Studio Arts*, by Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson.² It seeks to give a general view of the theory, practice, and history of art, with brief biographies of the ancient and modern masters so arranged as to illustrate the natural divisions of art and the main characteristics of its development in the several schools. There is also an outline bibliography of art, a well-arranged table of contents, and a full index of artists. This very comprehensive scheme is prepared, not for students, but for the public, and in the main its nature is such that, without making any great demand upon the time or the intellect of the reader, it is capable of making him, not a critic, perhaps, but certainly a more intelligent observer of such forms of art as are accessible to him. Part First, covering the large division of definitions, theory, and technique, is of course exceedingly elementary. Twenty-five pages can scarcely include all that even the general reader would find it convenient to know on these subjects. The author is thus compelled by her limit of space to confine herself to what is little more than a bald statement of common-places and truisms. As such, we must

ical Tables, etc., for the use of Students. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

² *The Studio Arts.* By ELIZABETH WINTHROP JOHNSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

needs scrutinize it jealously, for fear the popular comprehension of art may be poisoned at its sources. It is not captious, therefore, to take exception to the arbitrary general division of her subject into decorative art, pictorial art, and sculpture. Decorative art she defines as "art applied to the ornamenting of objects of practical use." Now, as sculpture and painting are themselves, in their highest uses, decorative arts, whether applied to small or great things, to ornamenting pottery or completing architecture; as architecture itself is an art, and the main inspiration of the decorative arts; and as all three are interdependent, there seems to be no good reason why the ordinary division of the arts into architecture, sculpture, and painting should not be adhered to.

Our author consistently carries her system of exclusion into the second part, and in her "sketch of the progress of art" takes no note of architecture or of its indissoluble connection with the other arts in their decorative capacities. She treats, moreover, successively of the antique or classic, the Renaissance, the intermediate, and the modern arts, but does not recognize the important expressions of art which occupied the great area of time between the classic and the Renaissance periods, and which, although the Renaissance was ostensibly a revival of classic art, formed a vast body of precedent, whether Romanesque or mediæval, which had its inevitable and important influence upon every subsequent work.

It is but fair to add, however, that we know of no book which so directly answers the questions which are most apt to be asked by those ignorant of the principles and history of sculpture and painting, — of none which so conveniently presents the generally accepted character, position, and influence of the principal masters of art.

— Mr. Camille Piton, principal of the National Art Training School at Philadelphia, has contributed his quota to the flood of literature on ceramics, for a better knowledge of which we have reason to infer the public mind is still athirst, in a little treatise entitled *China Painting in America*.¹ It is curiously made up of a brief discussion on the theory of color, followed by a practical elementary account of the natures of hard and soft porcelain and faïence, especially as regards their capacity to re-

ceive colors over and under the glaze; then ensue three pages on heraldry, somewhat grotesquely introduced, and a detailed account of the manipulations of palette, colors, and brushes in the transfer to the porcelain or faïence of certain decorations according to models given in the accompanying album; and these exercises are devoted wholly to mechanical processes, and do not touch upon the artistic qualities of the work. If properly used the book will be useful to the amateur, and may save the artist, who would express his inspirations in perdurable pottery, a world of preliminary trouble in experimenting under the unfamiliar conditions of material.

— Every one who writes of Rufus Choate from actual knowledge speaks of his indefinable, rare personal charm, and those who can remember his voice and manner will find the pages animated by much that is lost to those born too late to hear him speak. But there is in his addresses² a quality that survives the accidents of mortality, — that something which is the mark of genius, to which the orator's presence gave emphasis, but which yet fills the printed page with an undying glow. It seems as if in speaking of Choate's wit, presence of mind, eloquence, etc., one was actually blinded, by the number of qualities that claim the attention, to the poetical nature that underlay them all, and added so much to them all.

Choate's facile, buoyant style was but the fit representative of his rich imagination. When another man would have used a single, shivering, dimly descriptive epithet, Choate's imagination saw every detail and flooded it with a brilliant light, and his command of language enabled him to set the scene clearly before his hearers or his readers. A most noteworthy instance is the passage from the oration entitled *The Heroic Period of our History*, in which he describes, as an example of military heroism, the feeling that inspired Leonidas and his three hundred as they awaited the Persian onset at Thermopylæ. We have not space to quote in full the eloquent passage, but this final sentence fitly sums up the whole: "When morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks, and when at noon the countless and glittering throng was seen at last to move, was it not with rapture, as if all the enjoyment of all the sensations of life was in

¹ *A Practical Treatise on China Painting in America. With some Suggestions as to Decorative Art.* By CAMILLE PITON. With folio album of plates. New York: John Wiley and Sons. 1878.

² *Addresses and Orations of Rufus Choate.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1878

that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, on that brief revelry of glory?" This "fierce gladness of mountain torrents" seems just the one concentrating expression, the poetical and picturesque embodiment, of the whole scene, and it is in these frequent, swift images that Choate's style is particularly rich.

Of course, the beauty of language depends on the ideas to be expressed, and statesmanship is by no means the only quality to be found within this volume; there is always a generous appreciation of the importance of literature and study, such as has not been found in the speeches of all eminent orators. The same zealous interest in literary matters is to be found, not merely in the abundant signs of wide reading, but in the earnest pleas for sound cultivation which are to be met in some of the earlier speeches; and when we remember that these are but examples of Choate's many-sidedness, that hard reading and deep study were but the relaxations of a man busy in his profession and in politics, the impression of his greatness is only strengthened.

Of his eloquence fame speaks too loudly for further words to be needed. Take his Eulogy on Webster, for instance; happy the statesman who merits such glowing recognition as is contained in this touching tribute of one great man to another. To extract any one brief passage would be unjust, since no sentence, thus detached from its place, could be fairly judged. The reader must take up the book, and as he turns from one page to another, he will fall under the charm of the richly endowed man, with his many sympathies, his ardent, poetical nature, that seems like a plant of tropical luxuriance amid our New England coldness and aridity.

—Mr. Adams's book on Railroads¹ is divided into two very different parts, the first being a somewhat facetious history of the early days of railway travel in this country and abroad, while the second is a very serious discussion of what may be called the social relations of railroads at the present time. The historical part is well done, and, brief though it is, it may be regarded as the most exact and thorough account written of the establishment of this means of locomotion, and as such is of permanent

value to the curious. It sinks into insignificance, however, in comparison with the immediate importance to us all of the treatment of the "railroad problems."

It may be stated, in the first place, that there is no person more competent than Mr. Adams to write about these questions. They concern us all, it is true: the business man has to estimate the uncertain chances of a railroad war; the man who has invested in railroads has every reason to follow the course of those who have charge of his money with considerable attention; those who control the railroads certainly seldom show indifference to meeting the difficulties that continually beset them, but none of these persons possess the combination of thorough knowledge and impartiality that Mr. Adams, by virtue of his position as railroad commissioner in this State, possesses. For many years now he has been dealing with the questions that continually come up about railroads, and every word that he says is of the utmost importance. It is only too seldom that an expert will expound difficult matters so fully and so clearly.

Mr. Adams's description of the recent railroad troubles — since 1873, that is — is particularly noteworthy. For once we have a succinct and impartial account of the granger movement, with full justice done to what was reasonable, or, possibly, what had some elements of reason, in that extraordinary outburst. He tells us what have been its consequences, and he states what we may look for in the future. Competition in railroads, which has long been regarded as the protection of the public, he shows to be a dangerous thing, and he illustrates this by mention of the different results of competition between two railroads running northward from Boston, and of the monopoly enjoyed by another well-known road in a different part of the State, and certainly the facts bear him out. The recent struggles between the principal roads have brought only a temporary settlement of the troubles; so that, Mr. Adams says, "taken as a whole, the American railroad system is in much the same condition as Mexico and Spain are politically. In each case a Cæsar or Napoleon is necessary. When, however, the time is ripe and the man comes, the course of affairs can even now be foreshadowed; for it is always pretty much the same. Instead of the wretched condition of chronic semi-warfare which now exists, there will be one decisive struggle, in which, from the

¹ *Railroads: Their Origin and Problems.* By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

beginning to the end, the fighting will be forced. There will be no patched-up truces, made only to be broken. . . . The result, expressed in a few words, would be a railroad federation under a protectorate. The united action of the great through lines is necessary to bring this about; and how to secure that action is now the problem." That there is something of the kind imminent, he does not doubt. This is but one of the shrewd remarks to be found in the book, very little of which is of a kind to give unalloyed satisfaction to any of the numerous contestants in railroad strife. Nor will the theorists who desire to put everything under the charge of a paternal government — which is to visionaries of the present day very much what nature was a century ago — get much encouragement from Mr. Adams.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The second volume of Sainte-Beuve's *Correspondence*, which includes the letters of the last four years of his life, is of the same somewhat disappointing quality as the first one. There are more of the formal notes of thanks to critics who had been civil to him; business notes to his friends and others on the work that he was busy about at the time, asking for dates, the corroboration of uncertain statements, etc.; and here and there a letter that it is a pleasure and a satisfaction to find printed. But the reader feels continually that Sainte-Beuve was too indefatigable a writer to spend much time in correspondence, so that his letters, for the most part, have hardly more literary interest than a business man's telegrams; and then we know that all of those more intimate remarks, those frank expressions of opinion, those revelations of the real feeling which make the charm of letters as contrasted with the printed page, have all found their place in his deadly footnotes, and his *pensées*, where he would concentrate his whole censure in one winged shaft of criticism devoid of compliment. Even with these serious drawbacks the book has considerable value; it is only in contrast with what every one has hoped for that it seems uninteresting.

Often we find him defending his views on religion from various forms of attack, and, at the time the incident occurred, setting right malicious false reports about the din-

ner on Good Friday, an event which created the most disproportionate excitement. He was by no means a believer, in the usual acceptance of the term, but he was far from making his lack of belief obnoxious to others, while he had to endure a good deal of misrepresentation from those who considered it necessary to remonstrate with him. In this volume are to be found two or three letters in which he takes pains to state his position very clearly.

These vague words of comment must suffice, and lack of space must explain our giving but one example of Sainte-Beuve's letters. It was written ten years ago to M. Émile Zola (the author, it will be remembered, of *L'Assommoir*), about his book, *Thérèse Raquin*. This novel is one of a good deal of what is called force, that is to say, no one can read it without receiving a very violent impression, and, except that it lacks the enormous amount of technical preparation which distinguishes the Rougon-Macquart series, it is hard to see why it is not fully equal to any of them. It certainly has to a very great degree all their faults. Here is the letter, dated June 10, 1868.

DEAR SIR: I am not so sure that I shall send you this letter, for I do not feel that I have any right to criticise privately your *Thérèse Raquin*. . . . Your work is remarkable, conscientious, and in some respects it may mark an epoch in the history of the contemporary novel. But yet in my opinion it exceeds the limits, it abandons the conditions, of art viewed in any light; and by reducing art to pure and simple truth, it seems to me to lack this truth.

And in the first place, you choose a motto that is not justified by anything in the novel. If vice and virtue are only products like vitriol and sugar, it must follow that a crime explained and accounted for like this one is no such miraculous and monstrous thing; and one cannot help asking why, in that case, there is all this machinery of remorse, which is but a transformation and transposition of ordinary moral remorse, of Christian remorse, and is another sort of hell.

In the beginning, you describe the Passage du Pont Neuf. . . . Well, this description is not true: it is fantastic; it is like Balzac's Rue Soli. The Passage is flat, dull, ugly, and very narrow, but it has none of the blackness and of the Rembrandt-like tints that you ascribe to it. That is another way of being inaccurate.

¹ Sainte-Beuve. *Correspondence*. 1825-69. II. Paris: Lévy. 1878.

Your characters, too, if it was on purpose that you made them dull and vulgar (excepting the young woman who is something like an Algerian), are life-like, well drawn, conscientiously analyzed, and honestly copied. To tell the truth, little as I am of an idealist, I cannot help asking if the pencil or the pen must necessarily choose vulgar subjects, void of all charm (I asked the same thing about *Germinie Lacerteux*, by my friends the Goncourts). I am convinced that a touch of something agreeable, of something pathetic, is not wholly useless, even if only on one or two points, — even in a picture that one wishes to make perfectly gloomy and dark. But I will say nothing more about that. There is one place in which I find a good deal of talent in the way of invention: it is in the boldness of the rendezvous. The page about the cat, about what it might say, is charming, and does not fall into pure and simple copying. I find, too, great analytic skill and *vraisemblance* (the kind of novel being accepted) in the scenes before and after the drowning.

But there I stop, and the novel seems to me to go astray. I maintain that here observation, or divination, fails you. It is done with the head, and not from nature. And, in fact, passion is ferocious. Once unchained, it continues so long as it is not gratified. . . . So I do not understand your lovers with their remorse, and their sudden cooling before they had accomplished their ends. As to what might have happened later I say nothing. When the main passion is satisfied reflection commences, the inconveniences are seen, and remorse begins.

You see my objections, my dear sir. But they do not blind me to the technical merit in the execution of many pages. I can only wish that the word *vautrer* was used less frequently, and that that other word, brutal, which continually appears, did not come to enforce the dominant note, which has no need of this reminder to escape being forgotten.

You have done a bold thing: you have in this book defied the public and the critics. Do not be surprised at considerable wrath; the fight is begun; your name is connected with it; such contests end, when an author of talents wishes it, by another book, equally bold but somewhat more moderate, in which the public and the critics imagine that they see a concession such as they wanted, and it all ends with one of those

treaties of peace which establish our reputation more.

When one recalls the amount of criticism that Zola's books have provoked, these words, which hit the very faults that have since made this author famous, are well worth consideration.

— Comte de Gobineau's *La Renaissance*¹ is a book that will be pretty sure not to tempt the reader who opens it and merely turns over the pages. A series of dramatic sketches demands pretty constant attention to be appreciated properly, and this form of writing has, in the course of time, gone very much out of fashion. The reader prefers being told something to finding it out for himself, and he has become distrustful of the necessary inaccuracy, or at least the formal inaccuracy, of even the cleverest attempts at dramatic writing. But Gobineau nowhere comes near a theatrical representation in what he has here written. He has rather told a series of slightly connected stories about the period of the Renaissance by means of a number of scenes, written with more resemblance to the manner of the stage than is to be found in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, for instance, but hardly so much as we see in Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio*, which surely could never be acted without a good deal of clipping and filling-out. It is easy to see that a book of this sort is not likely to attract every one, but Gobineau has already shown himself so distinctly one of the most cultivated and thoughtful of contemporary authors — that this is not exaggerated praise those who know will doubtless be willing to affirm — that a new book of his cannot fail to attract attention.

The scenes he has chosen for illustration in this volume are most interesting. What one sees in looking at a great period like the Renaissance is apt to be what one looks for, and Gobineau has pictured here specimens of both the artistic and the political life of that time. The first division consists of Savonarola's career, which may be said to belong to the political life, and contains an account, put, of course, in dramatic form, of the career of that celebrated reformer. It sets him in no very favorable light, and brings out his fanaticism much more than any other of his qualities. But that is a small part of the author's performance; by a number of well-contrived scenes he brings

¹ *La Renaissance. Scènes Historiques.* Par LE COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1877.

before us the busy life of Florence and its relations with other cities, the whirl of political strife, the feelings of the artists, and all the complicated civilization of that day. And this is the way Gobineau has treated the whole history that he has chosen to illustrate. The headings of the different divisions are of only slight importance; they are the merest pegs on which hangs a sympathetic and tolerably thorough exposition of the Renaissance. The Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; Raphael, Titian, Leonardo, and Michael Angelo; Machiavelli, Cæsar Borgia, Aretino, and Bembo, are but a few of the many figures that appear in the pages, and in their talk, which is based on the author's careful research and inspired by his keen sympathy, they live again, as it were, the main incidents of that stirring epoch.

It is very much the fashion nowadays to write about the Renaissance, and every one who has a grudge against the present time avenges himself by praising that period at the expense of these degenerate days; and there is a good deal of misplaced subtlety in the investigation of its literary and artistic excellence. The new crop of English æsthetic writers, who hold in scorn the old saying about the Italianized Englishman, outdo one another in decorative writing in the interpretation of old paintings and poems. By the side of these authors Gobineau seems simple and manly. He does not give way to "tall" writing, but sets forth his notion of a few of the main peculiarities that marked that era. These historical scenes will well repay those who will overcome their repugnance to the form in which they are written, and will take them up. The translation of a single detached scene would not give the reader a satisfactory notion of the merit of the book, or we should give some proof of our words; as it is, the reader can only be urged to examine the way the history of the Renaissance strikes a man like Gobineau, and he will be pretty sure to be interested, even if it is hard to discriminate between interest in the events themselves and interest in the author's way of writing about them.

—Although philology is in the main a German science, and all the workers in it have to go back to that country for precise and definite information, France, even if at a long distance, may be said to hold the second place. England shines mainly with a borrowed light; Italy contains but few

students, of whom only one has a wide reputation; while Bréal, it is not too much to say, is a real ornament to French erudition. His masterly translation of Bopp's comparative grammar, which really has the value of a carefully revised and much-enlarged edition of the original work, has given him a very high position. His scattered essays and monographs have always found admiring readers, so that the publication of his various papers in a single volume¹ gives an excellent opportunity to form some sort of conclusion about his merit.

Doubtless the most important of the essays in this volume is the one upon the myth of Hercules and Cacus; it appeared some fifteen years ago in separate form, and although it did not actually lay open an unknown path to investigators, it was at the time recognized as a most remarkable unfolding of a very difficult matter. The study of myths had not then proceeded very far, and Bréal's investigation, of one widespread and obscure myth has always been a model of the way in which such work should be done. Without making invidious comparisons between the two nations, it is notorious that while German work is often graceless, French research produces flawless results, as complete as the multiplication table, which excite the suspicions of the cautious. But Bréal is a thorough scholar, while at the same time he is a delightful writer, — a rare and fascinating combination. This is not the place for an abbreviation of his excellent work, which, moreover, is no longer new, but it may be allowable to call attention to the way in which the fable of Hercules and Cacus is shown in the various modifications it underwent among different peoples, and the solution that explains all the incidents of the story. Every one who has paid any attention to the study of myths will at once recall the foundation underlying this, as so many other similar once incomprehensible legends. The clouds, with their coming and going, which so deeply impressed our early Aryan forefathers, inspired the original form which has cropped up in various literatures, notably in the *Æneid*. Nothing could be neater than Bréal's careful exposition, and those who are dabbling in some of the most interesting of modern stories cannot fail to be fascinated by this specimen of good workmanship. The essays on linguistics are also very instructive.

¹ *Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique*. Par MICHEL BRÉAL, Membre de l'Institut, Profes-

seur de Grammaire Comparée au Collège de France. Paris: Hachette. 1878.